N.o 2.



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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD SOMMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM.

My Lord,

I Should not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following papers to one who is not of the moſt conſummate and moſt acknowledged merit.

None but a perſon of a finiſhed character, can be the proper patron of a work, which endeavours to cultivate and poliſh human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatſoever may be either uſeful or ornamental to ſociety.

I know that the homage I now pay you, is offering a kind of violence to one who is as ſolicitous to ſhun applauſe, as he is aſſiduous to deſerve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps

the only particular in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable distinctions, you are not to expect that the public will so far comply with your inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of merit, in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and importuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the service of your sovereign, the arts and policies of ancient *Greece* and *Rome;* as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of *Europe* in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those

great

great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the church owed to you in the moſt dangerous day it ever ſaw, that of the arraignment of its prelates; and how far the civil power, in the late and preſent reign, has been indebted to your counſels and wiſdom.

But to enumerate the great advantages which the public has received from your adminiſtration, would be a more proper work for an hiſtory than for an addreſs of this nature.

Your Lordſhip appears as great in your private life, as in the moſt important offices which you have borne. I would therefore rather chuſe to ſpeak of the pleaſure you afford all who are admitted into your converſation, of your elegant taſte in all the polite parts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the ſurpriſing influence which is peculiar to you in making every one who converſes with your Lordſhip prefer you to himſelf, without thinking the leſs meanly of his own talents. But if I ſhould take notice of all that might be obſerv-

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ed in your Lordſhip, I ſhould have nothing new to ſay upon any other character of diſtinction. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient,

Moſt devoted,

humble ſervant,

The SPECTATOR.

Ann Edwards
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THE SPECTATOR.

No. 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1710-11.

Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat.

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 143.

One with a flaſh begins, and ends in ſmoke;
The other out of ſmoke brings glorious light,
And (without raiſing expectation high)
Surpriſes us with dazzling miracles. ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE obſerved, that a reader ſeldom peruſes a book with pleaſure, until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric diſpoſition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right underſtanding of an author. To gratify this curioſity, which is ſo natural to a reader, I deſign this paper and my next as prefatory diſcourſes to my following writings, and ſhall give ſome account in them of the ſeveral perſons that are engaged in this work. As the chief

trouble of compiling, digeſting, and correcting will fall to my ſhare, I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to open the work with my own hiſtory.

I was born to a ſmall hereditary eſtate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the ſame hedges and ditches in *William* the Conqueror's time that it is at preſent, and has been delivered down from father to ſon whole and entire, without the loſs or acquiſition of a ſingle field or meadow, during the ſpace of ſix hundred years. There runs a ſtory in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, ſhe dreamt that ſhe was brought to bed of a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a law-ſuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a juſtice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not ſo vain as to think it preſaged any dignity that I ſhould arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very firſt appearance in the world, and all the time that I ſucked, ſeemed to favour my mother's dream: for, as ſhe has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make uſe of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the reſt of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I ſhall paſs it over in ſilence. I find, that during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very ſullen youth, but was always a favourite of my ſchoolmaſter, who uſed to ſay, *that my parts were ſolid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the univerſity, before I diſtinguiſhed myſelf by a moſt profound ſilence; for during the ſpace of eight years, excepting in the public exerciſes of the college, I ſcarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever ſpoke three ſentences together in my whole life. Whilſt I was in this learned body, I applied myſelf

ſelf with ſo much diligence to my ſtudies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father I was reſolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the univerſity, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but ſhew it. An inſatiable thirſt after knowledge carried me into all the countries of *Europe*, in which there was any thing new or ſtrange to be ſeen; nay, to ſuch a degree was my curioſity raiſed, that having read the controverſies of ſome great men concerning the antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpoſe to take the meaſure of a pyramid: and, as ſoon as I had ſet myſelf right in that particular, returned to my native country with great ſatisfaction.

I having paſſed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently ſeen in moſt public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my ſelect friends that know me; of whom my next paper ſhall give a more particular account. There is no place of general reſort, wherein I do not often make my appearance: ſometimes I am ſeen thruſting my head into a round of politicians at *Will*'s, and liſtening with great attention to the narratives that are made in thoſe little circular audiences. Sometimes I ſmoke a pipe at *Child*'s, and, whilſt I ſeem attentive to nothing but the *Poſtman*, overhear the converſation of every table in the room. I appear on *Sunday* nights at St. *James*'s coffeehouſe, and ſometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewiſe very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the theatres both of *Drury-Lane* and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a merchant upon the *Exchange* for above theſe ten years, and ſometimes paſs for a *Jew* in the aſſembly of

ſtock-jobbers at *Jonathan*'s. In ſhort, wherever I ſee a cluſter of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a ſpectator of mankind, than as one of the ſpecies, by which means I have made myſelf a ſpeculative ſtateſman, ſoldier, merchant, and artiſan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well verſed in the theory of a huſband or a father, and can diſcern the errors in the economy, buſineſs, and diverſion of others, better than thoſe who are engaged in them; as ſtanders-by diſcover blots, which are apt to eſcape thoſe who are in the game. I never eſpouſed any party with violence, and am reſolved to obſerve an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unleſs I ſhall be forced to declare myſelf by the hoſtilities of either ſide. In ſhort, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preſerve in this paper.

I have given the Reader juſt ſo much of my hiſtory and character, as to let him ſee I am not altogether unqualified for the buſineſs I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I ſhall inſert them in following papers, as I ſhall ſee occaſion. In the mean time, when I conſider how much I have ſeen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and, ſince I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulneſs of my heart in ſpeech, I am reſolved to do it in writing, and to print myſelf out, if poſſible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity ſo many uſeful diſcoveries which I have made ſhould be in the poſſeſſion of a ſilent man. For this reaſon, therefore, I ſhall publiſh a ſheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diverſion or improvement of the country in which I live, I ſhall leave it, when I am ſummoned

ſummoned out of it, with the ſecret ſatisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not ſpoken to in this paper; and which, for ſeveral important reaſons, I muſt keep to myſelf, at leaſt for ſome time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I muſt confeſs, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reaſonable; but as for theſe three particulars, though I am ſenſible they might tend very much to the embelliſhment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a reſolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obſcurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expoſe me in public places to ſeveral ſalutes and civilities, which have been always very diſagreeable to me; for the greateſt pain I can ſuffer, is the being talked to, and being ſtared at. It is for this reaſon likewiſe, that I keep my complexion and dreſs as very great ſecrets; though it is not impoſſible, but I may make diſcoveries of both in the progreſs of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myſelf, I ſhall, in to-morrow's paper, give an account of thoſe gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a Club. However, as my friends have engaged me to ſtand in the front, thoſe who have a mind to correſpond with me, may direct their letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. *Buckley's in Little-Britain*. For I muſt farther acquaint the Reader, that, though our club meets only on *Tueſdays* and *Thurſdays*, we have appointed a committee to ſit every night, for the inſpection of all ſuch papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

C

No. 2. FRIDAY, MARCH 2.

——Aſt alii ſex
Et plures uno conclamant ore——

Juv. Sat. vii. ver. 167.

Six more at leaſt join their conſenting voice.

THE firſt of our ſociety is a gentleman of *Worceſterſhire*, of ancient deſcent, a Baronet, his name Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that ſhire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir ROGER. He is a gentleman that is very ſingular in his behaviour, but his ſingularities proceed from his good ſenſe, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with fourneſs or obſtinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to pleaſe and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in *Soho-ſquare*. It is ſaid, he keeps himſelf a bachelor by reaſon he was croſſed in love by a perverſe beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this diſappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a Fine Gentleman, had often ſupped with my Lord *Rocheſter* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a duel upon his firſt coming to town, and kicked Bully *Dawſon* in a public coffee-houſe for calling him youngſter. But being ill-uſed by the abovementioned widow, he was very ſerious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at laſt got over it, he grew careleſs of himſelf, and never dreſſed afterwards.

terwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the ſame cut that were in faſhion at the time of his repulſe, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times ſince he firſt wore it. It is ſaid Sir ROGER grew humble in his deſires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, inſomuch that, it is reported, he has frequently offended in point of chaſtity with beggars and gipſies: but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-ſixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good houſe both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is ſuch a mirthful caſt in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than eſteemed. His tenants grow rich, his ſervants look ſatisfied, all the young women profeſs love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: When he comes into a houſe he calls the ſervants by their names, and talks all the way up ſtairs to a viſit. I muſt not omit, that Sir ROGER is a juſtice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the chair at a quarter-ſeſſion with great abilities, and three months ago gained univerſal applauſe by explaining a paſſage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in eſteem and authority among us, is another bachelor, who is a member of the *Inner-Temple*; a man of great probity, wit, and underſtanding; but he has choſen his place of reſidence rather to obey the direction of an old humourſome father, than in purſuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to ſtudy the laws of the land, and is the moſt learned of any of the houſe in thoſe of the ſtage. *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* are much better underſtood by him than *Littleton* or *Coke*. The father ſends up every poſt queſtions relating to marriage articles, leaſes, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which queſtions he agrees with an attorney to anſwer, and take care of in the lump. He is ſtudying the paſſions themſelves, when he

he ſhould be inquiring into the debates among men which ariſe from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of *Demoſthenes* and *Tully*, but not one caſe in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both diſintereſted and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from buſineſs, they are moſt of them fit for converſation. His taſte of books is a little too juſt for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the cuſtoms, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate obſerver of what occurs to him in the preſent world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of buſineſs; exactly at five he paſſes through *New-Inn*, croſſes through *Ruſſel-court*, and takes a turn at *Will*'s until the play begins; he has his ſhoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the *Roſe*. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to pleaſe him.

The perſon of next conſideration is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a merchant of great eminence in the city of *London*. A perſon of indefatigable induſtry, ſtrong reaſon, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has uſually ſome ſly way of jeſting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the ſea the *Britiſh Common*. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a ſtupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and induſtry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we ſhould gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more laſting acquiſitions than valour, and that

that ſloth has ruined more nations than the ſword. He abounds in ſeveral frugal maxims, amongſt which the greateſt favourite is, 'A penny ſaved is a 'penny got.' A general trader of good ſenſe is pleaſanter company than a general ſcholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perſpicuity of his diſcourſe gives the ſame pleaſure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himſelf; and ſays that *England* may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himſelf is richer than other men; though, at the ſame time, I can ſay this of him, that there is not a point in the compaſs but blows home a ſhip in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir ANDREW in the club-room ſits Captain SENTRY, a gentleman of great courage, good underſtanding, but invincible modeſty. He is one of thoſe that deſerve very well, but are very aukward at putting their talents within the obſervation of ſuch as ſhould take notice of them. He was ſome years a captain, and behaved himſelf with great gallantry in ſeveral engagements, and at ſeveral ſieges; but having a ſmall eſtate of his own, and being next heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can riſe ſuitably to his merit, who is not ſomething of a courtier, as well as a ſoldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profeſſion where merit is placed in ſo conſpicuous a view, impudence ſhould get the better of modeſty. When he has talked to this purpoſe, I never heard him make a ſour expreſſion, but frankly confeſs that he left the world becauſe he was not fit for it. A ſtrict honeſty and an even regular behaviour, are in themſelves obſtacles to him that muſt preſs through crowds, who endeavour at the ſame end with himſelf, the favour of a commander. He will however, in his way of talk, excuſe generals, for not diſpoſing according to men's deſert, or inquiring into it: For, ſays he, that great man who has

has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, eſpecially in a military way, muſt get over all falſe modeſty, and aſſiſt his patron againſt the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper aſſurance in his own vindication. He ſays it is a civil cowardice to be backward in aſſerting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be ſlow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman ſpeak of himſelf and others. The ſame frankneſs runs through all his converſation. The military part of his life has furniſhed him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accuſtomed to command men in the utmoſt degree below him; nor ever too obſequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our ſociety may not appear a ſet of humouriſts, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleaſures of the age, we have among us the gallant WILL HONEYCOMB, a gentleman who, according to his years, ſhould be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his perſon, and always had a very eaſy fortune, time has made but a very little impreſſion, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His perſon is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that ſort of diſcourſe with which men uſually entertain women. He has all his life dreſſed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can ſmile when one ſpeaks to him, and laughs eaſily. He knows the hiſtory of every mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whoſe frailty was covered by ſuch a ſort of petticoat, and whoſe vanity, to ſhew her foot, made that part of the

the dreſs ſo ſhort in ſuch a year. In a word, all his converſation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what ſuch a miniſter ſaid upon ſuch and ſuch an occaſion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at court, ſuch a woman was then ſmitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the *Park*. In all theſe important relations, he has ever about the ſame time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from ſome celebrated beauty, mother of the preſent Lord ſuch-a-one. If you ſpeak of a young commoner that ſaid a lively thing in the Houſe, he ſtarts up, 'He 'has good blood in his veins, *Tom Mirabell* begot 'him; that rogue cheated me in that affair; that 'young fellow's mother uſed me more like a dog 'than any woman I ever made advances to.' This way of talking of his very much enlivens the converſation among us of a more ſedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myſelf, who rarely ſpeak at all, but ſpeaks of him as of that ſort of man who is uſually called a well-bred Fine Gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honeſt worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to ſpeak of, as one of our company; for he viſits us but ſeldom, but, when he does, it adds to every man elſe a new enjoyment of himſelf. He is a clergyman, a very philoſophic man, of general learning, great ſanctity of life, and the moſt exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak conſtitution, and conſequently cannot accept of ſuch cares and buſineſs as preferments in his function would oblige him to: he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counſellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He ſeldom introduces

troduces the ſubject he ſpeaks upon; but we are ſo far gone in years, that he obſerves, when he is among us, an earneſtneſs to have him fall on ſome divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no intereſts in this world, as one who is haſtening to the object of all his wiſhes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. ✠ R

No. 3. SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

Et quoi quiſque ferè ſtudio devinctus adhaeret,
Aut quibus in rebus multùm ſumus antè morati,
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens,
In ſomnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.

LUCR. l. iv. ver. 959.

——What ſtudies pleaſe, what moſt delight,
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.

CREECH.

IN one of my late rambles, or rather ſpeculations, I looked into the great hall where the bank is kept, and was not a little pleaſed to ſee the directors, ſecretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their ſeveral ſtations, according to the parts they act in that juſt and regular economy. This revived in my memory the many diſcourſes which I had both read and heard concerning the decay of public credit, with the methods of reſtoring it, and which in my opinion have always been defective, becauſe they have always been made with an eye to ſeparate intereſts, and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, ſo that I fell inſenſibly into a kind of methodical dream, which diſpoſed all my contemplations into a viſion or allegory, or what elſe the reader ſhall pleaſe to call it.

Methought

Methought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before, but, to my ſurpriſe, inſtead of the company that I left there, I ſaw towards the upper end of the hall, a beautiful virgin, ſeated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was *Public Credit*. The walls, inſtead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the *Magna Charta*, with the act of uniformity on the right hand, and the act of toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the act of ſettlement, which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that ſat upon the throne. Both the ſides of the hall were covered with ſuch acts of parliament as had been made for the eſtabliſhment of public funds. The Lady ſeemed to ſet an unſpeakable value upon theſe ſeveral pieces of furniture, inſomuch that ſhe often refreſhed her eye with them, and often ſmiled with a ſecret pleaſure, as ſhe looked upon them; but, at the ſame time, ſhewed a very particular uneaſineſs, if ſhe ſaw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her behaviour: And, whether it was from the delicacy of her conſtitution, or that ſhe was troubled with vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her well-wiſhers, ſhe changed colour, and ſtartled at every thing ſhe heard. She was likewiſe (as I afterwards found) a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own ſex, and ſubject to ſuch momentary conſumptions, that, in the twinkling of an eye, ſhe would fall away from the moſt florid complexion, and the moſt healthful ſtate of body, and wither into a ſkeleton. Her recoveries were often as ſudden as her decays, inſomuch that ſhe would revive in a moment out of a waſting diſtemper into a habit of the higheſt health and vigour.

I had very ſoon an opportunity of obſerving theſe

quick turns and changes in her conſtitution. There ſat at her feet a couple of ſecretaries, who received every hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and, according to the news ſhe heard, to which ſhe was exceedingly attentive, ſhe changed colour, and diſcovered many ſymptoms of health or ſickneſs.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another ſo high that they touched the ceiling. The floor, on her right hand and on her left, was covered with vaſt ſums of gold that roſe up in pyramids on either ſide of her: but this I did not ſo much wonder at, when I heard upon inquiry, that ſhe had the ſame virtue in her touch, which the poets tell us a *Lydian* king was formerly poſſeſſed of; and that ſhe could convert whatever ſhe pleaſed into that precious metal.

After a little dizzineſs, and confuſed hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the moſt hideous phantoms that I had ever ſeen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the moſt diſſociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to deſcribe their habits and perſons, for which reaſon I ſhall only inform my reader, that the firſt couple was Tyranny and Anarchy, the ſecond were Bigotry and Atheiſm, the third the Genius of a commonwealth, and a young man of about twenty-two years of age, whoſe name I could not learn. He had a ſword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandiſhed at the act of ſettlement; and a citizen, who ſtood by me, whiſpered in my ear, that he ſaw a ſpunge in his left hand. The dance of ſo many jarring natures put me in mind of the ſun, moon, and earth, in the

the *Rehearſal*, that danced together for no other end but to eclipſe one another.

The Reader will eaſily ſuppoſe, by what has been before ſaid, that the Lady on the throne would have been almoſt frighted to diſtraction, had ſhe ſeen but any one of theſe ſpectres; what then muſt have been her condition when ſhe ſaw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the ſight.

Et neque jam color eſt miſto candore rubori:
Nec vigor, & vires, & quæ modo viſa placebant:
Nec corpus remanet—OVID. Met. l. iii. ver. 491.

——————— Her ſpirits faint,
Her blooming cheeks aſſume a palid teint,
And ſcarce her form remains.

There was as great a change in the hill of money-bags, and the heaps of money; the former ſhrinking, and falling into ſo many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money. The reſt that took up the ſame ſpace, and made the ſame figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which *Homer* tells us his hero received as a preſent from *Æolus*. The great heaps of gold on either ſide the throne, now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched ſticks, bound up together in bundles, like *Bath*-faggots.

Whilſt I was lamenting this ſudden deſolation that had been made before me, the whole ſcene vaniſhed. In the room of the frightful ſpectres, there now entered a ſecond dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The firſt pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand: the ſecond was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a perſon whom I had never ſeen, with the Genius of

Great Britain. At the first entrance the Lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the piles of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and, for my own part, I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, though I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision, if I could have done it.

† C

No. 4. MONDAY, MARCH 5.

——Egregii mortalem altique silenti?
HOR. Sat. vi. l. 2. ver. 58.

One of uncommon silence and reserve.

AN author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame; and, as I have sometimes met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me as much mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some part of the species to be, what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad in the morning, how utterly they are at a stand until they are set a going by some paragraph in a news-paper: Such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new to be agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are mortals who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my papers like spectators rather than readers. But there is so little pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern ourselves, (it being the worst way in the world to fame, to be too anxious about it) that, upon

upon the whole, I reſolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way; and without too much fear or hope about the buſineſs of reputation, to be very careful of the deſign of my actions, but very negligent of the conſequences of them.

It is an endleſs and frivolous purſuit to act by any other rule than the care of ſatisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a ſilent man, who concerned himſelf with no one breathing, ſhould be very little liable to miſinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jeſuit, for no other reaſon but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune that to be out of harm's way, I have ever ſince affected crowds. He who comes into aſſemblies only to gratify his curioſity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleaſures of retirement in a more exquiſite degree, than he poſſibly could in his cloſet; the lover, the ambitious, and the miſer, are followed thither by a worſe crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the paſſions with which others are tormented, is the only pleaſing ſolitude. I can very juſtly ſay with the ancient ſage, *I am never leſs alone than when alone.* As I am inſignificant to the company in public places, and as it is viſible I do not come thither as moſt do, to ſhew myſelf; I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dreſſed Gentlemen and Ladies, as a poet would beſtow upon one of his audience. There are ſo many gratifications attend this public ſort of obſcurity, that ſome little diſtaſtes I daily receive have loſt their anguiſh; and I did the other day, without the leaſt diſpleaſure, overhear one ſay of me, *That ſtrange fellow*; and another anſwer, *I have known the fellow's face theſe twelve years, and ſo muſt you; but I believe you are the firſt that ever aſked who he was.* There are, I muſt confeſs, many to whom my perſon is as well known as that of their neareſt

relations, who give themſelves no farther trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but ſpeak of me very currently by Mr. *What-d'ye-call-him*.

To make up for theſe trivial diſadvantages, I have the high ſatisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye; and, having nothing to do with men's paſſions or intereſts, I can with the greater ſagacity conſider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that thoſe who want any one ſenſe, poſſeſs the others with greater force and vivacity. Thus my want of, or rather reſignation of ſpeech, gives me all the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in ſeeing; and flatter myſelf that I have looked into the higheſt and loweſt of mankind, and make ſhrewd gueſſes, without being admitted to their converſation, at the inmoſt thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I ſee men flouriſhing in courts, and languiſhing in jails, without being prejudiced from their circumſtances to their favour or diſadvantage; but, from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the proſperous, and admire the unhappy.

Thoſe who converſe with the dumb, know from the turn of their eyes, and the changes of their countenance, their ſentiments of the objects before them. I have indulged my ſilence to ſuch an extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, anſwer my ſmiles with concurrent ſentences, and argue to the very point I ſhaked my head at, without my ſpeaking. WILL HONEYCOMB was very entertaining the other night at a play, to a gentleman who ſat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman believed WILL was talking to himſelf, when, upon my looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he ſaid,

ſaid, 'I am quite of another opinion. She has, I 'will allow, a very pleaſing aſpect, but methinks, 'that ſimplicity in her countenance is rather childiſh 'than innocent.' When I obſerved her a ſecond time, he ſaid, 'I grant her dreſs is very becoming, 'but perhaps the merit of that choice is owing to 'her mother: for though, continued he, I allow 'a beauty to be as much to be commended for the 'elegance of her dreſs, as a wit for that of his lan-'guage; yet if ſhe has ſtolen the colour of her rib-'bands from another, or had advice about her trim-'mings, I ſhall not allow her the praiſe of dreſs 'any more than I would call a plagiary an author.' When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, WILL ſpoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner:

'Behold, you who dare, that charming virgin; 'behold the beauty of her perſon chaſtiſed by the 'innocence of her thoughts. Chaſtity, good-na-'ture, and affability, are the graces that play in her 'countenance; ſhe knows ſhe is handſome, but ſhe 'knows ſhe is good. Conſcious beauty adorned with 'conſcious virtue! what a ſpirit is there in thoſe 'eyes! what a bloom in that perſon! how is the 'whole woman expreſſed in her appearance! her 'air has the beauty of motion, and her look the 'force of language.'

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtleſs creatures who make up the lump of that ſex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraitures of inſignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life: I never enter into the commerce of diſcourſe with any but my particular friends, and not in public even with them. Such an habit has perhaps raiſed in me uncommon reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but

but by my writings. As my pleaſures are almoſt wholly confined to thoſe of the ſight, I take it for a peculiar happineſs that I have always had an eaſy and familiar admittance to the fair ſex. If I never praiſed or flattered, I never belied or contradicted them. As theſe compoſe half the world, and are, by the juſt complaiſance and gallantry of our nation, the more powerful part of our people, I ſhall dedicate a conſiderable part of theſe my ſpeculations to their ſervice, and ſhall lead the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I ſhall endeavour at a ſtyle and air ſuitable to their underſtanding. When I ſay this, I muſt be underſtood to mean, that I ſhall not lower but exalt the ſubjects I treat upon. Diſcourſe, for their entertainment, is not to be debaſed but refined. A man may appear learned without talking ſentences, as in his ordinary geſture he diſcovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers. In a word, I ſhall take it for the greateſt glory of my work, if among reaſonable women this paper may furniſh *tea-table-talk*. In order to it, I ſhall treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other ſex, or as they are tied to them by blood, intereſt, or affection. Upon this occaſion I think it but reaſonable to declare, that whatever ſkill I may have in ſpeculation, I ſhall never betray what the eyes of lovers ſay to each other in my preſence. At the ſame time I ſhall not think myſelf obliged, by this promiſe, to conceal any falſe proteſtations which I obſerve made by glances in public aſſemblies; but endeavour to make both ſexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means, love, during the time of my ſpeculations, ſhall be carried on with the ſame ſincerity as any other affairs of leſs conſideration. As this is the greateſt concern, men ſhall be from henceforth

liable

liable to the greateſt reproach for miſbehaviour in it. Falſhood in love ſhall hereafter bear a blacker aſpect than infidelity in friendſhip, or villany in buſineſs. For this great and good end, all breaches againſt that noble paſſion, the cement of ſociety, ſhall be ſeverely examined. But this, and all other matters looſely hinted at now, and in my former papers, ſhall have their proper place in my following diſcourſes: the preſent writing is only to admoniſh the world, that they ſhall not find me an idle but a buſy ſpectator. T R

No. 5. TUESDAY, MARCH 6.

Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis?——

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 5.

Admitted to the ſight, wou'd you not laugh?

AN opera may be allowed to be extravagantly laviſh in its decorations, as its only deſign is to gratify the ſenſes, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common ſenſe however requires, that there ſhould be nothing in the ſcenes and machines which may appear childiſh and abſurd. How would the wits of King *Charles*'s time have laughed to have ſeen *Nicolini* expoſed to a tempeſt in robes of ermine, and ſailing in an open boat upon a ſea of paſteboard? What a field of raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted dragons ſpitting wildfire, enchanted chariots drawn by *Flanders* mares, and real caſcades in artificial landſcapes? A little ſkill in criticiſm would inform us, that ſhadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the ſame piece; and that the ſcenes, which are deſigned as the repreſentations of nature, ſhould be filled with reſemblances, and not with the things themſelves. If one would repreſent a wide champaign country filled

filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the ſcenes, and to crowd ſeveral parts of the ſtage with ſheep and oxen. This is joining together inconſiſtencies, and making the decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have ſaid here to the directors, as well as to the admirers of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the ſtreets about a fortnight ago, I ſaw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his ſhoulders; and, as I was wondering with myſelf what uſe he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the ſame curioſity. Upon his aſking him what he had upon his ſhoulders, he told him that he had been buying ſparrows for the opera. Sparrows for the opera, ſays his friend, licking his lips, what, are they to be roaſted? No, no, ſays the other, they are to enter towards the end of the firſt act, and to fly about the ſtage.

This ſtrange dialogue awakened my curioſity ſo far, that I immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived that the ſparrows were to act the part of ſinging birds in a delightful grove; though, upon a nearer inquiry, I found the ſparrows put the ſame trick upon the audience, that Sir *Martin Mar-all* practiſed upon his miſtreſs; for though they flew in ſight, the muſic proceeded from a conſort of flagelets and bird-calls which were planted behind the ſcenes. At the ſame time I made this diſcovery, I found by the diſcourſe of the actors, that there were great deſigns on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been propoſed to break down a part of the wall, and to ſurpriſe the audience with a party of an hundred horſe, and that there was actually a project of bringing the *new-river* into the houſe, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have ſince heard, is poſtponed until the ſummer-ſeaſon; when it

it is thought the coolneſs that proceeds from fountains and caſcades will be more acceptable and refreſhing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter-ſeaſon, the opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations, and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are ſeveral engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in caſe any ſuch accident ſhould happen. However, as I have a very great friendſhip for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wiſe enough to *inſure* his houſe before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that thoſe ſcenes ſhould be very ſurpriſing, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raiſed by two magicians of different ſexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the argument) was an *Amazonian* enchantreſs, and poor Signior *Caſſani* (as we learn from the *perſons repreſented*) a Chriſtian conjurer (*Mago Chriſtiano*). I muſt confeſs I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* ſhould be verſed in the black art, or how a good Chriſtian, for ſuch is the part of the magician, ſhould deal with the devil.

To conſider the poet after the conjurer, I ſhall give you a taſte of the *Italian* from the firſt lines of his preface. *Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche ſere, che ſe ben nato di notte, non è però aborto di tenebre, mà ſi farà conoſcere figlio d'Apollo con qualchè raggio di Parnaſſo. Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which, though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkneſs, but will make itſelf known to be the ſon of* Apollo, *with a certain ray of* Parnaſſus. He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer *Handel* the *Orpheus* of our age, and to acquaint us, in the ſame ſublimity of ſtyle, that he compoſed this opera in a fortnight.

Such

Such are the wits, to whoſe taſtes we ſo ambitiouſly conform ourſelves. The truth of it is, the fineſt writers among the modern *Italians* expreſs themſelves in ſuch a florid form of words, and ſuch tedious circumlocutions, as are uſed by none but pedants in our own country, and at the ſame time fill their writings with ſuch poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are aſhamed of before they have been two years at the univerſity. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but, to ſhew there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old *Italians*, ſuch as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we ſhall find that the *Engliſh* writers, in their way of thinking and expreſſing themſelves, reſemble thoſe authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the poet himſelf, from whom the dreams of this opera are taken, I muſt entirely agree with Monſieur *Boileau*, that one verſe in *Virgil* is worth all the *clinkant* or tinſel of *Taſſo*.

But to return to the ſparrows; there have been ſo many flights of them let looſe in this opera, that it is feared the houſe will never get rid of them; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper ſcenes, ſo as to be ſeen flying in a Lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a King's throne; beſides the inconveniencies which the heads of the audience may ſometimes ſuffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a deſign of caſting into an opera the ſtory of *Whittington* and his cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. *Rich*, the proprietor of the play-houſe, very prudently conſidered that it would be impoſſible for the cat to kill them all, and that conſequently the princes of the ſtage might be as much infeſted with mice, as the prince of the iſland was before the cat's arrival upon it; for which reaſon

reaſon he would not permit it to be acted in his houſe. And indeed I cannot blame him; for, as he ſaid very well upon that occaſion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper, who made all the mice of a great town in *Germany* follow his muſic, and by that means cleared the place of thoſe little noxious animals.

Before I diſmiſs this paper, I muſt inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot with *London* and *Wiſe* (who will be appointed gardeners of the play-houſe) to furniſh the opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the ſinging-birds will be perſonated by tomtits: the undertakers being reſolved to ſpare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience. C

No. 6. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7.

Credebant hoc grande neſas, & morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non aſſurrexerat——

Juv. Sat. xiii. l. 54.

'Twas impious then (ſo much was age rever'd)
For youth to keep their ſeat, when an old man appear'd.

I Know no evil under the ſun ſo great as the abuſe of the underſtanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffuſed itſelf through both ſexes and all qualites of mankind, and there is hardly that perſon to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and ſenſe, than honeſty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wiſe rather than honeſt, witty than good-natured, is the ſource of moſt of the ill habits of life. Such falſe impreſſions are owing to the aban-

doned writings of men of wit, and the aukward imitation of the reſt of mankind.

For this reaſon Sir ROGER was ſaying laſt night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deſerve to be hanged. The reflections of ſuch men are ſo delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they ſhould be expoſed to more than ordinary infamy and puniſhment for offending againſt ſuch quick admonitions as their own ſouls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in ſuch a manner, that they are no more ſhocked at vice and folly, than men of ſlower capacities. There is no greater monſter in being, than a very ill man of great parts: He lives like a man in a palſy, with one ſide of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the ſatisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has loſt the taſte of good-will, of friendſhip, of innocence. *Scarecrow*, the beggar in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, who diſabled himſelf in his right leg, and aſks alms all day to get himſelf a warm ſupper and a trull all night, is not half ſo deſpicable a wretch as ſuch a man of ſenſe. The beggar has no reliſh above ſenſations; he finds reſt more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deſerves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his ſatisfactions and enjoyments within the ſupply of his own neceſſities and paſſions, is, ſays Sir ROGER, in my eye, as poor a rogue as *Scarecrow*. But, continued he, for the loſs of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forſooth: it is with them no matter what is done, ſo it be done with an air. But to me, who am ſo whimſical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reaſon, a ſelfiſh man, in the moſt ſhining circumſtance and equipage, appears in the ſame condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible, in proportion to what more he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore

fore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance, is to have a proſpect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions, ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reaſon, of religion, of good-breeding: without this, a man, as I before have hinted, is hopping inſtead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion.

Whilſt the honeſt knight was thus bewildering himſelf in good ſtarts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. What I aim at, ſays he, is to repreſent, that I am of opinion, to poliſh our underſtandings and neglect our manners, is of all things the moſt inexcuſable. Reaſon ſhould govern paſſion, but inſtead of that, you ſee, it is often ſubſervient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wiſe man is not always a good man. This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular perſons, but at ſometimes of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the moſt polite ages are the leaſt virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themſelves, without conſidering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not ſo much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this falſe beauty will not paſs upon men of honeſt minds and true taſte. Sir *Richard Blackmore* ſays, with as much good ſenſe as virtue, *It is a might, diſhonour and ſhame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit to humour and pleaſe men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithſtanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the moſt odious being in the whole creation.* He goes on ſoon after to ſay very generouſly, that he undertook the writing of his poem *to reſcue the muſes out of the hands of raviſhers, to reſtore them to their ſweet and chaſte manſions, and to engage them in an employment ſuitable to their dignity.* This certainly ought to be

the purpoſe of every man who appears in public' and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as faſt as he ſucceeds in his ſtudies. When modeſty ceaſes to be the chief ornament of one ſex, and integrity of the other, ſociety is upon a wrong baſis, and we ſhall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reaſon direct one thing, paſſion and humour another: to follow the dictates of the two latter, is going into a road that is both endleſs and intricate; when we purſue the other, our paſſage is delightful, and what we aim at eaſily attainable.

I do not doubt but *England* is at preſent as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks can eaſily ſee, that the affectation of being gay and in faſhion, has very near eaten up our good ſenſe and our religion. Is there any thing ſo juſt, as that mode and gallantry ſhould be built upon exerting ourſelves in what is proper and agreeable to the inſtitutions of juſtice and piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is ſupported by no other pretenſion, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itſelf ſhould prompt us to think ſo. Reſpect to all kind of ſuperiors is founded, methinks, upon inſtinct; and yet what is ſo ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt tranſition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little ſtory, which I think a pretty inſtance that the moſt polite age is in danger of being the moſt vicious.

'It happened at *Athens*, during a public re-
'preſentation of ſome play exhibited in honour of
'the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came
'too late for a place ſuitable to his age and quality.
'Many of the young gentlemen who obſerved the

'difficulty

'difficulty and confuſion he was in, made ſigns to 'him that they would accommodate him if he came 'where they ſat: the good man buſtled through 'the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the 'ſeats to which he was invited, the jeſt was to ſit 'cloſe, and expoſe him, as he ſtood out of counte-'nance, to the whole audience. The frolic went 'round all the *Athenian* benches. But on thoſe 'occaſions there were alſo particular places aſſigned 'for foreigners: when the good man ſkulked to-'wards the boxes appointed for the *Lacedæmonians*, 'that honeſt people, more virtuous than polite, roſe 'up all to a man, and with the greateſt reſpect re-'ceived him among them. The *Athenians*, being 'ſuddenly touched with a ſenſe of the *Spartan* vir-'tue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of 'applauſe; and the old man cried out, *The* Athe-'nians *underſtand what is good, but the* Lacedæmo-'nians *practiſe it.*' ✝ R.

No. 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 8.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque theſſala rides?
HOR. Ep. ii. l. 2. ver. 208.

Viſions, and magic ſpells, can you deſpiſe,
And laugh at witches, ghoſts, and prodigies?

GOing yeſterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon aſking him the occaſion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a ſtrange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended ſome misfortune to themſelves or to their children. At her coming into the room I obſerved a ſettled melancholy in her countenance, which I ſhould have been troubled for, had I not

heard from whence it proceeded. We were no ſooner ſat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear*, (ſays ſhe turning to her huſband) *you may now ſee the ſtranger that was in the candle laſt night*. Soon after this, as they began to talk of family-affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on *Thurſday*. Thurſday? (ſays ſhe) *No, child, if it pleaſe God, you ſhall not begin upon* Childermas-day; *tell your writing-maſter that* Friday *will be ſoon enough*. I was reflecting with myſelf on the oddneſs of her fancy, and wondering that any body would eſtabliſh it as a rule to loſe a day in every week. In the midſt of theſe my muſings, ſhe deſired me to reach her a little ſalt upon the point of my knife, which I did in ſuch a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which ſhe immediately ſtarted, and ſaid it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, obſerving the concern of the whole table, began to conſider myſelf, with ſome confuſion, as a perſon that had brought a diſaſter upon the family. The Lady however recovering herſelf after a little ſpace, ſaid to her huſband, with a ſigh, *My dear, misfortunes never come ſingle*. My friend, I found, acted but an under-part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than underſtanding, thinks himſelf obliged to fall in with all the paſſions and humours of his yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, child*, (ſays ſhe) *that the pigeon-houſe fell the very afternoon that our careleſs wench ſpilt the ſalt upon the table? Yes*, (ſays he) *my dear, and the next poſt brought us an account of the battle of* Almanza. The reader may gueſs at the figure I made, after having done all this miſchief. I diſpatched my dinner as ſoon as I could, with my uſual taciturnity; when, to my utter confuſion, the Lady ſeeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them acroſs one another upon my plate, deſired me that I would humour

mour her ſo far as to take them out of that figure, and place them ſide by ſide. What the abſurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I ſuppoſe there was ſome traditionary ſuperſtition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the Lady of the houſe, I diſpoſed of my knife and fork in two parellel lines, which is the figure I ſhall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reaſon for it.

It is not difficult for a man to ſee that a perſon has conceived an averſion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's looks, that ſhe regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aſpect. For which reaſon I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend theſe ſuperſtitious follies of mankind; how they ſubject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional ſorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not ſufficient for it, we turn the moſt indifferent circumſtances into misfortunes, and ſuffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the ſhooting of a ſtar ſpoil a night's reſt; and have ſeen a man in love grow pale and loſe his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry thought. A ſcreech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath ſtruck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognoſtics. A ruſty nail, or a crooked pin, ſhoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed aſſembly, that was full of noiſe and mirth, when on a ſudden an old woman unluckily obſerved there were thirteen of us in company. This remark ſtruck a panic terror into ſeveral who were preſent, inſomuch that one

one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the room: but a friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, inſtead of portending one of the company ſhould die, it plainly foretold one of them ſhould be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the omen, I queſtion not but half the women in the company would have fallen ſick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite diſturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of theſe antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and propheſies from one end of the year to the other. She is always ſeeing apparitions, and hearing dead-watches; and was the other day almoſt frighted out of her wits by the great houſe-dog, that howled in the ſtable at a time when ſhe lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant caſt of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in ſupernumerary duties of life; and ariſes from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the ſoul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehenſions and ſuſpicions, and conſequently diſpoſe it to the obſervation of ſuch groundleſs prodigies and predictions. For, as it is the chief concern of wiſe men to retrench the evils of life by the reaſonings of philoſophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the ſentiments of ſuperſtition.

For my own part, I ſhould be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it ſhould inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the reliſh of any happineſs, nor feel the weight of any miſery, before it actually arrives.

I know

I know but one way of fortifying my ſoul againſt theſe gloomy preſages and terrors of mind, and that is, by ſecuring to myſelf the friendſhip and protection of that Being who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity. He ſees, at one view, the whole thread of my exiſtence, not only that part of it which I have already paſſed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to ſleep, I recommend myſelf to his care; when I awake, I give myſelf up to his direction. Amidſt all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and queſtion not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all ſolicitous about it; becauſe I am ſure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and ſupport me under them.' + C

No. 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 9.

At Venus *obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,*
Et multo nebulae circùm Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos—— VIRG. Æn. i. ver. 415.

They march obſcure, for *Venus* kindly ſhrouds
With miſts their perſons, and involves in clouds.
DRYDEN.

I Shall here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furniſh him with, and therefore ſhall make no apology for them.

To the SPECTATOR, &c.

'SIR,

'I am one of the directors of the ſociety for 'the reformation of manners, and therefore think 'myſelf

'myſelf a proper perſon for your correſpondence. 'I have thoroughly examined the preſent ſtate of 'religion in *Great Britain*, and am able to ac- 'quaint you with the predominant vice of every 'market-town in the whole iſland. I can tell 'you the progreſs that virtue has made in all our 'cities, boroughs, and corporations: and know as 'well the evil practices that are committed in *Ber-* 'wick or *Exeter*, as what is done in my own fami- 'ly. In a word, Sir, I have my correſpondents in 'the remoteſt parts of the nation, who ſend me up 'punctual accounts from time to time of all the 'little irregularities, that fall under their notice in 'their ſeveral diſtricts and diviſions.

'I am no leſs acquainted with the particular 'quarters and regions of this great town, than 'with the different parts and diſtributions of the 'whole nation. I can deſcribe every pariſh by its 'impieties, and can tell you in which of our ſtreets 'lewdneſs prevails, which gaming has taken poſſeſ- 'ſion of, and where drunkenneſs has got the bet- 'ter of them both. When I am diſpoſed to raiſe 'a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and allies 'that are inhabited by common ſwearers. When 'I would encourage the hoſpital of *Bridewell*, and 'improve the hempen manufacture, I am very well 'acquainted with all the haunts and reſorts of fe- 'male night-walkers.

'After this ſhort account of myſelf, I muſt let 'you know, that the deſign of this paper is to give 'you information of a certain irregular aſſembly, 'which I think falls very properly under your ob- 'ſervation, eſpecially ſince the perſons it is com- 'poſed of are criminals too conſiderable for the 'animadverſions of our ſociety. I mean, Sir, the 'midnight mask, which has of late been very fre- 'quently held in one of the moſt conſpicuous parts 'of the town, and which I hear will be continued 'with additions and improvements. As all the

'perſons

'persons who compose this lawless assembly are 'masked, we dare not attack any of them in *our* 'way, lest we should send a woman of quality to '*Bridewell*, or a peer of *Great Britain* to the *Coun*'ter: besides that their numbers are so very great, 'that I am afraid they would be able to rout our 'whole fraternity, though we were accompanied 'with all our guard of constables. Both these rea'sons, which secure them from our authority, 'make them obnoxious to yours; as both their dis'guise and their numbers will give no particular 'person reason to think himself affronted by you.

'If we are rightly informed, the rules that are 'observed by this new society are wonderfully con'trived for the advancement of cuckoldom. The 'women either come by themselves, or are intro'duced by friends who are obliged to quit them, 'upon their first entrance, to the conversation of 'any body that addresses himself to them. There 'are several rooms where the parties may retire, 'and, if they please, shew their faces by consent. 'Whispers, squeezes, nods, and embraces, are the 'innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the 'whole design of this libidinous assembly, seems to 'terminate in assignations and intrigues; and I 'hope you will take effectual methods, by your 'public advice and admonitions, to prevent such a 'promiscuous multitude of both sexes from meet'ing together in so clandestine a manner. I am,

Your humble servant,

And fellow-labourer, T. B.'

Not long after the perusal of this letter, I received another upon the same subject; which, by the date and style of it, I take to be written by some young Templar.

'Sir, *Middle-Temple*, 1710-11.

'When a man has been guilty of any vice or 'folly, I think the best atonement he can make

'for

'for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. 'In order to this I muſt acquaint you, that ſome 'time in *February* laſt I went to the *Tueſday*'s maſ-'querade. Upon my firſt going in I was attack-'ed by half a dozen female Quakers, who ſeem-'ed willing to adopt me for a brother; but up-'on a nearer examination, I found they were a ſiſ-'terhood of coquettes diſguiſed in that preciſe ha-'bit. I was ſoon after taken out to dance, and, as 'I fancied, by a woman of the firſt quality, for ſhe 'was very tall, and moved gracefully. As ſoon as 'the minuet was over, we ogled one another 'through our maſks; and, as I am very well read 'in *Waller*, I repeated to her the four following 'verſes out of his poem to *Vandike*.

The heedleſs lover does not know
Whoſe eyes they are that wound him ſo;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.

'I pronounced theſe words with ſuch a languiſh-'ing air that I had ſome reaſon to conclude I had 'made a conqueſt. She told me that ſhe hoped 'my face was not a-kin to my tongue, and looking 'upon her watch, I accidentally diſcovered the fi-'gure of a coronet on the back part of it. I was 'ſo tranſported with the thought of ſuch an a-'mour, that I plied her from one room to another 'with all the gallantries I could invent; and at 'length brought things to ſo happy an iſſue, that 'ſhe gave me a private meeting the next day, with-'out page or footman, coach or equipage. My 'heart danced in raptures, but I had not lived in 'this golden dream above three days, before I 'found good reaſon to wiſh that I had continued 'true to my laundreſs. I have ſince heard, by a 'very great accident, that this fine lady does not 'live far from *Covent-Garden*, and that I am not

'the

'the first cully whom she has passed herself upon 'for a countess.

'Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a *Cloud* 'for a *Juno*; and if you can make any use of this 'adventure, for the benefit of those who may pos- 'sibly be as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do 'most heartily give you leave. I am, Sir,

'Your most humble admirer,

B. L.'

I design to visit the next masquerade myself, in the same habit I wore at *Grand Cairo*; and until then shall suspend my judgment of this midnight entertainment. + C

No. 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 10.

——Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis.

Juv. Sat. xv. ver. 163.

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.

Tate.

MAN is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of *clubs*. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though ever so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where

the club met was ſomething of the largeſt, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate ſize, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the firſt, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he ſtuck in the paſſage, and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was ſaluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it conſiſted but of fifteen perſons, weighed above three tun.

In oppoſition to this ſociety, there ſprung up another, compoſed of ſcarecrows and ſkeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the deſigns of their bulky brethren, whom they repreſented as men of dangerous principles; until at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and conſequently out of the magiſtracy. Theſe factions tore the corporation in pieces for ſeveral years, until at length they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the town ſhould be annually choſen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magiſtrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy of the *Kings*. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and profeſſions, provided they agreed in the ſirname of *King*, which, as they imagined, ſufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A Chriſtian name has likewiſe been often uſed as a badge of diſtinction, and made the occaſion of a club. That of the *George*'s, which uſed to meet at the ſign of the *George* on St. *George*'s day, and ſwear *Before George*, is ſtill freſh in every one's memory.

There

There are at preſent in ſeveral parts of this city what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief inhabitants of the ſtreet converſe together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in *Ormond-Street*, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me, there was at that time a very good club in it; he alſo told me, upon farther diſcourſe with him, that two or three noiſy country-ſquires, who were ſettled there the year before, had conſiderably ſunk the price of houſe-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniencies for the future) had thoughts of taking every houſe that became vacant into their own hands, until they had found a tenant for it, of a ſociable nature and good converſation.

The *Hum-Drum* club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honeſt gentlemen, of peaceable diſpoſitions, that uſed to ſit together, ſmoke their pipes, and ſay nothing until midnight. The *Mum* club (as I am informed) is an inſtitution of the ſame nature, and as great an enemy to noiſe.

After theſe two innocent ſocieties, I cannot forbear mentioning a very miſchievous one, that was erected in the reign of King *Charles* the Second: I mean *the Club of Duelliſts*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The preſident of it was ſaid to have killed half a dozen in ſingle combat; and, as for the other members, they took their ſeats according to the number of their ſlain. There was likewiſe a ſide-table, for ſuch as had only drawn blood, and ſhewn a laudable ambition of taking the firſt opportunity to qualify themſelves for the firſt table. This club, conſiſting only of men of honour, did not continue long, moſt of the members of it being put to the ſword, or hanged, a little after its inſtitution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein moſt

men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philoſopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The *Kit-Cat* itſelf is ſaid to have taken its original from a mutton-pye. The *Beef-Stake*, and *October* clubs, are neither of them averſe to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their reſpective titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a love of ſociety, not a ſpirit of faction, and do not meet to cenſure or annoy thoſe that are abſent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at leaſt to relax themſelves from the buſineſs of the day, by an innocent and cheerful converſation, there may be ſomething very uſeful in theſe little inſtitutions and eſtabliſhments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a ſcheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little ale-houſe: how I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient time. Theſe laws were enacted by a knot of artiſans and mechanics, who uſed to meet every night; and, as there is ſomething in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I ſhall tranſcribe them word for word.

RULES *to be obſerved in the* Two-Penny *Club, erected in this place for the preſervation of friendſhip and good neighbourhood.*

I. Every member at his firſt coming in ſhall lay down his two-pence.

II. Every member ſhall fill his pipe out of his own box.

III. If any member abſents himſelf, he ſhall forfeit a penny for the uſe of the club, unleſs in caſe of ſickneſs or impriſonment.

IV. If any member ſwears or curſes, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the ſhins.

V.

V. If any member tells ſtories in the club that are not true, he ſhall forfeit for every third lie an halfpenny.

VI. If any member ſtrikes another wrongfully, he ſhall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he ſhall pay for whatever ſhe drinks or ſmokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, ſhe ſhall ſpeak to him without the door.

IX. If any member calls another cuckold, he ſhall be turned out of the club.

X. None ſhall be admitted into the club that is of the ſame trade with any member of it.

XI. None of the club ſhall have his clothes or ſhoes made or mended, but by a brother member.

XII. No nonjuror ſhall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by ſuch wholeſome laws and penalties, that I queſtion not but my Reader will be as well pleaſed with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben Johnſon*, the regulations of an old *Roman* club cited by *Lipſius*, or the rules of a *Sympoſium* in an ancient *Greek* author. C

No. 10. MONDAY, MARCH 12.

Non aliter quam qui adverſo vix flumine lembum
Remigiis ſubigit: ſi brachia forte remiſit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

VIRG. Georg. i. ver. 201.

So the boat's brawny crew the current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the ſtream:
But if they ſlack their hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the flood with headlong haſte they drive.

DRYDEN.

IT is with much ſatisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after theſe my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming ſerioufneſs and attention. My publiſher tells me, that there are already three thouſand of them diſtributed every day: So that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modeſt computation, I may reckon about threeſcore thouſand diſciples in *London* and *Weſtminſter*, who, I hope, will take care to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the thoughtleſs herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raiſed to myſelf ſo great an audience, I ſhall ſpare no pains to make their inſtruction agreeable, and their diverſion uſeful. For which reaſons I ſhall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my Readers may, if poſſible, both ways find their account in the ſpeculation of the day. And, to the end that their virtue and diſcretion may not be ſhort tranſient intermitting ſtarts of thought, I have reſolved to refreſh their memories from day to day, until I have recovered them out of that deſperate ſtate of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a ſingle day, ſprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by

by a conſtant and aſſiduous culture. It was ſaid of *Socrates*, that he brought philoſophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; and I ſhall be ambitious to have it ſaid of me, that I have brought philoſophy out of cloſets and libraries, ſchools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and aſſemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houſes.

I would therefore, in a very particular manner, recommend theſe my ſpeculations to all well-regulated families, that ſet apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earneſtly adviſe them for their good to order this paper to be punctually ſerved up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage.

Sir *Francis Bacon* obſerves, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagoniſts, is like *Moſes*'s ſerpent, that immediately ſwallowed up and devoured thoſe of the *Egyptians*. I ſhall not be ſo vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other public prints will vaniſh; but ſhall leave it to my Reader's conſideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's ſelf, than to hear what paſſes in *Muſcovy* or *Poland*; and to amuſe ourſelves with ſuch writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, paſſion, and prejudice, than ſuch as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcileable.

In the next place I would recommend this paper to the daily peruſal of thoſe gentlemen whom I cannot but conſider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of ſpectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or lazineſs of their diſpoſitions, have no other buſineſs with the reſt of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this claſs of men are comprehended all contemplative tradeſmen, titular phyſicians, fellows of the royal ſociety, templars that are not given to be contentious, and ſtateſmen that are out of buſineſs; in

in ſhort, every one that conſiders the world as a theatre, and deſires to form a right judgment of thoſe who are the actors on it.

There is another ſet of men that I muſt likewiſe lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of ſociety, as being altogether unfurniſhed with ideas, until the buſineſs and converſation of the day has ſupplied them. I have often conſidered theſe poor ſouls with an eye of great commiſeration, when I have heard them aſking the firſt man they have met with, whether there was any news ſtirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. Theſe needy perſons do not know what to talk of, until about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind ſits, and whether the *Dutch* mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the firſt man they meet, and are grave and impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earneſtly intreat them not to ſtir out of their chambers until they have read this paper, and do promiſe them that I will daily inſtil into them ſuch ſound and wholeſome ſentiments, as ſhall have a good effect on their converſation for the enſuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more uſeful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been ſufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diverſions for the Fair Ones. Their amuſements ſeem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reaſonable creatures; and are more adapted to the ſex than to the ſpecies. The toilet is their great ſcene of buſineſs, and the right adjuſting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The ſorting of a ſuit of ribbands is reckoned a very good morning's work; and, if they make an excurſion to a mercer's or a toy-ſhop, ſo great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing elſe all the day

day after. Their more ſerious occupations are ſewing and embroidery, and their greateſt drudgery the preparation of jellies and ſweet-meats. This, I ſay, is the ſtate of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of thoſe of a more elevated life and converſation, that move in an exalted ſphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dreſs, and inſpire a kind of awe and reſpect, as well as love, into their male-beholders. I hope to increaſe the number of theſe, by publiſhing this daily paper, which I ſhall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at leaſt divert the minds of my Female Readers from greater trifles. At the ſame time, as I would fain give ſome finiſhing touches to thoſe who are already the moſt beautiful pieces in human nature, I ſhall endeavour to point out all thoſe imperfections that are the blemiſhes, as well as thoſe virtues which are the embelliſhments of the ſex. In the mean while, I hope theſe my gentle Readers, who have ſo much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, ſince they may do it without any hindrance to buſineſs.

I know ſeveral of my friends and well-wiſhers are in great pain for me, leſt I ſhould not be able to keep up the ſpirit of a paper which I oblige myſelf to furniſh every day: but, to make them eaſy in this particular, I will promiſe them faithfully to give it over as ſoon as I grow dull. This, I know, will be matter of great raillery to the ſmall wits, who will frequently put me in mind of my promiſe, deſire me to keep my word, aſſure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleaſantries of the like nature, which men of a little ſmart genius cannot forbear throwing out againſt their beſt friends, when they have ſuch a handle given

given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my caveat againſt this piece of raillery.

No. 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 13.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat cenſura columbas.
Juv. Sat. ii. l. 63.

The doves are cenſur'd, while the crows are ſpar'd.

ARIETTA is viſited by all perſons of both ſexes, who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth, or infirmities of age; and her converſation is ſo mixed with gaiety and prudence, that ſhe is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the leaſt blameable; and as ſhe is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious purſuits of her own, her viſitants entertain her with accounts of themſelves very freely, whether they concern their paſſions or their intereſts. I made her a viſit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has prevailed upon her to admit me ſometimes into her aſſembly, as a civil inoffenſive man. I found her accompanied with one perſon only, a common place-talker, who, upon my entrance, aroſe, and after a very ſlight civility ſat down again; then turning to *Arietta*, purſued his diſcourſe, which I found was upon the old topic of conſtancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and with the ornaments of inſignificant laughs and geſtures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and ſongs, which allude to the perjuries of the Fair, and the general levity

levity of women. Methought he ſtrove to ſhine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might inſult my ſilence, and diſtinguiſh himſelf before a woman of *Arietta*'s taſte and underſtanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, until the larum ceaſed of itſelf; which it did not until he had repeated and murdered the celebrated ſtory of the *Epheſian* Matron.

Arietta ſeemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage done to her ſex; as indeed I have always obſerved that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reaſon I cannot tell, are more ſenſibly touched with thoſe general aſperſions which are caſt upon their ſex, than men are by what is ſaid of theirs.

When ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the ſerious anger ſhe was in, ſhe replied in the following manner:

Sir, When I conſider how perfectly new all you have ſaid on this ſubject is, and that the ſtory you have given us is not quite two thouſand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of preſumption to diſpute with you: but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man walking with that noble animal, ſhewed him, in the oſtentation of human ſuperiority, a ſign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion ſaid very juſtly, *We lions are none of us painters, elſe we could ſhew a hundred men killed by lions, for one lion killed by a man.* You men are writers, and can repreſent us women as unbecoming as you pleaſe in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice obſerved in your diſcourſe, that hypocriſy is the very foundation of our education; and that an ability to diſſemble our affections is a profeſſed part of our breeding. Theſe, and ſuch other reflections, are ſprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who leave behind

hind them memorials of their reſentment againſt the ſcorn of particular women, in invectives againſt the whole ſex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleaſant aggravations of the frailty of the *Epheſian* Lady: but when we conſider this queſtion between the ſexes, which has been either a point of diſpute or raillery ever ſince there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from ſuch as have not either ambition or capacity to embelliſh their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amuſing myſelf with *Ligon*'s account of *Barbadoes*: and, in anſwer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honeſt traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the hiſtory of *Inkle* and *Yarico*.

Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty years, embarked on the *Downs* in the good ſhip called the *Achilles*, bound for the *Weſt-Indies*, on the 16th of *June* 1674, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandiſe. Our adventurer was the third ſon of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to inſtil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect maſter of numbers, and conſequently giving him a quick view of loſs and advantage, and preventing the natural impulſes of his paſſions, by prepoſſeſſion towards his intereſts. With a mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a perſon every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, ſtrength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair looſely flowing on his ſhoulders. It happened, in the courſe of the voyage, that the *Achilles*, in ſome diſtreſs, put into a creek on the main of *America*, in ſearch of proviſions. The youth, who is the hero of my ſtory, among others went aſhore on this occaſion. From their firſt landing they were obſerved by a party of *Indians*, who hid themſelves in the woods for that purpoſe. The *Engliſh* unadviſedly marched a great diſtance from

from the ſhore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who ſlew the greateſt number of them. Our adventurer eſcaped among others, by flying into a foreſt. Upon his coming into a remote and pathleſs part of the wood, he threw himſelf, tired and breathleſs, on a little hillock, when an *Indian* maid ruſhed from a thicket behind him. After the firſt ſurprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked *American*, the *American* was no leſs taken with the dreſs, complexion, and ſhape of an *European*, covered from head to foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and conſequently ſolicitous for his preſervation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where ſhe gave him a delicious repaſt of fruits, and led him to a ſtream to ſlake his thirſt. In the midſt of theſe good offices, ſhe would ſometimes play with his hair, and delight in the oppoſition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his boſom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it ſeems, a perſon of diſtinction, for ſhe every day came to him in a different dreſs, of the moſt beautiful ſhells, bugles, and braids. She likewiſe brought him a great many ſpoils, which her other lovers had preſented to her, ſo that his cave was richly adorned with all the ſpotted ſkins of beaſts, and moſt party-coloured feathers of fowls which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, ſhe would carry him in the duſk of the evening, or by the favour of moon-light, to unfrequented groves and ſolitudes, and ſhow him where to lie down in ſafety, and ſleep amidſt the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occaſions to conſult his ſafety. In this manner did the lovers paſs away their time, until they had learned a language of their own, in which the voy-

ager communicated to his miſtreſs, how happy he ſhould be to have her in his country, where ſhe ſhould be clothed in ſuch ſilks as his waiſtcoat was made of, and be carried in houſes drawn by horſes, without being expoſed to wind or weather. All this he promiſed her the enjoyment of, without ſuch fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correſpondence theſe lovers lived for ſeveral months, when *Yarico*, inſtructed by her lover, diſcovered a veſſel on the coaſt, to which ſhe made ſignals; and, in the night, with the utmoſt joy and ſatisfaction, accompanied him to a ſhip's crew of his countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a veſſel from the main arrives in that iſland, it ſeems, the planters come down to the ſhore, where there is an immediate market of the *Indians* and other ſlaves, as with us of horſes and oxen.

To be ſhort, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *Engliſh* territories, began ſeriouſly to reflect upon his loſs of time, and to weigh with himſelf how many days intereſt of his money he had loſt during his ſtay with *Yarico*. This thought made the young man very penſive, and careful what account he ſhould be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which conſideration, the prudent and frugal young man ſold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* merchant; notwithſtanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiſerate her condition, told him that ſhe was with child by him: but he only made uſe of that information, to riſe in his demands upon the purchaſer.

I was ſo touched with this ſtory, (which I think ſhould be always a counterpart to the *Epheſian* matron), that I left the room with tears in my eyes, which a woman of *Arietta*'s good ſenſe, did, I am ſure, take for greater applauſe, than any compliments I could make her.

R

No. 12. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14.

——Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.

PERS. Sat. v. ver 92.

I root th' old woman from thy trembling heart.

AT my coming to *London*, it was ſome time before I could ſettle myſelf in a houſe to my liking. I was forced to quit my firſt lodgings, by reaſon of an officious landlady, that would be aſking me every morning how I had ſlept. I then fell into an honeſt family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I ſaid before, was an honeſt hearty man, had put me into an advertiſement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following words: *Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on* Thurſday *laſt in the afternoon, and was afterwards ſeen going towards* Iſlington, *if any one can give notice of him to* R. B. *fiſhmonger in the* Strand, *he ſhall be very well rewarded for his pains.* As I am the beſt man in the world to keep my own counſel, and my landlord the fiſhmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never diſcovered to this very day.

I am now ſettled with a widow-woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together theſe five years;

my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without aſking for it; if I want fire, I point to my chimney, if water, to my baſon: upon which my landlady nods, as much as to ſay, ſhe takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my ſignals. She has likewiſe modelled her family ſo well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldeſt ſiſter immediately calls him off, and bids him not diſturb the gentleman. At my firſt entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their riſing up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady obſerving that upon theſe occaſions I always cried piſh, and went out again, has forbidden any ſuch ceremony to be uſed in the houſe; ſo that at preſent I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the buſineſs or diſcourſe of the family. The maid will aſk her miſtreſs (though I am by) whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the miſtreſs (who is indeed an excellent houſe-wife) ſcolds at the ſervants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In ſhort, I move up and down the houſe, and enter into all companies with the ſame liberty as a cat or any other domeſtic animal, and am as little ſuſpected of telling any thing that I hear or ſee.

I remember laſt winter there were ſeveral young girls of the neighbourhood ſitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling ſtories of ſpirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door, the young women broke off their diſcourſe, but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman, (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family), they went on without minding me. I ſeated myſelf by the candle that ſtood on a table at one end of the room; and, pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard ſeveral dreadful ſtories of ghoſts as pale as aſhes that had

ſtood

ſtood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light: and of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for diſturbing people's reſt, and drawing their curtains at midnight; with many other old-women's fables of the like nature. As one ſpirit raiſed another, I obſerved that at the end of every ſtory, the whole company cloſed their ranks, and crowded about the fire: I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was ſo attentive to every ſtory, that I am miſtaken if he ventures to go to bed by himſelf this twelvemonth. Indeed they talked ſo long, that the imaginations of the whole aſſembly were manifeſtly crazed, and, I am ſure, will be the worſe for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her ſhoulder, aſking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I uſed to do. This put me under ſome apprehenſions that I ſhould be forced to explain myſelf if I did not retire; for which reaſon I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakneſs in reaſonable creatures, that they ſhould love to aſtoniſh and terrify one another. Were I a father, I ſhould take a particular care to preſerve my children from theſe little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to ſhake off when they are in years. I have known a ſoldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own ſhadow; and look pale upon a little ſcratching at his door, who the day before had marched up againſt a battery of cannon. There are inſtances of perſons, who have been terrified even to diſtraction, at the figure of a tree, or the ſhaking of a bulruſh. The truth of it is, I look upon a ſound imagination as the greateſt bleſſing of life, next to a clear judgment, and a good conſcience. In the mean time, ſince there are very few whoſe minds are not more or leſs ſubject to theſe dreadful thoughts

and apprehenſions, we ought to arm ourſelves againſt them by the dictates of reaſon and religion, *to pull the old woman out of our hearts*, (as *Perſius* expreſſes it in the motto of my paper), and extinguiſh thoſe impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their abſurdity. Or, if we believe, as many wiſe and good men have done, that there are ſuch phantoms and apparitions as thoſe I have been ſpeaking of, let us endeavour to eſtabliſh to ourſelves an intereſt in him who holds the reigns of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after ſuch a manner, that it is impoſſible for one being to break looſe upon another without his knowledge and permiſſion.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with thoſe who believe that all the regions of nature ſwarm with ſpirits; and that we have multitudes of ſpectators on all our actions, when we think ourſelves moſt alone: but, inſtead of terrifying myſelf with ſuch a notion, I am wonderfully pleaſed to think that I am always engaged with ſuch an innumerable ſociety, in ſearching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the ſame conſort of praiſe and adoration.

Milton has finely deſcribed this mixed communion of men and ſpirits in paradiſe; and had doubtleſs his eye upon a verſe in old *Heſiod*, which is almoſt word for word the ſame with his third line in the following paſſage:

——Nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe:
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake and when we ſleep;
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to other's note,

Singing

Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night and lift our thoughts to heav'n. C

No. 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 15.

Dic mihi, ſi fueris tu leo, qualis eris? MART.
Were you a lion, how would you behave?

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amuſement to the town than Signior *Nicolini*'s combat with a lion in the *Hay-market*, which has been very often exhibited to the general ſatisfaction of moſt of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of *Great Britain*. Upon the firſt rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is ſtill believed by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion ſent from the *Tower* every opera night, in order to be killed by *Hydaſpes*; this report, though altogether groundleſs, ſo univerſally prevailed in the upper-regions of the play-houſe, that ſome of the moſt refined politicians in thoſe parts of the audience gave it out in whiſper, that the lion was a couſin-german of the tiger who made his appearance in King *William*'s days, and that the ſtage would be ſupplied with lions at the public expence, during the whole ſeſſion. Many likewiſe were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior *Nicolini*: ſome ſuppoſed that he was to ſubdue him in *Recitativo*, as *Orpheus* uſed to ſerve the wild beaſts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head: ſome fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the hero, by reaſon of the received opinion, that a lion will not hurt a virgin: ſeveral, who

who pretended to have ſeen the opera in *Italy*, had informed their friends, that the lion was to act a part in *High-Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a *Thorough-Baſs*, before he fell at the feet of *Hydaſpes*. To clear up a matter that was ſo variouſly reported, I have made it my buſineſs to examine whether this pretended lion is really the ſavage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my diſcoveries, I muſt acquaint my reader, that upon my walking behind the ſcenes laſt winter, as I was thinking on ſomething elſe, I accidentally juſtled againſt a monſtrous animal that extremely ſtartled me, and upon my nearer ſurvey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. That, on ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleaſed: *For* (ſays he) *I do not intend to hurt any body*. I thanked him very kindly, and paſſed by him: and in a little time after ſaw him leap upon the ſtage, and act his part with very great applauſe. It has been obſerved by ſeveral, that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice ſince his firſt appearance; which will not ſeem ſtrange, when I acquaint my reader, that the lion has been changed upon the audience three ſeveral times. The firſt lion was a candle-ſnuffer, who, being a fellow of a teſty choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not ſuffer himſelf to be killed ſo eaſily as he ought to have done; beſides, it was obſerved of him, that he grew more ſurly every time he came out of the lion; and having dropt ſome words in ordinary converſation, as if he had not fought his beſt, and that he ſuffered himſelf to be thrown upon his back in the ſcuffle, and that he would wreſtle with Mr. *Nicolini* for what he pleaſed, out of his lion's ſkin, it was thought proper to diſcard him: and it is verily believed, to this day, that, had he been brought upon the ſtage another time, he would certainly have done miſchief. Beſides, it

was

was objected againſt the firſt lion, that he reared himſelf ſo high upon his hinder paws, and walked in ſo erect a poſture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The ſecond lion was a taylor by trade, who belonged to the play-houſe, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profeſſion. If the former was too furious, this was too ſheepiſh, for his part; inſomuch, that, after a ſhort modeſt walk upon the ſtage, he would fall upon the firſt touch of *Hydaſpes*, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of ſhewing his variety of *Italian* trips. It is ſaid, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in the fleſh-colour doublet; but this was only to make work for himſelf, in his private character of a tailor. I muſt not omit that it was this ſecond lion who treated me with ſo much humanity behind the ſcenes.

The acting lion at preſent is, I am informed, a country gentleman who does it for his diverſion, but deſires his name may be concealed. He ſays very handſomely, in his own excuſe, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleaſure in it; and that it is better to paſs away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: but at the ſame time ſays, with a very agreeable raillery upon himſelf, that if his name ſhould be known, the ill-natured world might call him, *The aſs in the lion's ſkin*. This gentleman's temper is made out of ſuch a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he outdoes both his predeceſſors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I muſt not conclude my narrative without taking notice of a groundleſs report that has been raiſed to a gentleman's diſadvantage, of whom I muſt declare myſelf an admirer; namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the lion have been ſeen ſitting peaceably by one another, and ſmoking a pipe together

gether behind the ſcenes; by which their common enemies would inſinuate, that it is but a ſham combat which they repreſent upon the ſtage: but, upon inquiry, I find, that if any ſuch correſpondence has paſſed between them, it was not until the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the *Drama*. Beſides, this is what is practiſed every day in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, where nothing is more uſual than to ſee a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as ſoon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who, in acting this part, only complies with the wretched taſte of his audience: he knows very well, that the lion has many more admirers than himſelf; as they ſay of the famous *Equeſtrian* ſtatue on the *Pont-Neuf* at *Paris*, that more people go to ſee the horſe, than the King who ſits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a juſt indignation to ſee a perſon, whoſe action gives new majeſty to kings, reſolution to heroes, and ſoftneſs to lovers, thus ſinking from the greatneſs of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of *the* London *Prentice*. I have often wiſhed, that our tragedians would copy after this great maſter in action. Could they make the ſame uſe of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as ſignificant looks and paſſions, how glorious would an *Engliſh* tragedy appear with that action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expreſſions of an *Italian* opera. In the mean time, I have related this combat of the lion, to ſhew what are at preſent the reigning entertainments of the politer part of *Great Britain*.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarſeneſs of their taſte; but our preſent

ſent grievance does not ſeem to be the want of a good taſte, but of common ſenſe.† C

No. 14. FRIDAY, MARCH 16.

——*Teque his, infelix, exue monſtris.*
OVID. Met. l. iv. ver. 590.

Wretch that thou art! put off this monſtrous ſhape.

I WAS reflecting this morning upon the ſpirit and humour of the public diverſions five and twenty years ago, and thoſe of the preſent time; and lamented to myſelf, that, though in thoſe days they neglected their morality, they kept up their good ſenſe; but that the *beau monde*, at preſent, is only grown more childiſh, not more innocent than the former. While I was in this train of thought, an odd fellow, whoſe face I have often ſeen at the play-houſe, gave me the following letter with theſe words, *Sir, The Lion preſents his humble ſervice to you, and deſired me to give this into your own hands.*

From my den in the Hay-market, *March* 15.

'SIR,

'I have read all your papers, and have ſtifled my 'reſentment againſt your reflections upon operas 'until that of this day, wherein you plainly inſinu-'ate, that Signior *Nicolini* and myſelf have a cor-'reſpondence more friendly than is conſiſtent with 'the valour of his character, or the fierceneſs of 'mine. I deſire you would for your own ſake for-'bear ſuch intimations for the future; and muſt ſay, 'it is a great piece of ill-nature in you, to ſhow ſo 'great an eſteem for a foreigner, and to diſcourage 'a *lion* that is your own countryman.

'I take

'I take notice of your fable of the lion and man, 'but am ſo equally concerned in that matter, that 'I ſhall not be offended to which ſoever of the ani- 'mals the ſuperiority is given. You have miſre- 'preſented me in ſaying, that I am a country gen- 'tleman, who act only for my diverſion; whereas, 'had I ſtill the ſame woods to range in which I once 'had when I was a fox-hunter, I ſhould not reſign 'my manhood for a maintenance; and aſſure you, 'as low as my circumſtances are at preſent, I am ſo 'much a man of honour, that I would ſcorn to be 'any beaſt for bread but a lion.

'*Yours*, &c.'

I had no ſooner ended this, than one of my land-lady's children brought me in ſeveral others, with ſome of which I ſhall make up my preſent paper, they all having a tendency to the ſame ſubject, *viz.* the elegance of our preſent diverſions.

'SIR, *Covent-Garden, March* 13.

'I have been for twenty years under-ſexton of 'this pariſh of St. *Paul's*, *Covent-Garden*, and 'have not miſſed tolling in to prayers ſix times in 'all thoſe years; which office I have performed to 'my great ſatisfaction, until this fortnight laſt paſt, 'during which time I find my congregation take 'the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to 'go to a puppet-ſhow, ſet forth by one *Powell*, un- 'der the *Piazzas*. By this means I have not only 'loſt my two cuſtomers, whom I uſed to place, 'for ſix-pence apiece, over againſt Mrs. *Rachel* 'Eyebright, but Mrs. *Rachel* herſelf is gone thither 'alſo. There now appear among us none but a 'few ordinary people, who come to church only 'to ſay their prayers, ſo that I have no work worth 'ſpeaking of but on *Sundays*. I have placed my 'ſon at the *Piazzas*, to acquaint the ladies, that 'the bell rings for church, and that it ſtands on

'the

'the other ſide of the *Garden*; but they only laugh 'at the child.

'I deſire you would lay this before all the world, 'that I may not be made ſuch a tool for the future, 'and that Punchinello may chuſe hours leſs canoni-'cal. As things are now, Mr. *Powell* has a full 'congregation, while we have a very thin houſe; 'which, if you can remedy, you will very much 'oblige, 'Sir,

'Yours, &c.'

The following epiſtle I find is from the under-taker of the maſquerade.

'SIR,

'I have obſerved the rules of my maſk ſo care-'fully, (in not inquiring into perſons), that I cannot 'tell whether you were one of the company or not 'laſt *Tueſday*: but if you were not, and ſtill deſign 'to come, I deſire you would, for your own enter-'tainment, pleaſe to admoniſh the town, that all 'perſons indifferently are not fit for this ſort of di-'verſion. I could wiſh, Sir, you could make them 'underſtand, that it is a kind of acting to go in 'maſquerade, and a man ſhould be able to ſay or 'do things proper for the dreſs in which he appears. 'We have now and then rakes in the habit of *Ro-'man* ſenators, and grave politicians in the dreſs of 'rakes. The misfortune of the thing is, that people 'dreſs themſelves in what they have a mind to be, 'and not what they are fit for. There is not a girl 'in the town, but let her have her will in going to 'a maſque, and ſhe ſhall dreſs as a ſhepherdeſs. 'But let me beg of them to read the *Arcadia*, or 'ſome other good romance, before they appear in 'any ſuch character at my houſe. The laſt day 'we preſented, every body was ſo raſhly habited, 'that when they came to ſpeak to each other, a 'nymph with a crook had not a word to ſay but in

'the pert ſtyle of the pit-bawdry; and a man in the 'habit of a philoſopher was ſpeechleſs, until an oc-'caſion offered of expreſſing himſelf in the refuſe 'of the tiring-rooms. We had a judge that danced 'a minuet, with a Quaker for his partner, while 'half a dozen harlequins ſtood by as ſpectators. A '*Turk* drank me off two bottles of wine, and a *Jew* 'eat me up half a ham of bacon. If I can bring 'my deſign to bear, and make the maſkers pre-'ſerve their characters in my aſſemblies, I hope 'you will allow there is a foundation laid for more 'elegant and improving gallantries than any the 'town at preſent affords; and conſequently, that 'you will give your approbation to the endeavours 'of, Sir,

'Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant.'

I am very glad the following epiſtle obliges me to mention Mr. *Powell* a ſecond time in the ſame paper; for indeed there cannot be too great encouragement given to his ſkill in motions, provided he is under proper reſtrictions.

'SIR,

'The opera at the *Hay-market*, and that under 'the little *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, being at pre-'ſent the two leading diverſions of the town, and 'Mr. *Powell* profeſſing in his advertiſements to ſet 'up *Whittington and his Cat* againſt *Rinaldo and* '*Armida*, my curioſity led me the beginning of laſt 'week to view both theſe performances, and make 'my obſervations upon them.

'Firſt, therefore, I cannot but obſerve, that Mr. '*Powell* wiſely forbearing to give his company a bill 'of fare before hand, every ſcene is new and unex-'pected; whereas it is certain, that the undertakers 'of the *Hay-market*, having raiſed too great an ex-'pectation in their printed opera, very much diſap-'point their audience on the ſtage.

'The

'The King of *Jeruſalem* is obliged to come from 'the city on foot, inſtead of being drawn in a tri-'umphant chariot by white horſes, as my opera-'book had promiſed; and thus, while I expect-'ed *Armida*'s dragons ſhould ruſh forward towards '*Argantes*, I found the hero was obliged to go to '*Armida*, and hand her out of her coach. We had alſo but a very ſhort allowance of thunder and 'lightning; though I cannot in this place omit do-'ing juſtice to the boy who had the direction of 'the two painted dragons, and made them ſpit fire 'and ſmoke: he flaſhed out his roſin in ſuch juſt 'proportions, and in ſuch due time, that I could not 'forbear conceiving hopes of his being one day a 'moſt excellent player. I ſaw indeed but two things 'wanting to render his whole action complete, I 'mean the keeping his head a little lower, and hid-'ing his candle.

'I obſerve that Mr. *Powell* and the undertakers 'had both the ſame thought, and I think much a-'bout the ſame time of introducing animals on 'their ſeveral ſtages, though indeed with very dif-'ferent ſucceſs. The ſparrows and chaffinches at 'the *Hay-market* fly as yet very irregularly over 'the ſtage; and, inſtead of perching on the trees, 'and performing their parts, theſe young actors 'either get into the galleries, or put out the can-'dles; whereas Mr. *Powell* has ſo well diſciplined 'his pig, that in the firſt ſcene he and *Punch* dance 'a minuet together. I am informed, however, that 'Mr. *Powell* reſolves to excel his adverſaries in their 'own way; and introduce larks in his next opera 'of *Suſanna*, or *Innocence betrayed*, which will be 'exhibited next week with a pair of new elders.

'The moral of Mr. *Powell*'s drama is violated, 'I confeſs, by *Punch*'s national reflections on the '*French*, and King *Harry*'s laying his leg upon the 'Queen's lap in too ludicrous a manner before ſo 'great an aſſembly.

'As to the mechaniſm and ſcenery, every thing 'indeed was uniform and of a piece, and the ſcenes 'were managed very dexterouſly; which calls on 'me to take notice, that at the *Hay-market* the un-'dertakers forgetting to change their ſide-ſcenes, we 'were preſented with a proſpect of the ocean in the 'midſt of a delightful grove; and though the gen-'tlemen on the ſtage had very much contributed to 'the beauty of the grove, by walking up and down 'between the trees, I muſt own I was not a little 'aſtoniſhed to ſee a well-dreſſed young fellow, in a 'full-bottomed wig, appear in the midſt of the ſea, 'and, without any viſible concern, taking ſnuff.

'I ſhall only obſerve one thing farther, in which 'both dramas agree; which is, that by the ſqueak 'of their voices the heroes of each are eunuchs; 'and, as the wit in both pieces is equal, I muſt pre-'fer the performance of Mr. *Powell*, becauſe it is 'in our own language.' †

'I am, &c.' R

No. 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

Parva leves capiunt animos.——

OVID. Ars Am. l. i. ver. 159.

Light minds are pleas'd with trifles.

WHEN I was in *France*, I uſed to gaze with great aſtoniſhment at the ſplendid equipages, and party-coloured habits, of that fantaſtic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a Lady, that ſat in a coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The coach was drawn by ſix milk-white horſes, and loaded behind with the ſame number of powdered footmen. Juſt before the Lady were a couple of beautiful

beautiful pages, that were ſtuck among the harneſs, and, by their gay dreſſes and ſmiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The Lady was the unfortunate *Cleanthe*, who afterwards gave an occaſion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had, for ſeveral years, received the addreſſes of a gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate acquaintance, ſhe forſook, upon the account of this ſhining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy conſtitution. The circumſtances in which I ſaw her, were, it ſeems, the diſguiſes only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover diſtreſs; for, in two months after, ſhe was carried to her grave with the ſame pomp and magnificence; being ſent thither partly by the loſs of one lover, and partly by the poſſeſſion of another.

I have often reflected with myſelf on this unaccountable humour in womankind, of being ſmitten with every thing that is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and on the numberleſs evils that befal the ſex, from this light fantaſtical diſpoſition. I myſelf remember a young Lady, that was very warmly ſolicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for ſeveral months together, did all they could to recommend themſelves, by complaceney of behaviour and agreeableneſs of converſation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily bethought himſelf of adding a ſupernumerary lace to his liveries, which had ſo good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The uſual converſation of ordinary women very much cheriſhes this natural weakneſs of being taken with outſide and appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and ſix, or eat in plate. Mention the name of an abſent lady, and it is ten to

one but you learn ſomething of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to diſcourſe, and a birthday furniſhes converſation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious ſtones, an hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waiſtcoat or petticoat, are ſtanding topics. In ſhort, they conſider only the drapery of the ſpecies, and never caſt away a thought on thoſe ornaments of the mind that make perſons illuſtrious in themſelves, and uſeful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the ſuperficial parts of life, than the ſolid and ſubſtantial bleſſings of it. A girl who has been trained up in this kind of converſation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribbands, ſilver and gold galloons, with the like glittering gewgaws, are ſo many lures to women of weak minds or low educations; and, when artificially diſplayed, are able to fetch down the moſt airy coquette from the wildeſt of her flights and rambles.

True happineſs is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noiſe; it ariſes, in the firſt place, from the enjoyment of one's ſelf, and, in the next, from the friendſhip and converſation of a few ſelect companions: it loves ſhade and ſolitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in ſhort, it feels every thing it wants within itſelf, and receives no addition from multitudes of witneſſes and ſpectators. On the contrary, falſe happineſs loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any ſatisfaction from the applauſes which ſhe gives herſelf, but from the admiration which ſhe raiſes in others. She flouriſhes in courts and palaces, theatres, and aſſemblies, and has no exiſtence but when ſhe is looked upon.

Aurelia,

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country-life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an economy in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly, as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of *Fulvia!* She considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world, when she is not in the ring, the play-house, or the drawing-room: she lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest, and retired life, a poor-spirited unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous.

I can-

I cannot conclude my paper without obſerving, that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this female paſſion for dreſs and ſhow, in the character of *Camilla;* who, though ſhe ſeems to have ſhaken off all the other weakneſſes of her ſex, is ſtill deſcribed as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that, after having made a great ſlaughter of the enemy, ſhe unfortunately caſt her eye on a *Trojan*, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the fineſt purple. *A golden bow*, (ſays he), *hung upon his ſhoulder; his garment was buckled with a golden claſp, and his head was covered with an helmet of the ſame ſhining metal.* The *Amazon* immediately ſingled out this well-dreſſed warrior, being ſeized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with:

——Totumque incauta per agmen
Fœmineo prædæ & ſpoliorum ardebat amore.
ÆN. xi. ver. 782.

This heedleſs purſuit after theſe glittering trifles, the poet (by a nice concealed moral) repreſents to have been the deſtruction of his female hero. C

No. 16. MONDAY, MARCH 19.

Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc ſum. HOR. Ep. i. l. 1. ver. 11.

What right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all. POPE.

I HAVE received a letter, deſiring me to be very ſatirical upon the little muff that is now in faſhion; another informs me of a pair of ſilver garters buckled

buckled below the knee, that have been lately ſeen at the *Rainbow* coffee-houſe in *Fleetſtreet*: a third ſends me an heavy complaint againſt fringed gloves. To be brief, there is ſcarce an ornament of either ſex, which one or other of my correſpondents has not inveighed againſt with ſome bitterneſs, and recommended to my obſervation. I muſt therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to ſink the dignity of this my paper with reflections upon red heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the paſſions of mankind, and to correct thoſe depraved ſentiments that give birth to all thoſe little extravagancies which appear in their outward dreſs and behaviour. Foppiſh and fantaſtic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themſelves. Extinguiſh vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little ſuperfluities of garniture and equipage. The bloſſoms will fall of themſelves, when the root that nouriſhes them is deſtroyed.

I ſhall therefore, as I have ſaid, apply my remedies to the firſt ſeeds and principles of an affected dreſs, without deſcending to the dreſs itſelf; though at the ſame time I muſt own, that I have thoughts of creating an officer under me, to be intitled, *The Cenſor of ſmall Wares*, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of ſuch his office. An operator of this nature might act under me, with the ſame regard as a ſurgeon to a phyſician; the one might be employed in healing thoſe blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is ſweetening the blood, and rectifying the conſtitution. To ſpeak truly, the young people of both ſexes are ſo wonderfully apt to ſhoot out into long ſwords or ſweeping trains, buſhy head-dreſſes or full-bottomed periwigs, with ſeveral other incumbrances of dreſs, that they ſtand in need of being pruned very frequently, leſt they ſhould be oppreſſed with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriance of their

their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I ſhould give the preference to a Quaker that is trimmed cloſe, and almoſt cut to the quick, or to a beau that is loaden with ſuch a redundance of excreſcences. I muſt therefore deſire my correſpondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of ſuch a petty cenſorſhip may not turn to the emolument of the public; for I would not do any thing of this nature raſhly and without advice.

There is another ſet of correſpondents to whom I muſt addreſs myſelf in the ſecond place: I mean ſuch as fill their letters with private ſcandal, and black accounts of particular perſons and families. The world is ſo full of ill-nature, that I have lampoons ſent me by people who cannot ſpell, and ſatires compoſed by thoſe who ſcarce know how to write. By the laſt poſt, in particular, I received a packet of ſcandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of letters, in women's hands, that are full of blots and calumnies, inſomuch that, when I ſee the name *Cœlia*, *Phillis*, *Paſtora*, or the like, at the bottom of a ſcrawl, I conclude on courſe, that it brings me ſome account of a fallen virgin, a faithleſs wife, or an amorous widow. I muſt therefore inform theſe my correſpondents, that it is not my deſign to be a publiſher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous ſtories out of their preſent lurking-holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I ſhall only ſet upon them in a body; and will not be provoked, by the worſt uſage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminals. In ſhort, I have ſo much of a *Drawcanſir* in me, that I ſhall paſs over a ſingle foe to charge whole armies. It is not *Lais* nor *Silenus*, but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I ſhall endeavour to expoſe; and ſhall conſider the crime as it appears in a ſpecies, not as it is circumſtanced in an individual. I think it was *Caligula* who wiſhed

the

the whole city of *Rome* had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow: I ſhall do out of humanity, what that emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every ſtroke at a collective body of offenders. At the ſame time I am very ſenſible, that nothing ſpreads a paper like private calumny and defamation; but, as my ſpeculations are not under this neceſſity, they are not expoſed to this temptation.

In the next place, I muſt apply myſelf to my party-correſpondents, who are continually teazing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I aſked by both ſides, if it is poſſible for me to be an unconcerned ſpectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is oppoſite to him that writes the letter. About two days ſince I was reproached with an old *Grecian* law, that forbids any man to ſtand as a neuter or a looker-on in the diviſions of his country. However, as I am very ſenſible my paper would loſe its whole effect, ſhould it run into the outrages of a party, I ſhall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that way. If I can any way aſſuage private inflammations, or allay public ferments, I ſhall apply myſelf to it with my utmoſt endeavours; but will never let my heart reproach me, with having done any thing towards increaſing thoſe feuds and animoſities that extinguiſh religion, deface government, and make a nation miſerable.

What I have ſaid under the three foregoing heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my correſpondents: I ſhall therefore acquaint my Reader, that if he has ſtarted any hint which he is not able to purſue, if he has met with any ſurpriſing ſtory which he does not know how to tell, if he has diſcovered any epidemical vice which has eſcaped my obſervation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would deſire to publiſh; in ſhort, if he has any materials that can furniſh out an innocent diverſion, I ſhall promiſe him

him my beſt aſſiſtance in working them up for a public entertainment.

This paper my reader will find was intended for an anſwer to a multitude of correſpondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I ſingle out one of them in particular, who has made me ſo very humble a requeſt, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR,

'SIR, *March* 15, 1710-11.

'I am at preſent ſo unfortunate, as to have nothing to do but to mind my own buſineſs; and therefore beg of you, that you will be pleaſed to put me into ſome ſmall poſt under you. I obſerve that you have appointed your printer and publiſher to receive letters and advertiſements for the city of *London*; and ſhall think myſelf very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in letters and advertiſements for the city of *Weſtminſter* and the duchy of *Lancaſter*. Though I cannot promiſe to fill ſuch an employment with ſufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up with induſtry and fidelity what I want in parts and genius. I am, Sir,

'Your moſt obedient ſervant,

'CHARLES LILLIE.'

C

No. 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 20.

———*Tetrum ante omnia vultum.*

Juv. Sat. x. l. 191.

———A viſage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd. DRYDEN.

SINCE our perſons are not of our own making, when they are ſuch as appear defective or uncomely, it is, methinks, an honeſt and laudable

fortitude

fortitude to dare to be ugly; at leaſt to keep ourſelves from being abaſhed with a conſciouſneſs of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend an haggard beau, for paſſing away much time at a glaſs, and giving ſoftneſſes and languiſhing graces to deformity: all I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and ſhape, ſo far as never to give ourſelves an uneaſy reflection on that ſubject. It is to the ordinary people, who are not accuſtomed to make very proper remarks on any occaſion, matter of great jeſt, if a man enters with a prominent pair of ſhoulders into an aſſembly, or is diſtinguiſhed by an expanſion of mouth, or obliquity of aſpect. It is happy for a man, that has any of theſe oddneſſes about him, if he can be as merry upon himſelf as others are apt to be upon that occaſion: when he can poſſeſs himſelf with ſuch a cheerfulneſs, women and children, who are at firſt frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleaſed with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jeſt upon himſelf for them.

Madam *Maintenon*'s firſt huſband was an hero in this kind, and has drawn many pleaſantries from the irregularity of his ſhape, which he deſcribes as very much reſembling the letter Z. He diverts himſelf likewiſe by repreſenting to his reader the make of an engine and pully, with which he uſed to take off his hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a viſage, and the owner thinks it an aſpect of dignity, he muſt be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery: the beſt expedient therefore is to be pleaſant upon himſelf. Prince *Harry* and *Falſtaff*, in *Shakeſpear*, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. *Falſtaff* is humourouſly called *Woolſack*, *Bedpreſſer*, and *Hill of Fleſh*: *Harry*, a *Starveling*, an *Elves-ſkin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bow-caſe*, and a *Tuck*. There

is, in ſeveral incidents of the converſation between them, the jeſt ſtill kept up upon the perſon. Great tenderneſs and ſenſibility in this point is one of the greateſt weakneſſes of ſelf-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the mould of my face, which is not quite ſo long as it is broad: whether this might not partly ariſe from my opening my mouth much ſeldomer than other people, and by conſequence not ſo much lengthening the fibres of my viſage, I am not at leiſure to determine. However it be, I have often been put out of countenance by the ſhortneſs of my face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a periwig with an high foretop, and letting my beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be contented with a much ſhorter, provided it might qualify me for a member of the merry club, which the following letter gives me an account of. I have received it from *Oxford*; and as it abounds with the ſpirit of mirth and good-humour which is natural to that place, I ſhall ſet it down word for word as it came to me.

'Moſt profound SIR,

'Having been very well entertained, in the laſt 'of your ſpeculations that I have yet ſeen, by 'your ſpecimen upon clubs, which I therefore hope 'you will continue, I ſhall take the liberty to fur-'niſh you with a brief account of ſuch a one as 'perhaps you have not ſeen in all your travels, un-'leſs it was your fortune to touch upon ſome of 'the woody parts of the *African* continent, in your 'voyage to or from *Grand Cairo*. There have aroſe 'in this univerſity (long ſince you left us without 'ſaying any thing) ſeveral of theſe inferior heb-'domadal ſocieties, as *the Punning Club*, *the Witty 'Club*, and amongſt the reſt, *the Handſome Club*; as 'a burleſque upon which, a certain merry ſpecies, 'that ſeem to have come into the world in maſque-

'rade,

'rade, for ſome years laſt paſt have aſſociated 'themſelves together, and aſſumed the name of *the* 'Ugly Club. This ill-favoured fraternity conſiſts of 'a preſident and twelve fellows; the choice of 'which is not confined by patent to any particular 'foundation, (as St. *John*'s men would have the 'world believe, and have therefore erected a ſepa-'rate ſociety within themſelves), but liberty is left 'to elect from any ſchool in *Great Britain*, pro-'vided the candidates be within the rules of the 'club, as ſet forth in a table, entitled, *The Act of* 'Deformity. A clauſe or two of which I ſhall tranſ-'mit to you.

'I. That no perſon whatſoever ſhall be admitted 'without a viſible queerneſs in his aſpect, or pecu-'liar caſt of countenance; of which the preſident 'and officers for the time being are to determine, 'and the preſident to have the caſting voice.

'II. That a ſingular regard be had, upon examin-'nation, to the gibboſity of the gentlemen that of-'fer themſelves as founders kinſmen; or to the obli-'quity of their figure, in what ſort ſoever.

'III. That if the quantity of any man's noſe be 'eminently miſcalculated, whether as to length or 'breadth, he ſhall have a juſt pretence to be elected.

'*Laſtly*, That if there ſhall be two or more com-'petitors for the ſame vacancy *cæteris paribus*, he 'that has the thickeſt ſkin to have the preference.

'Every freſh member, upon his firſt night, is to 'entertain the company with a diſh of cod-fiſh, and 'a ſpeech in praiſe of *Æſop*; whoſe portraiture 'they have in full proportion, or rather diſpropor-'tion, over the chimney; and their deſign is, as 'ſoon as their funds are ſufficient, to purchaſe the 'heads of *Therſites*, *Duns Scotus*, *Scarron*, *Hudi-'bras*, and the old gentleman in *Oldham*, with all 'the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture 'for the club-room.

'As they have always been profeſſed admirers of

'the other ſex, ſo they unanimouſly declare, that 'they will give all poſſible encouragement to ſuch as 'will take the benefit of the ſtatute, though none 'yet have appeared to do it.

'The worthy preſident, who is their moſt devot-'ed champion, has lately ſhewn me two copies of 'verſes compoſed by a gentleman of this ſociety; 'the firſt, a congratulatory ode inſcribed to Mrs. '*Touchwood*, upon the loſs of her two fore-teeth, 'the other a panegyric upon Mrs. *Andiron*'s left 'ſhoulder. Mrs. *Vizard*, (he ſays), ſince the ſmall-'pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top toaſt in the 'club; but I never heard him ſo laviſh of his fine 'things, as upon old *Nell Trot*, who conſtantly of-'ficiates at their table; her he even adores and ex-'tols as the very counterpart of mother *Shipton*; in 'ſhort, *Nell* (ſays he) is one of the extraordinary 'works of nature; but as for complexion, ſhape, 'and features, ſo valued by others, they are all mere 'outſide and ſymmetry, which is his averſion. Give 'me leave to add, that the preſident is a facetious 'pleaſant gentleman, and never more ſo, than when 'he has got (as he calls them) his dear mummers 'about him; and he often proteſts it does him good 'to meet a fellow with a right genuine grimace in 'his air, (which is ſo agreeable in the generality of 'the *French* nation); and, as an inſtance of his ſin-'cerity in this particular, he gave me a ſight of a 'liſt in his pocket-book of all of this claſs, who, for 'theſe five years, have fallen under his obſervation, 'with himſelf at the head of them, and, in the 'rear, (as one of a promiſing and improving aſpect),

'SIR,

Oxford, 'Your obliged and
March 12, 1710. 'Humble ſervant,
R 'ALEX. CARBUNCLE.'

No. 18. Wednesday, March 21.

——*Equitis, quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas*
Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana.

Hor. Ep. i. l. 2. ver. 187.

But now our nobles too are fops and vain,
Neglect the ſenſe, but love the painted ſcene.

Creech.

IT is my deſign in this paper to deliver down to poſterity a faithful account of the *Italian* opera, and of the gradual progreſs which it has made upon the *Engliſh* ſtage; for there is no queſtion but our great-grandchildren will be very curious to know the reaſon why their forefathers uſed to ſit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not underſtand.

Arſinoe was the firſt opera that gave us a taſte of *Italian* muſic. The great ſucceſs this opera met with produced ſome attempts of forming pieces upon *Italian* plans, which ſhould give a more natural and reaſonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetaſters and fiddlers of the town, who were uſed to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an eſtabliſhed rule, which is received as ſuch to this day, *That nothing is capable of being well ſet to muſic, that is not nonſenſe.*

This maxim was no ſooner received, but we immediately fell to tranſlating the *Italian* operas; and, as there was no great danger of hurting the ſenſe of thoſe extraordinary pieces, our authors would often make words of their own, which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the paſſages they pretended to tranſlate; their chief care being to make the num-

bers of the *Engliſh* verſe anſwer to theſe of the *Italian*, that both of them might go to the ſame tune. Thus the famous ſong in *Camilla*,

Barbara ſi t'intendo, &c.

'Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning,'

which expreſſes the reſentments of an angry lover, was tranſlated into that *Engliſh* lamentation,

Frail are a lover's hopes, &c.

And it was pleaſant enough to ſee the moſt refined perſons of the *Britiſh* nation dying away, and languiſhing to notes that were filled with a ſpirit of rage and indignation. It happened alſo very frequently, where the ſenſe was rightly tranſlated, the neceſſary tranſpoſition of words, which were drawn out of the phraſe of one tongue into that of another, made the muſic appear very abſurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an *Italian* verſe that ran thus word for word:

And turn'd my rage into pity;

which the *Engliſh*, for rhyme's ſake, tranſlated,

And into pity turn'd my rage.

By this means the ſoft notes that were adapted to *pity* in the *Italian*, fell upon the word *rage* in the *Engliſh*; and the angry ſounds that were turned to *rage* in the original, were made to expreſs *pity* in the tranſlation. It oftentimes happened likewiſe, that the fineſt notes in the air fell upon the moſt inſignificant words in the ſentence. I have known the word *and* purſued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *the*, and have heard the moſt beautiful graces, quavers, and diviſions beſtowed upon *then*, *for*, and *from*, to the eternal honour of our *Engliſh* particles.

The next ſtep to our refinement, was the introducing

ducing of *Italian* actors into our opera; who ſung their parts in their own language, at the ſame time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The king or hero of the play generally ſpoke in *Italian*, and his ſlaves anſwered him in *Engliſh*: the lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princeſs, in a language which ſhe did not underſtand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the perſons that converſed together; but this was the ſtate of the *Engliſh* ſtage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of underſtanding half the opera; and therefore, to eaſe themſelves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have ſo ordered it at preſent, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer underſtand the language of our own ſtage; inſomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have ſeen our *Italian* performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abuſing us among themſelves; but I hope, ſince we do put ſuch an entire confidence in them, they will not talk againſt us before our faces, though they may do it with the ſame ſafety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an hiſtorian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taſte of his wiſe forefathers, will make the following reflection: *In the begining of the eighteenth century, the* Italian *tongue was ſo well underſtood in* England, *that operas were acted on the public ſtage in that language.*

One ſcarce knows how to be ſerious in the confutation of an abſurdity that ſhews itſelf at the firſt ſight. It does not want any great meaſure of ſenſe to ſee the ridicule of this monſtrous practice; but what makes it the more aſtoniſhing, it is not the taſte

taſte of the rabble, but of perſons of the greateſt politeneſs, which has eſtabliſhed it.

If the *Italians* have a genius for muſic above the *Engliſh*, the *Engliſh* have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was poſſible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a people to be ſo ſtupidly fond of the *Italian* opera, as ſcarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Muſic is certainly a very agreeable entertainment: but if it would take the entire poſſeſſion of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing ſenſe, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I muſt confeſs I would allow it no better quarter than *Plato* has done, who baniſhes it out of his commonwealth.

At preſent our notions of muſic are ſo very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are tranſported with any thing that is not *Engliſh*: ſo it be of a foreign growth, let it be *Italian*, *French*, or *High Dutch*, it is the ſame thing. In ſhort, our *Engliſh* muſic is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its ſtead.

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to preſent his plan for a new one; and, though it be but indifferently put together, it may furniſh ſeveral hints that may be of uſe to a good architect. I ſhall take the ſame liberty in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the ſubject of muſic; which I ſhall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be conſidered by thoſe who are maſters in the art. C

THURSDAY,

No. 19. THURSDAY, MARCH 22.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi, raro & perpauca loquentis.
Hor. Sat. iv l. 1. ver. 17.

Thank heav'n that made me of an humble mind;
To action little, less to words inclin'd.

OBSERVING one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye, which, methought, expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have by their fascination blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind of the prosperous man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection; but keeping in the road of common life, consider the envious man with relation to these three heads, his pains, his reliefs, and his happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted: and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this

this paſſion, give the quickeſt pangs to perſons who are ſubject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious: youth, beauty, valour, and wiſdom, are provocations of their diſpleaſure. What a wretched and apoſtate ſtate is this! to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man becauſe we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the moſt emphatically miſerable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or ſucceſs, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot againſt his quiet, by ſtudying their own happineſs and advantage. *Will Proſper* is an honeſt talebearer, he makes it his buſineſs to join in converſation with envious men. He points to ſuch an handſome young fellow, and whiſpers that he is ſecretly married to a great fortune: when they doubt, he adds circumſtances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their diſtreſs, by aſſuring them, that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him ſome thouſands. *Will* has many arts of this kind to torture this ſort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and ſay faintly they wiſh ſuch a piece of news is true, he has the malice to ſpeak ſome good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are thoſe little blemiſhes and imperfections that diſcover themſelves in an illuſtrious character. It is matter of great conſolation to an envious perſon, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himſelf: or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears ſo altered in its circumſtances, that the fame of it is divided among many, inſtead of being attributed to one. This is a ſecret ſatisfaction to theſe malignants; for the perſon whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as ſoon as his merit is ſhared among others. I remember ſome years ago there came out an excellent poem without the name of the

author.

author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the ſuppoſed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to ſuppreſs the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to ſay it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honeſt fellow who ſat among a cluſter of them in debate on this ſubject, cried out, *Gentlemen, if you are ſure none of you yourſelves had an hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.* But the moſt uſual ſuccour to the envious, in caſes of nameleſs merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if poſſible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular perſon. You ſee an envious man clear up his countenance, if in the relation of any man's great happineſs in one point, you mention his uneaſineſs in another. When he hears ſuch a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only ſure way to an envious man's favour is not to deſerve it.

But if we conſider the envious man in delight, it is like reading the ſeat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his houſe conſiſts in the many limbs of men whom he has ſlain. If any who promiſed themſelves ſucceſs in any uncommon undertaking miſcarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been uſeful and laudable, meets with contempt and deriſion, the envious man, under the colour of hating vain-glory, can ſmile with an inward wantonneſs of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honeſt ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly conſidered the nature of this paſſion, I have made it my ſtudy to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from theſe my ſpeculations; and, if I am not miſtaken in myſelf, I think I have a genius to eſcape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-houſe one of my papers commended, I immediately

appre-

apprehended the envy that would ſpring from that applauſe; and therefore gave a deſcription of my face the next day; being reſolved, as I grow in reputation for wit, to reſign my pretenſions to beauty. This, I hope, may give ſome eaſe to theſe unhappy gentlemen, who do me the honour to torment themſelves upon the account of this my paper. As their caſe is very deplorable, and deſerves compaſſion, I ſhall ſometimes be dull, in pity to them, and will from time to time adminiſter conſolations to them by further diſcoveries of my perſon. In the mean while, if any one ſays the SPECTATOR has wit, it may be ſome relief to them, to think that he does not ſhew it in company. And if any one praiſes his morality, they may comfort themſelves by conſidering that his face is none of the longeſt. R

No. 20. FRIDAY, MARCH 3.

——— Κύνος ὄμματ' ἔχων ———

HOM. Il. i. l. 225.

Thou dog in forehead ——— POPE.

AMONG the other hardy undertakings which I have propoſed to myſelf, that of the correction of impudence is what I have very much at heart. This in a particular manner is my province as SPECTATOR; for it is generally an offence committed by the eyes, and that againſt ſuch as the offenders would perhaps never have an opportunity of injuring any other way. The following letter is a complaint of a young Lady, who ſets forth a treſpaſs of this kind, with that command of herſelf as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with ſo much ſpirit as ſufficiently expreſſes her indignation. The whole tranſaction is performed with the eyes; and

the crime is no leſs than employing them in ſuch a manner, as to divert the eyes of others from the beſt uſe they can make of them, even looking up to heaven.

'SIR,

'There never was (I believe) an acceptable man 'but had ſome aukward imitators. Ever ſince the 'SPECTATOR appeared, have I remarked a kind 'of men, whom I chuſe to call *Starers*, that, without any regard to time, place, or modeſty, diſturb 'a large company with their impertinent eyes. 'Spectators make up a proper aſſembly for a puppet-ſhow or a bear-garden; but devout ſupplicants, 'and attentive hearers, are the audience one ought 'to expect in churches. I am, Sir, member of a 'ſmall pious congregation near one of the north-'gates of this city; much the greater part of us indeed are females, and uſed to behave ourſelves in 'a regular attentive manner, until very lately one 'whole iſle has been diſturbed with one of theſe 'monſtrous ſtarers: he is the head taller than any 'one in the church; but, for the greater advantage 'of expoſing himſelf, ſtands upon a haſſock, and 'commands the whole congregation, to the great 'annoyance of the devouteſt part of the auditory; 'for what with bluſhing, confuſion, and vexation, 'we can neither mind the prayers nor ſermon. 'Your animadverſion upon this inſolence would 'be a great favour to,

'SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant.

'S. C.'

I have frequently ſeen of this ſort of fellows, and do not think there can be a greater aggravation of an offence, than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the ſacredneſs of the place which he violates. Many reflections of this ſort might be very juſtly made upon this kind of behaviour, but a *Starer* is not uſually a perſon to be

convinced by the reaſon of the thing, and a fellow that is capable of ſhewing an impudent front before a whole congregation, and can bear being a public ſpectacle, is not ſo eaſily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. If, therefore, my correſpondent does not inform me, that within ſeven days after this date, the barbarian does not at leaſt ſtand upon his own legs only, without an eminence, my friend *Will Proſper* has promiſed to take an haſſock oppoſite to him, and ſtare againſt him in defence of the Ladies. I have given him directions, according to the moſt exact rules of optics, to place himſelf in ſuch a manner that he ſhall meet his eyes wherever he throws them: I have hopes that when *Will* confronts him, and all the Ladies, in whoſe behalf he engages him, caſt kind looks and wiſhes of ſucceſs at their champion, he will have ſome ſhame, and feel a little of the pain he has often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has indeed been time out of mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this family of ſtarers have infeſted public aſſemblies: and I know no other way to obviate ſo great an evil, except, in the caſe of fixing their eyes upon women, ſome male friend will take the part of ſuch as are under the oppreſſion of impudence, and encounter the eyes of the ſtarers wherever they meet them. While we ſuffer our women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no defence, but in the end to caſt yielding glances at the ſtarers: and in this caſe a man who has no ſenſe of ſhame has the ſame advantage over his miſtreſs, as he who has no regard for his own life has over his adverſary. While the generality of the world are fettered by rules, and move by proper and juſt methods; he who has no reſpect to any of them, carries away the reward due to that propriety of behaviour, with no other merit, but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent fellow to be a ſort of outlaw in good-breeding, and therefore what is ſaid of him

no nation or perſon can be concerned for. For this reaſon, one may be free upon him. I have put myſelf to great pains, in conſidering this prevailing quality which we call impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts itſelf in a different manner, according to the different ſoils wherein ſuch ſubjects of theſe dominions, as are maſters of it, were born. Impudence in an *Engliſhman* is ſullen and inſolent; in a *Scotchman* it is untractable and rapacious; in an *Iriſhman* abſurd and fawning: As the courſe of the world now runs, the impudent *Engliſhman* behaves like a ſurly landlord, the *Scot* like an ill-received gueſt, and the *Iriſhman* like a ſtranger who knows he is not welcome. There is ſeldom any thing entertaining either in the impudence of a *South* or *North-Briton*; but that of an *Iriſhman* is always comic. A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance, without the leaſt ſenſe of it. The beſt and moſt ſucceſsful ſtarers now in this town, are of that nation; they have uſually the advantage of the ſtature mentioned in the above letter of my correſpondent, and generally take their ſtands in the eye of women of fortune: inſomuch that I have known one of them, three months after he came from plough, with a tolerable good air lead out a woman from a play, which one of our own breed, after four years at *Oxford* and two at the *Temple*, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but theſe people have uſually the preference to our own fools, in the opinion of the fillier part of womankind. Perhaps it is that an *Engliſh* coxcomb is ſeldom ſo obſequious as an *Iriſh* one; and when the deſign of pleaſing is viſible, an abſurdity in the way toward it is eaſily forgiven.

But thoſe who are downright impudent, and go on without reflection that they are ſuch, are more to be tolerated, than a ſet of fellows among

us who profeſs impudence with an air of humour, and think to carry off the moſt inexcuſable of all faults in the world, with no other apology than ſaying in a gay tone, *I put an impudent face upon the matter*. No; no man ſhall be allowed the advantages of impudence, who is conſcious that he is ſuch: If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwiſe; and it ſhall be expected that he bluſh, when he ſees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of modeſty; without which beauty is ungraceful, and wit deteſtable. ❧ R

No. 21. SATURDAY, MARCH 24.

———*Locus eſt, & pluribus umbris.*
Hor. Ep. v. l. 1. ver. 28.

There's room enough, and each may bring his friend. CREECH.

I AM ſometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great profeſſions of Divinity, Law, and Phyſic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that ſtarve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-officers, and Subalterns. Among the firſt we may reckon Biſhops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons. Among the ſecond are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear ſcarves. The reſt are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the firſt claſs, our conſtitution preſerves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithſtanding competitors are numberleſs. Upon a ſtrict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the ſecond diviſion, ſeveral brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns

terns into Scarf-officers; insomuch, that within my memory the price of lutestring is raised above two-pence in a yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the Laiety, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in *England*.

The body of the law is no less incumbered with superfluous members, that are like *Virgil*'s army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coachfuls to *Westminster-hall*, every morning in term-time. *Martial*'s description of this species of lawyers is full of humour:

Iras & verba locant.

Men that hire out their words and anger; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it; and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must however observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year, for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberleſs branch of peaceable Lawyers are thoſe young men, who, being placed at the Inns of Court in order to ſtudy the Laws of their country, frequent the playhouſe more than *Weſtminſter-hall*, and are ſeen in all public aſſemblies, except in a court of juſtice. I ſhall ſay nothing of thoſe ſilent and buſy multitudes that are employed within doors in drawing up of writings and conveyances; nor of thoſe greater numbers that palliate their want of buſineſs with a pretence to ſuch chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profeſſion of Phyſic, we ſhall find a moſt formidable body of men: the ſight of them is enough to make a man ſerious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in Phyſicians it grows thin of people. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find out a reaſon why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not ſend out ſuch prodigious ſwarms, and over-run the world with *Goths* and *Vandals*, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author obſerved, that there were no ſtudents in Phyſic among the ſubjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this ſcience very much flouriſhes in the north at preſent, he might have found a better ſolution for this difficulty than any of thoſe he has made uſe of. This body of men in our own country, may be deſcribed like the *Britiſh* army in *Caſar*'s time: ſome of them fiay in chariots, and ſome on foot. If the infantry do leſs execution than the charioteers, it is becauſe they cannot be carried ſo ſoon into all quarters of the town, and diſpatch ſo much buſineſs in ſo ſhort a time. Beſides this body of regular troops, there are ſtragglers, who, without being duly liſted and enrolled, do infinite miſchief to thoſe who are ſo unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, beſides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to phyſic, who, for want of other patients, amuſe themſelves with the ſtifling of cats in an

an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of inſects upon the point of a needle for microſcopical obſervations; beſides thoſe that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chaſe of butterflies: not to mention the cockleſhell-merchants and ſpider-catchers.

When I conſider how each of theſe profeſſions are crowded with multitudes that ſeek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be rather ſaid to be of the ſcience, than the profeſſion; I very much wonder at the humour of parents, who will not rather chuſe to place their ſons in a way of life wherein honeſt induſtry cannot but thrive, than in ſtations where the greateſt probity, learning, and good ſenſe, may miſcarry. How many men are country-curates, that might have made themſelves aldermen of *London* by a right improvement of a ſmaller ſum of money than what is uſually laid out upon a learned education? A ſober frugal perſon, of ſlender parts and ſlow apprehenſion, might have thrived in trade, though he ſtarves upon phyſic; as a man would be well enough pleaſed to buy ſilks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his pulſe. *Vagellius* is careful, ſtudious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-ſculled; he has not a ſingle client, but might have had abundance of cuſtomers. The misfortune is, that parents take a liking to a particular profeſſion, and therefore deſire their ſons may be of it: whereas, in ſo great an affair of life, they ſhould conſider the genius and abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it ſo dull and heavy, who may not be placed in ſtations of life which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, phyſic, or divinity, to be overſtocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flouriſhes by multitudes, and gives employment

ployment to all its profeſſors. Fleets of merchantmen are ſo many ſquadrons of floating ſhops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics. C

No. 22. MONDAY, MARCH 26.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 188.

——Whatever contradicts my ſenſe
I hate to ſee, and never can believe.
Roscommon.

THE word SPECTATOR being moſt uſually underſtood as one of the audience at public repreſentations in our theatres, I ſeldom fail of many letters relating to plays and operas. But indeed there are ſuch monſtrous things done in both, that, if one had not been an eye-witneſs of them, one could not believe that ſuch matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human life, or is a picture of nature, that is regarded by the greater part of the company. The underſtanding is diſmiſſed from our entertainments. Our mirth is the laughter of fools, and our admiration the wonder of idiots; elſe ſuch improbable, monſtrous, and incoherent dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmoſt ſcorn and contempt, but even with the loudeſt applauſe and approbation. But the letters of my correſpondents will repreſent this affair in a more lively manner than any diſcourſe of my own; I ſhall therefore give them to my reader with only this preparation, that they all come from players, and that the buſineſs of playing is now ſo managed, that you are not to be ſurpriſed when I ſay one or two of them are rational, others

ſenſitive,

ſenſitive and vegetative actors, and others wholly inanimate. I ſhall not place theſe as I have named them, but as they have precedence in the opinion of their audience.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your having been ſo humble as to take notice 'of the epiſtles of other animals, emboldens me, 'who am the wild boar that was killed by Mrs. '*Toſts*, to repreſent to you, That I think I was 'hardly uſed in not having the part of the lion in '*Hydaſpes* given to me. It would have been but a 'natural ſtep for me to have perſonated that noble 'creature, after having behaved myſelf to ſatisfac-'tion in the part above-mentioned: but that of a 'lion is too great a character for one that never trod 'the ſtage before but upon two legs. As for the 'little reſiſtance which I made, I hope it may be 'excuſed, when it is conſidered that the dart was 'thrown at me by ſo fair an hand. I muſt confeſs 'I had but juſt put on my brutality; and *Camilla*'s 'charms were ſuch, that beholding her erect mien, 'hearing her charming voice, and aſtoniſhed with 'her graceful motion, I could not keep up to my 'aſſumed fierceneſs, but died like a man.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'THOMAS PRONE.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'This is to let you underſtand, that the play-'houſe is a repreſentation of the world in no-'thing ſo much as in this particular, that no one 'riſes in it according to his merit. I have acted ſe-'veral parts of houſehold-ſtuff with great applauſe 'for many years: I am one of the men in the 'hangings in *The Emperor of the Moon*: I have 'twice performed the third chair in an *Engliſh* 'opera; and have rehearſed the pump in *The For-'tune-Hunters*. I am now grown old, and hope

'you

'you will recommend me so effectually, as that I 'may say something before I go off the stage: in 'which you will do a great act of charity to

'Your humble servant,

'WILLIAM SCRENE.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Understanding that Mr. *Screne* has writ to you, 'and desired to be raised from dumb and still parts; 'I desire, if you give him motion or speech, that 'you would advance me in my way, and let me 'keep on in what I humbly presume I am a master, to 'wit, in representing human and still life together. 'I have several times acted one of the finest flower-'pots in the same opera wherein Mr. *Screne* is a 'chair; therefore, upon his promotion, request that 'I may succeed him in the hangings, with my hand 'in the orange-trees.

'Your humble servant,

'RALPH SIMPLE.'

'SIR, *Drury-Lane, March* 24, 1710-11.

'I saw your friend the Templar this evening in 'the pit, and thought he looked very little pleased 'with the representation of the mad scene of *The 'Pilgrim*. I wish, Sir, you would do us the fa-'vour to animadvert frequently upon the false taste 'the town is in, with relation to plays as well as 'operas. It certainly requires a degree of under-'standing to play justly; but such is our condition, 'that we are to suspend our reason to perform our 'parts. As to scenes of madness, you know, Sir, 'there are noble instances of this kind in *Shakespear*; 'but then it is the disturbance of a noble mind, from 'generous and human resentments: It is like that grief 'which we have for the decease of our friends. It is 'no diminution, but a recommendation of human 'nature, that in such incidents passion gets the bet-'ter of reason; and all we can think to comfort our-'selves, is impotent against half what we feel. I

'will

'will not mention that we had an idiot in the ſcene, 'and all the ſenſe it is repreſented to have, is that 'of luſt. As for myſelf, who have long taken pains 'in perſonating the paſſions, I have to night acted 'only an appetite. The part I played is Thirſt, but 'it is repreſented as written rather by a drayman 'than a poet. I come in with a tub about me, that 'tub hung with quart-pots, with a full gallon at my 'mouth. I am aſhamed to tell you that I pleaſed 'very much, and this was introduced as a madneſs; 'but ſure it was not human madneſs; for a mule 'or an aſs may have been as dry as ever I was in 'my life. I am, SIR,

'Your moſt obedient and humble ſervant.'

From the Savoy *in the Strand.*

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'If you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this 'trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate 'King *Latinus*, and believe I am the firſt Prince 'that dated from this palace ſince *John of Gaunt*. 'Such is the uncertainty of all human greatneſs, 'that I who lately never moved without a guard, am 'now preſſed as a common ſoldier, and am to ſail 'with the firſt fair wind againſt my brother *Lewis of* 'France. It is a very hard thing to put off a charac-'ter which one has appeared in with applauſe: this 'I experienced ſince the loſs of my diadem; for, up-'on quarrelling with another recruit, I ſpoke my 'indignation out of my part in *recitativo*:

——————Moſt audacious ſlave,
Dar'ſt thou an angry monarch's fury brave?

'The words were no ſooner out of my mouth, when 'a ſerjeant knocked me down, and aſked me if I had 'a mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody under-'ſtood. You ſee, Sir, my unhappy circumſtances; 'and if by your mediation you can procure a ſub-

'ſidy

'fidy for a prince (who never failed to make all 'that beheld him merry at his appearance) you will 'merit the thanks of

'Your friend,

'The King of Latium.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the good of the public.

Within two doors of the maſquerade lives an eminent Italian *chirurgeon, arrived from the carnival at* Venice, *of great experience in private cures. Accommodations are provided, and perſons admitted in their maſking habits.*

He has cured ſince his coming thither, in leſs than a fortnight, four ſcaramouches, a mountebank-doctor, two Turkiſh *baſſas, three nuns, and a morris-dancer.*

Venienti occurite morbo.

N. B. *Any perſon may agree by the great, and be kept in repair by the year. The doctor draws teeth without pulling off your maſk.*

No. 23. TUESDAY, MARCH 27.

Sævit atrox Volſcens, nec teli conſpicit uſquam
Auctorem, nec quò ſe ardens immittere poſſit.

VIRG. Æn. ix. ver. 420.

Fierce *Volſcens* foams with rage, and gazing round
Deſcry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;
Nor knew to fix revenge.—— DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a baſe ungenerous ſpirit, than the giving of ſecret ſtabs to a man's reputation; lampoons and ſatires, that are written with wit and ſpirit, are like poiſoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it

incurable. For this reaſon I am very much troubled when I ſee the talents of humour and ridicule in the poſſeſſion of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to ſtir up ſorrow in the heart of a private perſon, to raiſe uneaſineſs among near relations, and to expoſe whole families to deriſion, at the ſame time that he remains unſeen and undiſcovered. If, beſides the accompliſhments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the moſt miſchievous creatures that can enter into a civil ſociety. His ſatire will then chiefly fall upon thoſe who ought to be the moſt exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and every thing that is praiſe-worthy, will be made the ſubject of ridicule and buffoonry. It is impoſſible to enumerate the evils which ariſe from theſe arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other excuſe that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a ſecret ſhame or ſorrow in the mind of the ſuffering perſon. It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that a lampoon or ſatire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but, at the ſame time, how many are there that would not rather loſe a conſiderable ſum of money, or even life itſelf, than be ſet up as a mark of infamy and deriſion? And in this caſe a man ſhould conſider, that an injury is not to be meaſured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Thoſe who can put the beſt countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their ſecret anguiſh. I have often obſerved a paſſage in *Socrates*'s behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the critics have conſidered it. That excellent man entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poiſon, with a diſcourſe on the immortality of the ſoul, at his entering upon it, ſays, that he does not believe

any the moſt comic genius can cenſure him for talking upon ſuch a ſubject at ſuch a time. This paſſage, I think, evidently glances upon *Ariſtophanes*, who writ a comedy on purpoſe to ridicule the diſcourſes of that divine philoſopher. It has been obſerved by many writers, that *Socrates* was ſo little moved at this piece of buffoonry, that he was ſeveral times preſent at its being acted upon the ſtage, and never expreſſed the leaſt reſentment of it. But, with ſubmiſſion, I think the remark I have here made ſhews us, that this unworthy treatment made an impreſſion upon his mind, though he had been too wiſe to diſcover it.

When *Julius Cæſar* was lampooned by *Catullus*, he invited him to a ſupper, and treated him with ſuch a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the ſame kind treatment to the learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous *Latin* poem. The Cardinal ſent for him, and after ſome kind expoſtulations upon what he had written, aſſured him of his eſteem, and diſmiſſed him with a promiſe of the next good abbey that ſhould fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had ſo good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the ſecond edition of his book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the paſſages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of ſo generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made Pope, the ſtatue of *Paſquin* was one night dreſſed in a very dirty ſhirt, with an excuſe written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen, becauſe his laundreſs was made a Princeſs. This was a reflection upon the Pope's ſiſter, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in thoſe mean circumſtances that *Paſquin* repreſented her. As this Paſquinade made a great noiſe in *Rome*, the Pope offered a conſiderable ſum of money to any perſon that ſhould diſcover

cover the author of it. The author relying upon his Holineſs's generoſity, as alſo on ſome private overtures which he had received from him, made the diſcovery himſelf; upon which the Pope gave him the reward he had promiſed, but at the ſame time, to diſable the ſatiriſt for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. *Aretine* is too trite an inſtance. Every one knows that all the kings in *Europe* were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boaſts that he had laid the Sophi of *Perſia* under contribution.

Though in the various examples I have here drawn together, theſe ſeveral great men behaved themſelves very differently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly ſhewed that they were very ſenſible of their reproaches, and conſequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never truſt a man that I thought was capable of giving theſe ſecret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the perſon, whoſe reputation he thus aſſaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the ſame ſecurity. There is indeed ſomething very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary ſcribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady ſhall be expoſed for an unhappy feature. A father of a family turned to ridicule, for ſome domeſtic calamity. A wife be made uneaſy all her life, for a miſinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a juſt man, ſhall be put out of countenance by the repreſentation of thoſe qualities that ſhould do him honour. So pernicious a thing is wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedleſs inconſiderate writers, that without any malice have ſacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance, to a certain levity of temper, and a ſilly ambition of di-

ſtinguiſhing themſelves by a ſpirit of raillery and ſatire: as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very miſchievous without deſigning to be ſo. For which reaſon I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiſcreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and thoſe he wiſhes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occaſion, tranſcribing a fable out of Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, which accidentally lies before me.

'A company of waggiſh boys were watching of 'frogs at the ſide of a pond, and ſtill as any of them 'put up their heads, they would be pelting them 'down again with ſtones. *Children*, (ſays one of the 'frogs), *you never conſider that though this may be 'play to you, it is death to us.*'

As this week is in a manner ſet apart and dedicated to ſerious thoughts, I ſhall indulge myſelf in ſuch ſpeculations as may not be altogether unſuitable to the ſeaſon; and, in the mean time, as the ſettling in ourſelves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expoſe that particular breach of charity which has been generally overlooked by Divines, becauſe they are but few who can be guilty of it.

C

No. 24. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28.

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm;
Arreptâque manu, quid agis dulciſſime rerum?
HOR. Sat. ix. l. i. ver. 3.

Comes up a ſop, (I knew him but by fame),
And ſeiz'd my hand, and called me by name—
——My dear!—how do'ſt?

THERE are in this town a great number of inſignificant people, who are by no means fit for the better ſort of converſation, and yet have an impertinent ambition of appearing with thoſe to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the *Park*, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with ladies; if you drink a bottle, they will find your haunts. What makes ſuch fellows the more burdenſome is, that they neither offend nor pleaſe ſo far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I preſume, for this reaſon, that my correſpondents are willing by my means to be rid of them. The two following letters are writ by perſons who ſuffer by ſuch impertinence. A worthy old bachelor, who ſets in for his doſe of claret every night at ſuch an hour, is teized by a ſwarm of them; who, becauſe they are ſure of room and good fire, have taken it in their heads to keep a ſort of club in his company; though the ſober gentleman himſelf is an utter enemy to ſuch meetings.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The averſion I for ſome years have had to clubs 'in general, gave me a perfect reliſh for your ſpe-'culation on that ſubject; but I have ſince been ex-'tremely mortified, by the malicious world's rank-

'ing me amongſt the ſupporters of ſuch impertinent aſſemblies. I beg leave to ſtate my caſe fairly; and that done, I ſhall expect redreſs from your judicious pen.

'I am, Sir, a bachelor of ſome ſtanding, and a traveller; my buſineſs, to conſult my own humour, which I gratify without controlling other people's; I have a room and a whole bed to myſelf; and I have a dog, a fiddle, and a gun; they pleaſe me, and injure no creature alive. My chief meal is a ſupper, which I always make at a tavern. I am conſtant to an hour, and not ill-humoured; for which reaſons, though I invite nobody, I have no ſooner ſupped, than I have a crowd about me of that ſort of good company that know not whither elſe to go. It is true every man pays his ſhare; yet, as they are intruders, I have an undoubted right to be the only ſpeaker, or, at leaſt, the loudeſt; which I maintain, and that to the great emolument of my audience. I ſometimes tell them their own in pretty free language; and ſometimes divert them with merry tales, according as I am in humour. I am one of thoſe who live in taverns to a great age, by a ſort of regular intemperance; I never go to bed drunk, but always fluſtered; I wear away very gently, am apt to be peeviſh, but never angry. Mr. SPECTATOR, if you have kept various company, you know there is in every tavern in town ſome old humouriſt or other, who is maſter of the houſe as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in awe of him; and all the cuſtomers, who frequent his company, yield him a ſort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be ſuch a fellow as this myſelf. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a club, becauſe ſo many impertinents will break in upon me, and come without appointment? *Clinch* of *Barnet* has a nightly meeting, and ſhows to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only actor.

'Why

'Why ſhould people miſcal things? If his is allow-
'ed to be a conſort, why may not mine be a lec-
'ture? However, Sir, I ſubmit it to you, and am,

'SIR,

'Your moſt obedient, &c.

'THO. KIMBOW.'

'GOOD SIR,

'You and I were preſſed againſt each other laſt
'winter in a crowd, in which uneaſy poſture we
'ſuffered together for almoſt half an hour. I thank
'you for all your civilities ever ſince, in being of
'my acquaintance where-ever you meet me. But
'the other day you pulled off your hat to me in the
'*Park* when I was walking with my miſtreſs. She
'did not like your air, and ſaid ſhe wondered what
'ſtrange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear Sir,
'conſider it is as much as my life is worth, if ſhe
'ſhould think we were intimate; therefore I ear-
'neſtly entreat you for the future to take no manner
'of notice of,

'SIR,

'Your obliged humble ſervant,

'WILL FASHION.'

A like impertinence is alſo very troubleſome to the ſuperior and more intelligent part of the fair ſex. † It is, it ſeems, a great inconvenience, that thoſe of the meaneſt capacities will pretend to make viſits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the houſe (by filling an empty chair) than to the converſation they come into when they viſit. † A friend of mine hopes for redreſs in this caſe, by the publication of her letter in my paper; which ſhe thinks thoſe ſhe would be rid of will take to themſelves. It ſeems to be written with an eye to one of thoſe pert, giddy, unthinking girls, who, upon the recommendation only of an agreeable perſon, and a faſhionable air, take

take themſelves to be upon a level with women of the greateſt merit.

'MADAM,

'I take this way to acquaint you with what common rules and forms would never permit me to tell you otherwiſe; to wit, that you and I, though equals in quality and fortune, are by no means ſuitable companions. You are, it is true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good figure in a public aſſembly; but alas, Madam, you muſt go no further: diſtance and ſilence are your beſt recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more viſits. You come in a literal ſenſe to ſee one, for you have nothing to ſay. I do not ſay this, that I would by any means loſe your acquaintance; but I would keep it up with the ſtricteſt forms of good-breeding. Let us pay viſits, but never ſee one another: if you will be ſo good as to deny yourſelf always to me, I ſhall return the obligation by giving the ſame orders to my ſervants. When accident makes us meet at a third place, we may mutually lament the misfortune of never finding one another at home, go in the ſame party to a benefit play, and ſmile at each other, and put down glaſſes as we paſs in our coaches. Thus we may enjoy as much of each other's friendſhip as we are capable: for there are ſome people who are to be known only by ſight, with which ſort of friendſhip I hope you will always honour,

'MADAM,

'Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

'MARY TUESDAY.'

'*P. S.* I ſubſcribe myſelf by the name of the day I keep, that my ſupernumerary friends may know who I am.'

ADVERTISE-

ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all miſtakes that may happen among gentlemen of the other end of the town, who come but once a week to St. James's *coffeehouſe, either by miſcalling the ſervants, or requiring ſuch things from them as are not properly within their reſpective provinces; this is to give notice, that* Kidney, *keeper of the book-debts of the outlying cuſtomers, and obſerver of thoſe who go off without paying, having reſigned that employment, is ſucceeded by* John Sowton; *to whoſe place of enterer of meſſages, and firſt coffeegrinder,* William Bird *is promoted; and* Samuel Burdock *comes as ſhoe-cleaner in the room of the ſaid* Bird. R

No. 25. THURSDAY, MARCH 29.

—*Ægreſcitque medendo.* VIRG. Æn. xii. ver. 46.
And ſickens by the very means of health.

THE following letter will explain itſelf, and needs no apology.

'SIR,

'I am one of that ſickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of *Valetudinarians;* and 'do confeſs to you, that I firſt contracted this ill 'habit of body, or rather of mind, by the ſtudy 'of phyſic. I no ſooner began to peruſe books of 'this nature, but I found my pulſe was irregular; 'and ſcarce ever read the account of any diſeaſe 'that I did not fancy myſelf afflicted with. Doctor '*Sydenham*'s learned Treatiſe of Fevers threw me 'into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all 'the while I was reading that excellent piece. I 'then applied myſelf to the ſtudy of ſeveral au'thors, who have written upon phthiſical diſtem-

'pers,

'pers, and by that means fell into a conſumption; 'until at length, growing very fat, I was in a man-'ner ſhamed out of that imagination. Not long 'after this I found in myſelf all the ſymptoms of 'the gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a 'Treatiſe upon the Gravel, written by a very inge-'nious author, who (as is uſual for phyſicians to 'convert one diſtemper into another) eaſed me of 'the gout by giving me the ſtone. I at length ſtu-'died myſelf into a complication of diſtempers; but, 'accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious 'diſcourſe written by *Sanctorius*, I was reſolved to 'direct myſelf by a ſcheme of rules, which I had 'collected from his obſervations. The learned world 'are very well acquainted with that gentleman's in-'vention; who, for the better carrying on of his ex-'periments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, 'which was ſo artificially hung upon ſprings, that it 'would weigh any thing as well as a pair of ſcales. 'By this means he diſcovered how many ounces of 'his food paſſed by perſpiration, what quantity of it 'was turned into nouriſhment, and how much went 'away by the other channels and diſtributions of 'nature.

'Having provided myſelf with this chair, I uſed 'to ſtudy, eat, drink, and ſleep in it; inſomuch 'that I may be ſaid, for theſe three laſt years, to 'have lived in a pair of ſcales. I compute myſelf, 'when I am in full health, to be preciſely two hun-'dred weight, falling ſhort of it about a pound af-'ter a day's faſt, and exceeding it as much after a 'very full meal; ſo that it is my continual employ-'ment to trim the balance between theſe two vo-'latile pounds in my conſtitution. In my ordinary 'meals I fetch myſelf up to two hundred weight 'and half a pound; and, if after having dined I 'find myſelf fall ſhort of it, I drink juſt ſo much 'ſmall-beer, or eat ſuch a quantity of bread, as 'is ſufficient to make me weight. In my great-

'eſt

'eſt exceſſes I do not tranſgreſs more than the o-
'ther half pound; which, for my health's ſake, I
'do the firſt *Monday* in every month. As ſoon as
'I find myſelf duly poiſed after dinner, I walk un-
'til I have perſpired five ounces and four ſcruples;
'and when I diſcover, by my chair, that I am ſo
'far reduced, I fall to my books, and ſtudy away
'three ounces more. As for the remaining parts
'of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do
'not dine and ſup by the clock, but by my chair;
'for when that informs me my pound of food is
'exhauſted, I conclude myſelf to be hungry, and lay
'in another with all diligence. In my days of ab-
'ſtinence I loſe a pound and an half, and on ſolemn
'faſts am two pounds lighter than on other days in
'the year.

'I allow myſelf, one night with another, a quar-
'ter of a pound of ſleep, within a few grains more
'or leſs; and, if upon my riſing I find that I have
'not conſumed my whole quantity, I take out the
'reſt in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of
'what I expended and received the laſt year,
'which I always regiſter in a book, I find the me-
'dium to be two hundred weight; ſo that I cannot
'diſcover that I am impaired one ounce in my
'health during a whole twelvemonth. And, yet,
'Sir, notwithſtanding this my great care to ballaſt
'myſelf equally every day, and to keep my body
'in its proper poiſe, ſo it is that I find myſelf in a
'ſick and languiſhing condition. My complexion
'is grown very ſallow, my pulſe low, and my body
'hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to
'conſider me as your patient, and to give me more
'certain rules to walk by than thoſe I have already
'obſerved, and you will very much oblige,

'Your humble ſervant.'

This letter puts me in mind of an *Italian epitaph*, written on the monument of a *Valetudinarian: Sta-*

vo

vo ben, ma per ſtar meglio, ſto qui: which it is impoſſible to tranſlate. The fear of death often proves mortal, and ſets people on methods to ſave their lives, which infallibly deſtroy them. This is a reflection made by ſome hiſtorians, upon obſerving that there are many more thouſands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to thoſe multitudes of imaginary ſick perſons that break their conſtitutions by phyſic, and throw themſelves into the arms of death by endeavouring to eſcape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reaſonable creature. To conſult the preſervation of life, as the only end of it, to make our health our buſineſs, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or courſe of phyſic; are purpoſes ſo abject, ſo mean, ſo unworthy human nature, that a generous ſoul would rather die than ſubmit to them. Beſides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the reliſhes of it, and caſts a gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impoſſible we ſhould take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of loſing.

I do not mean, by what I have here ſaid, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulneſs of mind, and capacity for buſineſs, are, in a great meaſure, the effects of a well-tempered conſtitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preſerve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common ſenſe, but by duty and inſtinct, ſhould never engage us in groundleſs fears, melancholy apprehenſions, and imaginary diſtempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In ſhort, the preſervation of life ſhould be only a ſecondary concern, and the direction of it our principle. If we have this frame of mind, we ſhall take the beſt means to preſerve life, without being over ſolicitous about the event; and ſhall arrive at that point

of felicity which *Martial* has mentioned as the perfection of happineſs, of neither fearing nor wiſhing for death.

In anſwer to the gentleman who tempers his health by ounces and by ſcruples, and, inſtead of complying with thoſe natural ſolicitations of hunger and thirſt, drowſineſs, or love of exerciſe, governs himſelf by the preſcriptions of his chair, I ſhall tell him a ſhort fable. *Jupiter*, ſays the mythologiſt, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promiſed to give him whatever he would aſk: the countryman deſired that he might have the management of the weather in his own eſtate. He obtained his requeſt, and immediately diſtributed rain, ſnow, and ſunſhine among his ſeveral fields, as he thought the nature of the ſoil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to ſee a more than ordinary crop, his harveſt fell infinitely ſhort of that of his neighbours: upon which (ſays the fable) he deſired *Jupiter* to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwiſe he ſhould utterly ruin himſelf. C

No. 26. FRIDAY, MARCH 30.

Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate ſexti.
Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam,
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.———

HOR. Od. iv. l. 1. ver. 13.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate:
Life's ſpan forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And ſtretch thy hopes beyond thy tender years:
Night ſoon will ſeize, and you muſt quickly go
To ſtoried ghoſts, and *Pluto*'s houſe below.

CREECH.

WHEN I am in a ſerious humour, I very often walk by myſelf in *Weſtminſter* Abbey; where the gloomineſs of the place, and the uſe to which it is applied, with the ſolemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulneſs, that is not diſagreeable. I yeſterday paſſed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloiſters, and the church, amuſing myſelf with the tomb-ſtones and inſcriptions that I met with in thoſe ſeveral regions of the dead. Moſt of them recorded nothing elſe of the buried perſon, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole hiſtory of his life being comprehended in thoſe two circumſtances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon theſe regiſters of exiſtence, whether of braſs or marble, as a kind of ſatire upon the departed perſons, who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of ſeveral perſons mentioned in the battles

battles of heroic poems, who have ſounding names given them, for no other reaſon but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκόν τε Μεδόντα τε Θερσιλοχόν τε. HOM.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therſilochumque. VIRG.

Glaucus, and *Medon*, and *Therſilochus*.

The life of theſe men is finely deſcribed in Holy Writ by *the path of an arrow*, which is immediately cloſed up and loſt.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myſelf with the digging of a grave; and ſaw, in every ſhovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or ſkull intermixed with a kind of freſh mouldering earth that ſome time or other had a place in the compoſition of an human body. Upon this I began to conſider with myſelf what innumerable multitudes of people lay confuſed together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, prieſts and ſoldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongſt one another, and blended together in the ſame common maſs; how beauty, ſtrength, and youth, with old age, weakneſs, and deformity, lay undiſtinguiſhed in the ſame promiſcuous heap of matter.

After having thus ſurveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on ſeveral of the monuments which are raiſed in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with ſuch extravagant epitaphs, that if it were poſſible for the dead perſon to be acquainted with them, he would bluſh at the praiſes which his friends have beſtowed upon him. There are others ſo exceſſively modeſt, that they deliver the character

of the perſon departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew*, and by that means are not underſtood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I obſerved indeed, that the preſent war had filled the church with many of theſe uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of perſons whoſe bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of *Blenheim*, or in the boſom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with ſeveral modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expreſſion and juſtneſs of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeneſs of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inſcriptions, they ſhould be ſubmitted to the peruſal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir *Cloudeſly Shovel*'s monument has very often given me great offence: inſtead of the brave rough *Engliſh* admiral, which was the diſtinguiſhing character of that plain gallant man, he is repreſented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dreſſed in a long periwig, and repoſing himſelf upon velvet cuſhions under a canopy of ſtate. The inſcription is anſwerable to the monument; for, inſtead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the ſervice of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impoſſible for him to reap any honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to deſpiſe for want of genius, ſhew an infinitely greater taſte of antiquity and politeneſs in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in thoſe of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, repreſent them like themſelves; and are adorned with roſtral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful feſtoons of ſea-weed, ſhells, and coral.

But

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our *English* Kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

No. 27. Saturday, March 31.

Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica dieſque
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum;
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ ſpem
Conſiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter id, quod
Æque pauperibus prodeſt, locupletibus æque,
Æque neglectum pueris ſenibuſque nocebit.

Hor. Ep. i. l. 1. ver. 20.

Imitated,

Long as to him, who works for debt, the day;
Long as the night to her, whoſe love's away;
Long as the year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the briſk minor pants for twenty-one:
So ſlow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from myſelf, and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day;
That taſk, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe:
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.

Pope.

There is ſcarce a thinking man in the world, who is involved in the buſineſs of it, but lives under a ſecret impatience of the hurry and fatigue he ſuffers, and has formed a reſolution to fix himſelf, one time or other, in ſuch a ſtate as is ſuitable to the end of his being. You hear men every day in converſation profeſs, that all the honour, power, and riches, which they propoſe to themſelves, cannot give ſatisfaction enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the purſuit, or poſſeſſion of them. While men are in this temper, (which

(which happens very frequently), how inconſiſtent are they with themſelves! They are wearied with the toil they bear, but cannot find in their hearts to relinquiſh it; retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themſelves to it: while they pant after ſhade and covert, they ſtill affect to appear in the moſt glittering ſcenes of life; but ſure this is but juſt as reaſonable, as if a man ſhould call for more lights when he has a mind to go to ſleep.

Since then it is certain that our own hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourſelves enough to reſign it, though we every day wiſh ourſelves diſengaged from its allurements; let us not ſtand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourſelves from them while we are in the midſt of them.

It is certainly the general intention of the greater part of mankind to accompliſh this work, and live according to their own approbation, as ſoon as they poſſibly can: but ſince the duration of life is ſo uncertain, and that has been a common topic of diſcourſe ever ſince there was ſuch a thing as life itſelf, how is it poſſible that we ſhould defer a moment the beginning to live according to the rules of reaſon?

The man of buſineſs has ever ſome one point to carry, and then he tells himſelf he will bid adieu to all the vanity of ambition: the man of pleaſure reſolves to take his leave at leaſt, and part civilly with his miſtreſs; but the ambitious man is entangled every moment in a freſh purſuit, and the lover ſees new charms in the object he fancied he could abandon. It is therefore a fantaſtical way of thinking, when we promiſe ourſelves an alteration in our conduct from change of place, and difference of circumſtances; the ſame paſſions will attend us wherever we are, until they are conquered; and we can never live to our ſatisfaction in the deepeſt retirement,

ment, unleſs we are capable of living ſo in ſome meaſure amidſt the noiſe and buſineſs of the world.†

I have ever thought men were better known, by what could be obſerved of them from a peruſal of their private letters, than any other way. My friend the clergyman, the other day, upon ſerious diſcourſe with him concerning the danger of procraſtination, gave me the following letters from perſons with whom he lives in great friendſhip and intimacy, according to the good breeding and good ſenſe of his character. The firſt is from a man of buſineſs, who is his convert: the ſecond from one of whom he conceives good hopes: the third from one who is in no ſtate at all, but carried one way and another by ſtarts.

'SIR,

'I know not with what words to expreſs to you 'the ſenſe I have of the high obligation you have 'laid upon me, in the penance you enjoined me of 'doing ſome good or other to a perſon of worth 'every day I live. The ſtation I am in furniſhes 'me with daily opportunities of this kind: and 'the noble principle with which you have inſpired 'me of benevolence to all I have to deal with, 'quickens my application in every thing I undertake. 'When I relieve merit from diſcountenance, when 'I aſſiſt a friendleſs perſon, when I produce conceal-'ed worth, I am diſpleaſed with myſelf for having 'deſigned to leave the world in order to be virtuous. 'I am ſorry you decline the occaſions which the con-'dition I am in might afford me of enlarging your 'fortunes; but know I contribute more to your ſa-'tisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the better 'man, from the influence and authority you have 'over,

'SIR, Your moſt obliged and
'moſt humble ſervant, R. O.'

SIR,

'SIR,

'I am entirely convinced of the truth of what 'you were pleaſed to ſay to me, when I was laſt 'with you alone. You told me then of the ſilly 'way I was in; but you told me ſo, as I ſaw you 'loved me, otherwiſe I could not obey your com-'mands in letting you know my thoughts ſo ſin-'cerely as I do at preſent. I know *the creature for 'whom I reſign ſo much of my character*, is all that 'you ſaid of her; but then the trifler has ſome-'thing in her ſo undeſigning, and harmleſs, that 'her guilt in one kind diſappears by the compa-'riſon of her innocence in another. Will you, 'virtuous men allow, no alleviation of offences? 'Muſt dear *Chloe* be called by the hard name you 'pious people give to common women? I keep the 'ſolemn promiſe I made you in writing to you the 'ſtate of my mind, after your kind admonition; 'and will endeavour to get the better of this fond-'neſs, which makes me ſo much her humble ſer-'vant, that I am almoſt aſhamed to ſubſcribe myſelf 'yours,

'T. D.'

'SIR,

'There is no ſtate of life ſo anxious as that of 'a man who does not live according to the dic-'tates of his own reaſon. It will ſeem odd to you 'when I aſſure you that my love of retirement firſt 'of all brought me to court; but this will be no 'riddle when I acquaint you that I placed myſelf 'here with a deſign of getting ſo much money as 'might enable me to purchaſe a handſome retreat 'in the country. At preſent my circumſtances en-'able me, and my duty prompts me, to paſs away 'the remaining part of my life in ſuch a retirement 'as I at firſt propoſed to myſelf; but, to my great 'misfortune, I have entirely loſt the reliſh of it, and 'ſhould now return to the country with greater re-'luctance than I at firſt came to court. I am ſo un-

'happy

'happy as to know that what I am fond of are trifles, 'and that what I neglect is of the greateſt import-'ance: in ſhort, I find a conteſt in my own mind 'between reaſon and faſhion. I remember you once 'told me, that I might live in the world and out of 'it at the ſame time. Let me beg of you to ex-'plain this paradox more at large to me, that I may 'conform my life, if poſſible, both to my duty and 'my inclination. I am &c.

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

R 'R. B.'

No. 28. MONDAY, APRIL 2.

——Neque ſemper arcum
Tendit Apollo. Hor. Od. x. l. 2. ver. 19.

Nor does *Apollo* always bend his bow.

I SHALL here preſent my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office, which he thinks may very much contribute to the embelliſhment of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our ſtreets. I conſider it as a ſatire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticiſm.

'SIR,

'Obſerving that you have thoughts of creating 'certain officers under you, for the inſpection of ſe-'veral petty enormities which you yourſelf cannot 'attend to; and finding daily abſurdities hung out 'upon the ſign-poſts of this city, to the great ſcan-'dal of foreigners, as well as thoſe of our own coun-'try, who are curious ſpectators of the ſame; I do 'humbly propoſe, that you would be pleaſed to make 'me your ſuperintendent of all ſuch figures and de-'vices

'vices as are or ſhall be made uſe of on this occa-
'ſion, with full powers to rectify or expunge what-
'ever I ſhall find irregular or defective. For want of
'ſuch an officer, there is nothing like ſound litera-
'ture and good ſenſe to be met with in thoſe objects
'that are every where thruſting themſelves out to the
'eye, and endeavouring to become viſible. Our ſtreets
'are filled with blue boars, black ſwans, and red lions;
'not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour,
'with many other creatures more extraordinary than
'any in the deſerts of *Africa*. Strange! that one who
'has all the birds and beaſts in nature to chuſe out
'of, ſhould live at the ſign of an *Ens Rationis*.

'My firſt taſk therefore ſhould be, like that of
'*Hercules*, to clear the city from monſters. In the
'ſecond place, I would forbid that creatures of jar-
'ring and incongruous natures ſhould be joined to-
'gether in the ſame ſign; ſuch as the bell and the
'neat's tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox
'and gooſe may be ſuppoſed to have met, but what
'has the fox and the ſeven ſtars to do together? And
'when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, except
'upon a ſign-poſt? As for the cat and fiddle, there
'is a conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that
'any thing I have here ſaid ſhould affect it. I muſt
'however obſerve to you upon this ſubject, that it is
'uſual for a young tradeſman, at his firſt ſetting up,
'to add to his own ſign that of the maſter whom he
'ſerved; as the huſband, after marriage, gives a place
'to his miſtreſs's arms in his own coat. This I take
'to have given riſe to many of thoſe abſurdities which
'are committed over our heads, and, as I am inform-
'ed, firſt occaſioned the three nuns and a hare, which
'we ſee ſo frequently joined together. I would there-
'fore eſtabliſh certain rules, for the determining how
'far one tradeſman may *give* the ſign of another,
'and in what caſes he may be allowed to quarter it
'with his own.

'In the third place, I would enjoin every ſhop to
'make

'make uſe of a ſign which bears ſome affinity to the 'wares in which it deals. What can be more in-'conſiſtent than to ſee a bawd at the ſign of the an-'gel, or a tailor at the lion? A cook ſhould not live 'at the boot, nor a ſhoemaker at the roaſted pig; 'and yet, for want of this regulation, I have ſeen a 'goat ſet up before the door of a perfumer, and the '*French* King's head at a ſword-cutler's.

'An ingenious foreigner obſerves, that ſeveral of 'thoſe gentlemen who value themſelves upon their 'families, and overlook ſuch as are bred to trade, 'bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of 'arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. 'But, though it may not be neceſſary for poſterity 'thus to ſet up the ſign of their forefathers, I think 'it highly proper for thoſe who actually profeſs the 'trade, to ſhew ſome ſuch marks of it before their 'doors.

'When the name gives an occaſion for an inge-'nious ſign-poſt, I would likewiſe adviſe the owner 'to take that opportunity of letting the world know 'who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the 'ingenious Mrs. *Salmon* to have lived at the ſign of 'the trout; for which reaſon ſhe has erected before 'her houſe the figure of the fiſh that is her name-'ſake. Mr. *Bell* has likewiſe diſtinguiſhed himſelf 'by a device of the ſame nature: And here, Sir, 'I muſt beg leave to obſerve to you, that this parti-'cular figure of a bell has given occaſion to ſeveral 'pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading 'muſt know, that *Abel Drugger* gained great ap-'plauſe by it in the time of *Ben Johnſon*. Our 'apocryphal heathen god is alſo repreſented by 'this figure; which, in conjunction with the 'dragon, makes a very handſome picture in ſe-'veral of our ſtreets. As for the bell-ſavage, which 'is the ſign of a ſavage man ſtanding by a bell, 'I was formerly very much puzzled upon the con-'ceit of it, until I accidentally fell into the read-

'ing of an old romance tranſlated out of the *French*, 'which gives an account of a very beautiful woman 'who was found in a wilderneſs, and is called in the '*French La belle Sauvage*; and is every-where tranſ-'lated by our countryman the Bell-ſavage. This piece 'of philoſophy will, I hope, convince you that I have 'made ſign-poſts my ſtudy, and conſequently quali-'fied myſelf for the employment which I ſolicit at 'your hands. But, before I conclude my letter, I 'muſt communicate to you another remark which I 'have made upon the ſubject with which I am now 'entertaining you, namely, that I can give a ſhrewd 'gueſs at the humour of the inhabitant by the ſign 'that hangs before his door. A ſurly choleric fellow 'generally makes choice of a bear; as men of milder 'diſpoſitions frequently live at the lamb. Seeing a 'punch-bowl painted upon a ſign near *Charing-'Croſs*, and very curiouſly garniſhed, with a couple 'of angels hovering over it, and ſqueezing a lemon 'into it, I had the curioſity to aſk after the maſter 'of the houſe, and found, upon inquiry, as I had 'gueſſed by the little *agréemens* upon his ſign, that 'he was a *Frenchman*. I know, Sir, it is not requi-'ſite for me to enlarge upon theſe hints to a gentle-'man of your great abilities; ſo, humbly recom-'mending myſelf to your favour and patronage,

'I remain, *&c.*'

I ſhall add, to the foregoing letter, another which came to me by the ſame penny-poſt.

From my own apartment near Charing-Croſs.

'Honoured Sir,

'Having heard that this nation is a great encou-'rager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-'dancer that was caught in one of the woods belong-'ing to the Great *Mogul*. He is by birth a monkey; 'but ſwings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, 'and drinks a glaſs of ale, like any reaſonable crea-'ture. He gives great ſatisfaction to the quality;

'and, if they will make a ſubſcription for him, I 'will ſend for a brother of his out of *Holland* that is 'a tumbler; and alſo for another of the ſame family 'whom I deſign for my *Merry-Andrew*, as being 'an excellent mimic, and the greateſt droll in the 'country where he now is. I hope to have this en-'tertainment in a readineſs for the next winter; and 'doubt not but it will pleaſe more than the opera or 'puppet-ſhow. I will not ſay that a monkey is a 'better man than ſome of the opera-heroes; but cer-'tainly he is a better repreſentative of a man, than 'the moſt artificial compoſition of wood and wire. 'If you will be pleaſed to give me a good word in 'your paper, you ſhall be every night a ſpectator at 'my ſtow for nothing.

C 'I am, *&c.*'

No. 29. TUESDAY, APRIL 3.

———Sermo lingua concinnus utraque
Suavior: ut Chio nota ſi commiſta Falerni eſt.
HOR. Sat. x. l. 1. ver. 23.

Both tongues united ſweeter ſounds produce,
Like *Chian* mix'd with the *Falernian* juice.

THERE is nothing that has more ſtartled our *Engliſh* audience, than the *Italian Recitativo* at its firſt entrance upon the ſtage. People were wonderfully ſurpriſed to hear generals ſinging the word of command, and ladies delivering meſſages in muſic. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billetdoux, and even the ſuperſcription of a letter ſet to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of *Enter a King and two Fiddlers ſolus*, was now no longer an abſurdity; when it was impoſſible for a hero in a deſert, or a princeſs in her cloſet, to ſpeak any thing unaccompanied with muſical inſtruments.

But

But however this *Italian* method of acting in *recitativo* might appear at firſt hearing, I cannot but think it much more juſt than that which prevailed in our *Engliſh* Opera before this innovation: The tranſition from an air to recitative muſic being more natural, than the paſſing from a ſong to plain and ordinary ſpeaking, which was the common method in *Purcell*'s operas.

The only fault I find in our preſent practice is the making uſe of the *Italian Recitativo* with *Engliſh* words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I muſt obſerve that the tone, or (as the *French* call it) the accent of every nation in their ordinary ſpeech is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may ſee even in the *Welſh* and *Scotch*, who border ſo near upon us. By the tone, or accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the ſound of the whole ſentence. Thus it is very common for an *Engliſh* gentleman, when he hears a *French* tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them ſpeak in a tone; and therefore he very wiſely prefers his own countrymen, not conſidering that a foreigner complains of the ſame tone in an *Engliſh* actor.

For this reaſon, the recitative muſic, in every language, ſhould be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwiſe, what may properly expreſs a paſſion in one language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in *Italy* knows very well, that the cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary converſation; or, to ſpeak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more muſical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation, or admiration, in the *Italian* muſic, (if one may ſo call them), which reſemble their accents in diſcourſe on ſuch occaſions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an *Engliſh* voice when we are angry; inſomuch that I

have often ſeen our audiences extremely miſtaken as to what has been doing upon the ſtage, and expecting to ſee the hero knock down his meſſenger, when he has been aſking him a queſtion; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good-morrow.

For this reaſon the *Italian* artiſts cannot agree with our *Engliſh* muſicians, in admiring *Purcell's* compoſitions, and thinking his tunes ſo wonderfully adapted to his words; becauſe both nations do not always expreſs the ſame paſſions by the ſame ſounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an *Engliſh* compoſer ſhould not follow the *Italian* recitative too ſervilely, but make uſe of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling ſoftneſs and *dying falls*, (as *Shakeſpear* calls them), but ſhould ſtill remember that he ought to accommodate himſelf to an *Engliſh* audience; and, by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary converſation, have the ſame regard to the accent of his own language, as thoſe perſons had to theirs whom he profeſſes to imitate. It is obſerved that ſeveral of the finging-birds of our country learn to ſweeten their voices, and mellow the harſhneſs of their natural notes, by practiſing under thoſe that come from warmer climates. In the ſame manner, I would allow the *Italian* opera to lend our *Engliſh* muſic as much as may grace and ſoften it, but never entirely to annihilate and deſtroy it. Let the infuſion be as ſtrong as you pleaſe, but ſtill let the ſubject-matter of it be *Engliſh*.

A compoſer ſhould fit his muſic to the genius of the people, and conſider that the delicacy of hearing, and taſte of harmony, has been formed upon thoſe ſounds which every country abounds with: In ſhort, that muſic is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear, may be diſſonance to another.

The

The ſame obſervations which I have made upon the recitative part of muſic, may be applied to all our ſongs and airs in general.

Signior *Baptiſt Lully* acted like a man of ſenſe in this particular. He found the *French* muſic extremely defective, and very often barbarous. However, knowing the genius of the people, the humour of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* muſic, and plant the *Italian* in its ſtead, but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the *Italian*. By this means the *French* muſic is now perfect in its kind; and when you ſay it is not ſo good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not pleaſe you ſo well; for there is ſcarce a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* ſuch a preference. The muſic of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of ſuch a gay airy people. The chorus, in which that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent opportunities of joining in concert with the ſtage. This inclination of the audience to ſing along with the actors, ſo prevails with them, that I have ſometimes known the performer on the ſtage do no more in a celebrated ſong than the clerk of a pariſh-church, who ſerves only to raiſe the pſalm, and is afterwards drowned in the muſic of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the ſtage is a beau. The Queens and Heroines are ſo painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-cheeked as milk maids. The ſhepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themſelves in a ball better than our *Engliſh* dancing-maſters. I have ſeen a couple of rivers appear in red ſtockings; and *Alpheus*, inſtead of having his head covered with ſedge and bulruſhes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig, and a plume of feathers; but with a voice ſo full of ſhakes

and quavers, that I ſhould have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable muſic.

I remember the laſt opera I ſaw in that merry nation was the rape of *Proſerpine*, where *Pluto*, to make the more tempting figure, puts himſelf in a *French* equipage, and brings *Aſcalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I ſhall add no more to what I have here offered, than that muſic, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry, and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general ſenſe and taſte of mankind, and not from the principles of thoſe arts themſelves; or, in other words, the taſte is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taſte. Muſic is not deſigned to pleaſe only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of diſtinguiſhing harſh from diſagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a paſſion is expreſſed in proper ſounds, and whether the melody of thoſe ſounds be more or leſs pleaſing. C

No. 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4.

Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine amore jociſque
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.
HOR. Ep. vi. l. 1. ver. 65.

If nothing, as *Mimnermus* ſtrives to prove,
Can e'er be pleaſant without wanton love,
Then live in wanton love, thy ſports purſue.
CREECH.

ONE common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other

other particular. The paſſion of love is the moſt general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my laſt advices from *Oxford*, that there are a ſet of ſighers in that univerſity, who have erected themſelves into a ſociety in honour of that tender paſſion. Theſe gentlemen are of that ſort of Inamoratos, who are not ſo very much loſt to common ſenſe, but that they underſtand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reaſon ſeparate themſelves from all other company, becauſe they will enjoy the pleaſure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his diſcourſe; but at once, as he is ſeating himſelf in his chair, ſpeaks in the thread of his thoughts, 'She 'gave me a very obliging glance; ſhe never looked 'ſo well in her life as this evening;' or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the ſociety; for in this aſſembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himſelf. Inſtead of ſnuff-boxes and canes, which are uſual helps to diſcourſe with other young fellows, theſe have each ſome piece of ribbon, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair perſon remembered by each reſpective token. According to the repreſentation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like ſo many players rehearſing behind the ſcenes; one is ſighing and lamenting his deſtiny in the moſt beſeeching terms, another declaring he will break his chain, and another in dumb ſhow ſtriving to expreſs his paſſion by his geſture. It is very ordinary in the aſſembly, for one of a ſudden to riſe and make a diſcourſe concerning his paſſion in general, and deſcribe the temper of his mind in ſuch a manner, as that the whole company ſhall join in the deſcription, and feel the force of it. In this caſe, if any man has declared the violence of his

his flame in more pathetic terms, he is made preſident for that night, out of reſpect to his ſuperior paſſion.

We had ſome years ago in this town a ſet of people who met and dreſſed like lovers, and were diſtinguiſhed by the name of the *fringe-glove club*: but they were perſons of ſuch moderate intellects, even before they were impaired by their paſſion, that their irregularities could not furniſh ſufficient variety of folly to afford daily new impertinencies; by which means that inſtitution dropped. Theſe fellows could expreſs their paſſion in nothing but their dreſs; but *Oxonians* are fantaſtical now they are lovers, in proportion to their learning and underſtanding before they became ſuch. The thoughts of the ancient poets on this agreeable phrenzy, are tranſlated in honour of ſome modern beauty; and *Chloris* is won to-day by the ſame compliment that was made to *Leſbia* a thouſand years ago. But, as far as I can learn, the patron of the club is the renowned *Don Quixote*. The adventures of that gentle Knight are frequently mentioned in the ſociety, under the colour of laughing at the paſſion and themſelves: but at the ſame time, though they are ſenſible of the extravagancies of that unhappy warrior, they do not obſerve, that to turn all the reading of the beſt and wiſeſt writings into rhapſodies of love, is a phrenzy no leſs diverting than that of the aforeſaid accompliſhed *Spaniard*. A gentleman, who, I hope, will continue his correſpondence, is lately admitted into the fraternity, and ſent me the following letter:

'SIR,

'Since I find you take notice of clubs, I beg 'leave to give you an account of one in *Oxford*, 'which you have no where mentioned, and per'haps never heard of. We diſtinguiſh ourſelves 'by the title of *The Amorous Club*, are all votaries

'of

'of *Cupid*, and admirers of the fair ſex. The reaſon 'that we are ſo little known in the world, is the ſe-'crecy which we are obliged to live under in the 'univerſity. Our conſtitution runs counter to that 'of the place wherein we live: for in love there are 'no doctors, and we all profeſs ſo high paſſion, that 'we admit of no graduates in it. Our preſidentſhip 'is beſtowed according to the dignity of paſſion; our 'number is unlimited; and our ſtatutes are like thoſe 'of the *Druids*, recorded in our own breaſts only, 'and explained by the majority of the company. A 'miſtreſs, and a poem in her praiſe, will introduce 'any candidate: without the latter no one can be 'admitted; for he that is not in love enough to 'rhyme, is unqualified for our ſociety. To ſpeak 'diſreſpectfully of any woman is expulſion from our 'gentle ſociety. As we are at preſent all of us gown-'men, inſtead of duelling when we are rivals, we 'drink together the health of our miſtreſs. The 'manner of doing this ſometimes indeed creates de-'bates; on ſuch occaſions we have recourſe to the 'rules of love among the ancients,

Nævia ſex cyathis, ſeptem Juſtina bibatur.
MART. Epig. lxxii. l. 1.
Six cups to *Nævia*, to *Juſtina* ſeven.

'This method of a glaſs to every letter of her name, 'occaſioned the other night a diſpute of ſome warmth. 'A young ſtudent, who is in love with Mrs. *Eliſa-'beth Dimple*, was ſo unreaſonable as to begin her 'health under the name of *Eliſabetha*; which ſo ex-'aſperated the club, that by common conſent we 'retrenched it to *Betty*. We look upon a man as 'no company, that does not ſigh five times in a 'quarter of an hour; and look upon a member as 'very abſurd, that is ſo much himſelf as to make 'a direct anſwer to a queſtion. In fine, the whole 'aſſembly is made up of abſent men, that is, of 'ſuch perſons as have loſt their locality, and whoſe

'minds

'minds and bodies never keep company with one 'another. As I am an unfortunate member of this 'diſtracted ſociety, you cannot expect a very regu-'lar account of it; for which reaſon, I hope you will 'pardon me that I ſo abruptly ſubſcribe myſelf,

'SIR,

'Your moſt obedient,

'humble ſervant,

'T. B.'

'I forgot to tell you, that *Albina*, who has ſix 'votaries in this club, is one of your readers.'

No. 31. THURSDAY, APRIL 5.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui——

VIRG. Æn. vi. ver. 266.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

LAST night, upon my going into a coffeehouſe not far from the *Hay-market* theatre, I diverted myſelf for above half an hour with overhearing the diſcourſe of one, who, by the ſhabbineſs of his dreſs, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his ſpeech, I diſcovered to be of that ſpecies who are generally diſtinguiſhed by the title of Projectors. This gentleman (for I found he was treated as ſuch by his audience) was entertaining a whole table of liſteners with the project of an opera, which he told us had not coſt him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He ſaid, that he had obſerved the great trouble and inconvenience which ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the ſeveral ſhows that are exhibited

exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing monkies are in one place; the puppet-ſhow in another; the opera in a third; not to mention the lions, that are almoſt a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By this means people of figure are forced to loſe half the winter after their coming to town, before they have ſeen all the ſtrange ſights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our projector drew out of his pocket the ſcheme of an opera, entitled, *The Expedition of* Alexander *the Great*; in which he had diſpoſed all the remarkable ſhows about town among the ſcenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confeſſed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from ſeveral performances which he had ſeen upon our ſtage: in one of which there was a rareeſhow; in another a ladder-dance; and in others a poſture-man, a moving picture, with many curioſities of the like nature.

This *Expedition of* Alexander opens with his conſulting the oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb conjurer, who has been viſited by ſo many perſons of quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling him his fortune: at the ſame time, *Clinch* of *Barnet* is repreſented in another corner of the temple, as ringing the bells of *Delphos* for joy of his arrival. The tent of *Darius* is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. *Salmon*, where *Alexander* is to fall in love with a piece of wax-work, that repreſents the beautiful *Statira*. When *Alexander* comes into that country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the dogs were ſo exceeding fierce that they would not loſe their hold though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a ſcene of *Hockley in the Hole*, in which is to be repreſented all the diverſions of that place, the bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot poſſibly be exhibited in the theatre, by reaſon of the

the lowneſs of the roof. The ſeveral woods in *Aſia*, which *Alexander* muſt be ſuppoſed to paſs through, will give the audience a ſight of monkies dancing upon ropes, with many other pleaſantries of that ludicrous ſpecies. At the ſame time, if there chance to be any ſtrange animals in town, whether birds or beaſts, they may be either let looſe among the woods, or driven acroſs the ſtage by ſome of the country people of *Aſia*. In the laſt great battle, *Pinkethman* is to perſonate King *Porus* upon an *elephant*, and is to be encountered by *Powell*, repreſenting *Alexander the Great* upon a dromedary, which nevertheleſs Mr. *Powell* is deſired to call by the name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the cloſe of this great deciſive battle, when the two kings are thoroughly reconciled, to ſhew the mutual friendſhip and good correſpondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a puppet-ſhow, in which the ingenious Mr. *Powell junior*, may have an opportunity of diſplaying his whole art of machinery, for the diverſion of the two monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a puppet-ſhow was not a ſuitable entertainment for *Alexander the Great*; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we ſuppoſe the conqueror touched upon that part of *India* which is ſaid to be inhabited by the Pygmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the propoſal immediately over-ruled. Our projector further added, that after the reconciliation of theſe two kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his gueſt with the German artiſt Mr. *Pinkentham*'s heathen gods, or any of the like diverſions, which ſhall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applauſe by the whole table. Upon which the undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his deſign; for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his intention that the whole opera

ſhould be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was ſure would wonderfully pleaſe the ladies, eſpecially when it was a little raiſed and rounded by the *Ionic* dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, becauſe there are fewer of them who underſtand *Greek* than *Italian*. The only difficulty that remained, was how to get performers, unleſs we could perſuade ſome gentlemen of the univerſities to learn to ſing, in order to qualify themſelves for the ſtage; but this objection ſoon vaniſhed, when the projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at preſent the only muſicians in the *Turkiſh* empire, and that it would be very eaſy for our factory at *Smyrna* to furniſh us every year with a colony of muſicians, by the opportunity of the *Turky* fleet; beſides, ſays he, if we want any ſingle voice for any lower part in the opera, *Lawrence* can learn to ſpeak *Greek*, as well as he does *Italian*, in a fortnight's time.

The projector having thus ſettled matters, to the good-liking of all that heard him, he left his ſeat at the table and planted himſelf before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my ſtand for the convenience of overhearing what he ſaid. Whether he had obſerved me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not ſtood by me above a quarter of a minute, when he turned ſhort upon me on a ſudden, and, catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner: Beſides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for muſic that lives in *Switzerland*, who has ſo ſtrong a ſpring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ ſound like a drum, and if I could but procure a ſubſcription of about ten thouſand pound every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to ſet every thing that ſhould be ſung upon the *Engliſh* ſtage. After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an anſwer; when, by

good luck, a gentleman that had entered the coffeehouſe ſince the projector applied himſelf to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiſs* compoſitions, cried out with a kind of laugh, 'Is our muſic then to 'receive farther improvements from *Switzerland!*' This alarmed the projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to anſwer him. I took the opportunity of the diverſion which ſeemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar, retired with ſome precipitation. ✝ C

No. 32. FRIDAY, APRIL 6.

Nil illi larvâ aut tragicis opus eſſe cothurnis.
HOR. Sat. v. l. 1. ver. 64.

He wants no tragic vizor to increaſe
His natural deformity of face.

THE late diſcourſe concerning the ſtatutes of the *Ugly Club*, having been ſo well received at *Oxford*, that, contrary to the ſtrict rules of the ſociety, they have been ſo partial as to take my own teſtimonial, and admit me into that ſelect body; I could not reſtrain the vanity of publiſhing to the world the honour which is done me. It is no ſmall ſatisfaction, that I have given occaſion for the preſident's ſhewing both his invention and reading to ſuch advantage as my correſpondent reports he did: But it is not to be doubted there were many very proper hums and pauſes in his harangue, which loſe their uglineſs in the narration, and which my correſpondent (begging his pardon) has no very good talent at repreſenting. I very much approve of the contempt the ſociety has of beauty: nothing ought to be laudable in a man, in which his will is not concerned; therefore our ſociety cannot follow nature,

nature, and where ſhe has thought fit, as it were, to mock herſelf, we can do ſo too, and be merry upon that occaſion.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your making public the late trouble I gave 'you, you will find to have been the occaſion 'of this: who ſhould I meet at the coffeehouſe 'door the other night, but my old friend Mr. Pre-'ſident: I ſaw ſomewhat had pleaſed him; and as 'ſoon as he had caſt his eye upon me, 'Oho, "Doctor, rare news from *London*, (ſays he); the "SPECTATOR has made honourable mention of "the club (man), and publiſhed to the world his "ſincere deſire to be a member, with a recommen-"datory deſcription of his phiz: and though our "conſtitution has made no particular proviſion for "ſhort faces, yet, his being an extraordinary caſe, "I believe we ſhall find an hole for him to creep "in at; for I aſſure you he is not againſt the ca-"non; and if his ſides are as compact as his joles, "he need not diſguiſe himſelf to make one of us.' 'I preſently called for the paper, to ſee how you 'looked in print; and after we had regaled our-'ſelves a while upon the pleaſant image of our pro-'ſelyte, Mr. Preſident told me I ſhould be his 'ſtranger at the next night's club: where we were 'no ſooner come, and pipes brought, but Mr. Pre-'ſident began an harangue upon your introduction 'to my epiſtle, ſetting forth with no leſs volubility 'of ſpeech than ſtrength of reaſon, 'That a ſpe-"culation of this nature was what had been long "and much wanted; and that he doubted not but "it would be of ineſtimable value to the public, "in reconciling even of bodies and ſouls; in com-"poſing and quieting the minds of men under all "corporal redundancies, deficiencies, and irregula-"rities whatſoever; and making every one ſit down "content in his own carcaſe, though it were not

" perhaps ſo mathematically put together as he " could wiſh.' And again, ' How that for want " of a due conſideration of what you firſt advance, " *viz.* That our faces are not of our own chuſing, " people had been tranſported beyond all good- " breeding, and hurried themſelves into unaccount- " able and fatal extravagancies: as, how many " impartial looking-glaſſes had been cenſured and " calumniated, nay, and ſometimes ſhivered into " ten thouſand ſplinters, only for a fair repreſenta- " tion of the truth? How many head-ſtrings and " garters had been made acceſſory, and actually for- " feited, only becauſe folks muſt needs quarrel with " their own ſhadows? And who,' continues he, ' but " is deeply ſenſible, that one great ſource of the un- " eaſineſs and miſery of human life, eſpecially a- " mongſt thoſe of diſtinction, ariſes from nothing in " the world elſe, but too ſevere a contemplation of " an indefeaſible contexture of our external parts, or " certain natural and invincible diſpoſitions to be fat " or lean? When a little more of Mr. SPECTA- " TOR's philoſophy would take off all this: and, in " the mean time, let them obſerve, that there is not " one of their grievances of this ſort, but perhaps, in " ſome ages of the world, has been highly in vogue; " and may be ſo again; nay, in ſome country or other, " ten to one, is ſo at this day. My Lady *Ample* is " the moſt miſerable woman in the world, purely of " her own making: ſhe even grudges herſelf meat " and drink, for fear ſhe ſhould thrive by them; and " is conſtantly crying out, In a quarter of a year " more I ſhall be quite out of all manner of ſhape! " Now the Lady's misfortune ſeems to be only this, " that ſhe is planted in a wrong ſoil; for, go but " to the other ſide of the water, it is a jeſt at *Har-* " *lem* to talk of a ſhape under eighteen ſtone. " Theſe wiſe traders regulate their beauties as they " do their butter, by the pound; and Miſs *Croſs*, " when ſhe firſt arrived in the *Low-countries*, was

" not

" not computed to be ſo handſome as Madam *Van*
" *Briſket* by near half a tun. On the other hand,
" there is Squire *Lath*, a proper gentleman of ſif-
" teen hundred pounds *per annum*, as well as of an
" unblameable life and converſation; yet would I
" not be the Eſquire for half his eſtate; for if it
" was as much more he would freely part with it
" all for a pair of legs to his mind: whereas in
" the reign of our firſt King *Edward* of glorious
" memory, nothing more modiſh than a brace of
" your fine taper ſupporters; and his Majeſty,
" without an inch of calf, managed affairs in
" peace and war as laudably as the braveſt and moſt
" politic of his anceſtors; and was as terrible to
" his neighbours under the royal name of *Long-*
" *ſhanks*, as *Cœur de Lion* to the *Saracens* before
" him. If we look farther back into hiſtory, we
" ſhall find that *Alexander the Great* wore his head
" a little over the left ſhoulder; and then not a
" ſoul ſtirred out until he had adjuſted his neck-
" bone; the whole nobility addreſſed the prince
" and each other obliquely, and all matters of im-
" portance were concerted and carried on in the
" *Macedonian* court with their polls on one ſide.
" For about the firſt century nothing made more
" noiſe in the world than *Roman* noſes, and then
" not a word of them until they revived again in
" eighty-eight. Nor is it ſo very long ſince *Richard*
" the Third ſet up half the backs of the nation;
" and high ſhoulders, as well as high noſes, were
" the top of the faſhion. But, to come to our-
" ſelves, gentlemen, though I find by my quin-
" quennial obſervations, that we ſhall never get
" ladies enough to make a party in our own coun-
" try, yet might we meet with better ſucceſs among
" ſome of our allies. And what think you if our
" board ſat for a *Dutch* piece? Truly I am of opi-
" nion, that, as odd as we appear in fleſh and blood,
" we ſhould be no ſuch ſtrange things in Metzo-

" tinto. But this project may reſt until our num-
" ber is complete; and this being our election night,
" give me leave to propoſe Mr. SPECTATOR. You
" ſee his inclinations, and perhaps we may not have
" his fellow.'

' I found moſt of them (as is uſual in all ſuch ca-
' ſes) were prepared; but one of the ſeniors (whom
' by the by Mr. Preſident had taken all this pains to
' bring over) ſat ſtill, and cocking his chin, which
' ſeemed only to be levelled at his noſe, very grave-
' ly declared, ' That, in caſe he had had ſufficient
" knowledge of you, no man ſhould have been
" more willing to have ſerved you; but that he, for
" his part, had always had regard to his own con-
" ſcience, as well as other people's merit; and he
" did not know but that you might be a handſome
" fellow; for, as for your own certificate, it was
" every body's buſineſs to ſpeak for themſelves.'
' Mr. Preſident immediately retorted, ' A hand-
" ſome fellow! why he is a wit, Sir, and you know
" the proverb;' and, to eaſe the old gentleman of
' his ſcruples, cried, ' That for matter of merit it
" was all one, you might wear a maſk.' This threw
' him into a pauſe, and he looked deſirous of three
' days to conſider on it; but Mr. Preſident improved
' the thought, and followed him up with an old
' ſtory, ' That wits were privileged to wear what
" maſks they pleaſed in all ages; and that a vi-
" zard had been the conſtant crown of their la-
" bours, which was generally preſented them by
" the hand of ſome ſatyr, and ſometimes of *Apollo*
" himſelf:' for the truth of which he appealed to
' the frontiſpiece of ſeveral books, and particularly
' to the *Engliſh Juvenal*, to which he referred him;
' and only added, ' That ſuch authors were the
" *Larvati*, or *Larvâ donati* of the ancients.' This
' cleared up all, and in the concluſion you were
' choſe probationer; and Mr Preſident put round
' your health as ſuch, proteſting, ' That, though

" indeed

« indeed he talked of a vizard, he did not believe « all the while you had any more occaſion for it « than the cat-a-mountain;' ſo that all you have ' now to do is to pay your fees, which here are very ' reaſonable, if you are not impoſed upon; and you ' may ſtyle yourſelf *Informis Societatis Socius:* which ' I am deſired to acquaint you with; and upon the ' ſame I beg you to accept of the congratulation of,

Oxford, ' SIR,
March 21. ' Your obliged humble ſervant,
R ' A. C.'

No. 33. SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

Fervidus tecum puer, & ſolutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque nymphæ,
Et parùm comis ſine te juventas,
Mercuriuſque. HOR. Od. xxx. l. 1. ver. 5.

The graces, with their zones unloos'd;
The nymphs, their beauties all expos'd;
From ev'ry ſpring, and ev'ry plain:
Thy pow'rful, hot, and winged boy;
And youth, that's dull without thy joy;
And *Mercury*, compoſe thy train. CREECH.

A Friend of mine has two daughters, whom I will call *Lætitia* and *Daphne:* the former is one of the greateſt beauties of the age in which ſhe lives; the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her perſon. Upon this one circumſtance of their outward form, the good and ill of their life ſeems to turn. *Lætitia* has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing elſe but commendations of her features

tures and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while *Lætitia* was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and *Lætitia* is as insipid a companion as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia*, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; *Daphne*, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. *Lætitia* has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. *Daphne* has a countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw *Lætitia* this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of *Lætitia*; while *Daphne* used him with the good-humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister: insomuch that he would often say to her, *Dear* Daphne, *wert thou but as handsome as* Lætitia!—She received such language with that ingenious and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for *Lætitia*, but found

found certain relief in the agreeable converſation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charmed with repeated inſtances of good-humour he had obſerved in *Daphne*, he one day told the latter, that he had ſomething to ſay to her he hoped ſhe would be pleaſed with—*Faith, Daphne*, continued he, *I am in love with thee, and deſpiſe thy ſiſter ſincerely*. The manner of his declaring himſelf gave his miſtreſs occaſion for a very hearty laughter.——*Nay*, ſays he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I will aſk your father*. He did ſo; the father received his intelligence with no leſs joy than ſurpriſe, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to market at his leiſure. I do not know any thing that has pleaſed me ſo much a great while, as this conqueſt of my friend *Daphne*'s. All her acquaintance congratulated her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her ſiſter. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worſe of ourſelves for the imperfections of our perſons, it is equally below us to value ourſelves upon the advantages of them. The female world ſeem to be almoſt incorrigibly gone aſtray in this particular; for which reaſon, I ſhall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter to the profeſſed beauties, who are a people almoſt as unſufferable as the profeſſed wits.

'Monſieur St. *Evremont* has concluded one of 'his eſſays with affirming; that the laſt ſighs of a 'handſome woman are not ſo much for the loſs of 'her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is 'purſued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvi-'ous remark, that woman's ſtrongeſt paſſion is for 'her own beauty, and that ſhe values it as her fa-'vourite diſtinction. From hence it is, that all 'arts, which pretend to improve it or preſerve it,

'meet

'meet with ſo general a reception among the ſex. 'To ſay nothing of many falſe helps and contraband 'wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this 'great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman, 'of a good family, in any county of *South-Britain*, 'who has not heard of the virtues of *May* dew, or 'is unfurniſhed with ſome receipt or other in fa-'vour of her complexion; and I have known a phy-'ſician of learning and ſenſe, after eight years ſtudy 'in the univerſity, and a courſe of travels into moſt 'countries in *Europe*, owe the firſt raiſing of his 'fortunes to a coſmetic waſh.

'This has given me occaſion to conſider how ſo 'univerſal a diſpoſition in womankind, which ſprings 'from a laudable motive, the deſire of pleaſing, and 'proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether ground-'leſs, that nature may be helped by art, may be 'turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it 'would be an acceptable ſervice to take them out of 'the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to pre-'vent their impoſing upon themſelves, by diſcover-'ing to them the true ſecret and art of improving 'beauty.

'In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, 'it will be neceſſary to lay down a few preliminary 'maxims, *viz.*

'That no woman can be handſome by the force 'of features alone, any more than ſhe can be witty 'only by the help of ſpeech.

'That pride deſtroys all ſymmetry and grace, and 'affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces 'than the ſmall-pox.

'That no woman is capable of being beautiful, 'who is not incapable of being falſe.

'And, That what would be odious in a friend, 'is deformity in a miſtreſs.

'From theſe few principles thus laid down, it will 'be eaſy to prove, that the true art of aſſiſting 'beauty, conſiſts in embelliſhing the whole perſon

'by

'by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commend-
'able qualities. By this help alone it is, that thoſe
'who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr.
'*Dryden* expreſſes it, the porcelain clay of human
'kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of
'exerting their charms: and thoſe who ſeem to have
'been neglected by her, like models wrought in
'haſte, are capable in a great meaſure of finiſhing
'what ſhe has left imperfect.

'It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of
'that ſex, which was created to refine the joys, and
'ſoften the cares of humanity, by the moſt agreea-
'ble participation, to conſider them merely as ob-
'jects of ſight. This is abridging them of their
'natural extent of power, to put them upon a level
'with their pictures at *Kneller*'s. How much nobler
'is the contemplation of beauty heightened by vir-
'tue, and commanding our eſteem and love, while
'it draws our obſervation? How faint and ſpiritleſs
'are the charms of a coquette, when compared with
'the real lovelineſs of *Sophronia*'s innocence, piety,
'good-humour, and truth: virtues which add a new
'ſoftneſs to her ſex, and even beautify her beauty!
'That agreeableneſs which muſt otherwiſe have ap-
'peared no longer in the modeſt virgin, is now pre-
'ſerved in the tender mother, the prudent friend,
'and the faithful wife. Colours artfully ſpread up-
'on canvaſs may entertain the eye, but not affect
'the heart; and ſhe who takes no care to add to the
'natural graces of her perſon any excelling quali-
'ties, may be allowed ſtill to amuſe, as a picture,
'but not to triumph as a beauty.

'When *Adam* is introduced by *Milton*, deſcrib-
'ing *Eve* in Paradiſe, and relating to the angel the
'impreſſions he felt upon ſeeing her at her firſt
'creation, he does not repreſent her like a *Græcian*
'*Venus*, by her ſhape or features, but by the luſtre
'of her mind which ſhone in them, and gave them
'their power of charming.

Grace

Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her geſtures dignity and love! +

'Without this irradiating power the proudeſt Fair 'One ought to know, whatever her glaſs may tell 'her to the contrary, that her moſt perfect features 'are uninformed and dead. +

'I cannot better cloſe this moral, than by a ſhort 'epitaph written by *Ben Johnſon*, with a ſpirit which 'nothing could inſpire but ſuch an object as I have 'been deſcribing: +

Underneath this ſtone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

R 'R. B.'

No. 34. MONDAY, APRIL 9.

——parcit
Cognatis maculis ſimilis fera——

JUV. Sat. 15. l. 159.

From ſpotted ſkins the leopard does refrain.

TATE.

THE club of which I am a member is very luckily compoſed of ſuch perſons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the moſt conſpicuous claſſes of mankind: by this means I am furniſhed with the greateſt variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that paſſes in the different quarters and diviſions, not

only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers too have the ſatisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their repreſentative in this club, and that there is always ſomebody preſent who will take care of their reſpective intereſts, that nothing may be written or publiſhed to the prejudice or infringement of their juſt rights and privileges.

I laſt night ſat very late in company with this ſelect body of friends, who entertained me with ſeveral remarks which they and others had made upon theſe my ſpeculations, as alſo with the various ſucceſs which they had met with among their ſeveral ranks and degrees of readers. WILL HONEYCOMB told me in the ſofteſt manner he could, that there were ſome Ladies (but for your comfort, ſays WILL, they are not thoſe of the moſt wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera, and the puppet-ſhow; that ſome of them were likewiſe very much ſurpriſed, that I ſhould think ſuch ſerious points as the dreſs and equipage of perſons of quality, proper ſubjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir ANDREW FREEPORT took him up ſhort, and told him, that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added, that the whole city thought themſelves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to ſcourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condeſcending to be a publiſher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. In ſhort, ſays Sir ANDREW, if you avoid that fooliſh beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper muſt needs be of general uſe.

Upon this my friend the TEMPLAR told Sir ANDREW, that he wondered to hear a man of his ſenſe talk after that manner; that the city had al-

ways been the province for ſatire; and that the wits of King *Charles*'s time jeſted upon nothing elſe during his whole reign. He then ſhewed by the examples of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Boileau*, and the beſt writers of every age, that the follies of the ſtage and court had never been accounted too ſacred for ridicule, how great ſoever the perſons might be that patronized them. But after all, ſays he, I think your raillery has made too great an excurſion, in attacking ſeveral perſons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can ſhew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.

My good friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, who had ſaid nothing all this while, began his ſpeech with a piſh! and told us, that he wondered to ſee ſo many men of ſenſe ſo very ſerious upon fooleries. Let our good friend, ſays he, attack every one that deſerves it: I would only adviſe you, Mr. SPECTATOR, applying himſelf to me, to take care how you meddle with country ſquires. They are the ornaments of the *Engliſh* nation; men of good heads and ſound bodies! and let me tell you, ſome of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox-hunters with ſo little reſpect.

Captain SENTRY ſpoke very ſparingly on this occaſion. What he ſaid was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and adviſed me to continue to act diſcreetly in that point.

By this time I found every ſubject of my ſpeculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think myſelf in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a diſlike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, until by their picking out what each of them had an averſion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus muſing with myſelf, my worthy friend the CLERGYMAN, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cauſe.

He

He told us, that he wondered any order of perſons ſhould think themſelves too conſiderable to be adviſed: that it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof: that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and eſpecially when they were placed in high and conſpicuous ſtations of life. He further added, that my paper would only ſerve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly expoſed thoſe who are already depreſſed, and in ſome meaſure turned into ridicule, by the meanneſs of their conditions and circumſtances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great uſe this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending thoſe vices which are too trivial for the chaſtiſement of the law, and too fantaſtical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then adviſed me to proſecute my undertaking with cheerfulneſs, and aſſured me, that whoever might be diſpleaſed with me, I ſhould be approved by all thoſe whoſe praiſes do honour to the perſons on whom they are beſtowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the diſcourſe of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he ſays, as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himſelf, as by the ſtrength of argument and force of reaſon which he makes uſe of. WILL HONEYCOMB immediately agreed, that what he had ſaid was right; and that for his part, he would not inſiſt upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the city with the ſame frankneſs. The TEMPLAR would not ſtand out, and was followed by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN: who all agreed that I ſhould be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleaſed, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to aſſault the vice without hurting the perſon.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the *Roman*

triumverate were formerly engaged in, for their deſtruction. Every man at firſt ſtood hard for his friend, until they found that by this means they ſhould ſpoil their proſcription: and at length, making a ſacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furniſhed out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my reſolutions to march on boldly in the cauſe of virtue and good ſenſe, and to annoy their adverſaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found; I ſhall be deaf for the future to all the remonſtrances that ſhall be made to me on this account. If *Punch* grows extravagant, I ſhall reprimand him very freely: if the ſtage becomes a nurſery of folly and impertinence, I ſhall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In ſhort, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that ſhocks modeſty or good manners, I ſhall uſe my utmoſt endeavours to make an example of it. I muſt, however, intreat every particular perſon, who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himſelf, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is ſaid: for I promiſe him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at leaſt a thouſand people; or to publiſh a ſingle paper, that is not written in the ſpirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.'

No. 35. TUESDAY, APRIL 10.

'*Riſu inepto res ineptior nulla eſt.* MART.

Nothing ſo fooliſh as the laugh of fools.

AMONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miſcarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monſters, an head that is

is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furniſhing the world with diverſions of this nature; and yet, if we look into the productions of ſeveral writers, who ſet up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural diſtortions of thought, do we meet with! If they ſpeak nonſenſe, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a ſcheme of abſurd inconſiſtent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themſelves without laughing. Theſe poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themſelves the reputation of wits and humouriſts, by ſuch monſtrous conceits as almoſt qualify them for *Bedlam*; not conſidering that humour ſhould always lie under the check of reaſon, and that it requires the direction of the niceſt judgment, by ſo much the more as it indulges itſelf in the moſt boundleſs freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be obſerved in this ſort of compoſitions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which muſt diſcover the writer to be a man of ſenſe, at the ſame time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unſkilful author, I cannot be ſo barbarous as to divert myſelf with it, but am rather apt to pity the man than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceaſed Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himſelf a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, repreſents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much ſurpriſed to hear one ſay that breaking of windows was not humour; and I queſtion not but ſeveral *Engliſh* readers will be as much ſtartled to hear me affirm, that many of thoſe raving incoherent pieces, which are often ſpread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offſprings of a diſtempered brain, than works of humour.

It is indeed much eaſier to deſcribe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define

it otherwiſe than as *Cowley* has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato*'s manner, in a kind of allegory, and by ſuppoſing humour to be a perſon, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. TRUTH was the founder of the family, and the father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the father of WIT, who married a Lady of collateral line called MIRTH, by whom he had iſſue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngeſt of this illuſtrious family, and deſcended from parents of ſuch different diſpoſitions, is very various and unequal in his temper: ſometimes you ſee him putting on grave looks and a ſolemn habit, ſometimes airy in his behaviour and fantaſtic in his dreſs; inſomuch that at different times he appears as ſerious as a judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his conſtitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But ſince there is an impoſtor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly paſs for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning perſons may not be impoſed upon by cheats, I would deſire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him ſtrictly, whether or not he be remotely allied to TRUTH, and lineally deſcended from GOOD SENSE; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewiſe diſtinguiſh him by a loud and exceſſive laughter, in which he ſeldom gets his company to join with him. For as TRUE HUMOUR generally looks ſerious, while every body laughs about him; FALSE HUMOUR is always laughing, whilſt every body about him looks ſerious. I ſhall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would paſs for the offſpring of WIT without

MIRTH,

MIRTH, or MIRTH without WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether ſpurious and a cheat.

The impoſtor of whom I am ſpeaking, deſcends originally from FALSEHOOD, who was the mother of NONSENSE, who was brought to bed of a ſon called FRENZY, who married one of the daughters of FOLLY, commonly known by the name of LAUGHTER, on whom he begot that monſtrous infant of which I have been here ſpeaking. I ſhall ſet down at length the genealogical table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the ſame time, place under it the genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, that the Reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

FALSEHOOD,
NONSENSE,
FRENZY,——LAUGHTER,
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH,
GOOD SENSE,
WIT,——MIRTH,
HUMOUR.

I might extend the allegory by mentioning ſeveral of the children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in number than the ſands of the ſea, and might in particular enumerate the many ſons and daughters which he has begot in this iſland. But as this would be a very invidious taſk, I ſhall only obſerve in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a monkey does from a man.

Firſt of all, He is exceedingly given to little apiſh tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He ſo much delights in mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he expoſes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wiſdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, inſomuch that

that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently: for, having but ſmall talents, he muſt be merry where he *can*, not where he *ſhould*.

Fourthly, Being entirely void of reaſon, he purſues no point either of morality or inſtruction, but is ludicrous only for the ſake of being ſo.

Fifthly, Being incapable of having any thing but mock-repreſentations, his ridicule is always perſonal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole ſpecies of falſe humouriſts; but as one of my principal deſigns in this paper is to beat down that malignant ſpirit, which diſcovers itſelf in the writings of the preſent age, I ſhall not ſcruple, for the future, to ſingle out any of the ſmall wits, that infeſt the world with ſuch compoſitions as are ill-natured, immoral, and abſurd. This is the only exception which I ſhall make to the general rule I have preſcribed myſelf, of *attacking multitudes*; ſince every honeſt man ought to look upon himſelf as in a natural ſtate of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them where-ever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others. C

No. 36. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11.

——*Immania monſtra*
Perferimus—— VIRG. Æn. iii. ver. 583.

Things the moſt out of nature we endure.

I SHALL not put myſelf to any farther pains for this day's entertainment, than barely to publiſh the letters and titles of petitions from the playhouſe, with

with the minutes I have made upon the latter for my conduct in relation to them.

Drury-Lane, April 9.

'Upon reading the project which is ſet forth in 'one of your late papers, of making an alliance 'between all the bulls, bears, elephants, and lions, 'which are ſeparately expoſed to public view in the 'cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; together with 'the other wonders, ſhows, and monſters, whereof 'you made reſpective mention in the ſaid ſpecula-'tion; we, the chief actors of this playhouſe, met 'and ſat upon the ſaid deſign. It is with great de-'light that we expect the execution of this work; 'and, in order to contribute to it, we have given 'warning to all our ghoſts to get their livelihoods 'where they can, and not to appear among us after 'day-break of the 16th inſtant. We are reſolved to 'take this opportunity to part with every thing 'which does not contribute to the repreſentation of 'human life; and ſhall make a free gift of all ani-'mated utenſils to your projector. The hangings 'you formerly mentioned are run away; as are like-'wiſe a ſet of chairs, each of which was met upon 'two legs going through the *Roſe*-tavern at two this 'morning. We hope, Sir, you will give proper 'notice to the town that we are endeavouring at 'theſe regulations; and that we intend for the fu-'ture to ſhow no monſters, but men who are con-'verted into ſuch by their own induſtry and affecta-'tion. If you will pleaſe to be at the houſe to-night, 'you will ſee me do my endeavour to ſhew ſome 'unnatural appearances which are in vogue among 'the polite and well-bred. I am to repreſent, in 'the character of a fine lady dancing, all the diſtor-'tions, which are frequently taken for graces in 'mien and geſture. This, Sir, is a ſpecimen of the 'method we ſhall take to expoſe the monſters 'which come within the notice of a regular theatre;

'and

'and we desire nothing more gross may be admitted 'by you spectators for the future. We have ca-'shiered three companies of theatrical guards, and 'design our kings shall for the future make love, 'and sit in council, without an army; and wait on-'ly your direction, whether you will have them re-'inforce King *Porus*, or join the troops of *Mace-'don*. Mr. *Pinkethman* resolves to consult his *Pan-'theon* of heathen gods in opposition to the oracle 'of *Delphos*, and doubts not but he shall turn the 'fortunes of *Porus*, when he personates him. I am 'desired by the company to inform you, that they 'submit it to your censures; and shall have you in 'greater veneration than *Hercules* was in of old, if 'you can drive monsters from the theatre; and think 'your merit will be as much greater than his, as to 'convince is more than to conquer.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most obedient servant,

'T. D.'

'SIR,

'When I acquaint you with the great and un-'expected vicissitudes of my fortune, I doubt not 'but I shall obtain your pity and favour. I have for 'many years last past been thunderer to the play-'house; and have not only made as much noise 'out of the clouds as any predecessor of mine in 'the theatre that ever bore that character, but al-'so have descended and spoke on the stage as the 'bold Thunderer in *The Rehearsal*. When they 'got me down thus low, they thought fit to de-'grade me further, and make me a ghost. I was 'contented with this for these two last winters; but 'they carry their tyranny still further, and, not sa-'tisfied that I am banished from above ground, 'they have given me to understand that I am whol-'ly to depart their dominions, and taken from me

'even

'even my ſubterraneous employment. Now, Sir, 'what I deſire of you is, that if your undertaker 'thinks fit to uſe fire-arms (as other authors have 'done) in the time of *Alexander*, I may be a cannon 'againſt *Porus*, or elſe provide for me in the burn-'ing of *Perſepolis*, or what other method you ſhall 'think fit. *Salmoneus* of *Covent-garden*.'

The petition of all the devils of the playhouſe in behalf of themſelves and families, ſetting forth their expulſion from thence, with certificates of their good life and converſation, and praying relief.

The merit of this petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich, *who made them devils.*

The petition of the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, to command the pioneers in the expedition of *Alexander*.

Granted,

The petition of *William Bullock*, to be *Hepheſtion* to *Pinkethman the Great*.

Granted,

ADVERTISEMENT.

A widow Gentlewoman, well born both by father and mother's ſide, being the daughter of Thomas Prater, *once an eminent practitioner in the law, and of* Lætitia Tattle, *a family well known in all parts of this kingdom, having been reduced by misfortunes to wait on ſeveral great perſons, and for ſome time to be teacher at a boarding-ſchool of young Ladies, giveth notice to the public, That ſhe hath lately taken a houſe near* Bloomſbury-ſquare, *commodiouſly ſituated next the fields in a good air; where ſhe teaches all ſorts of birds of the loquacious kinds, as parrots, ſtarlings, magpies, and others, to imitate human voices in greater perfection than ever yet was practiſed. They are not only inſtructed to pronounce words diſtinctly, and in a proper tone and accent, but to ſpeak the*

the language with great purity and volubility of tongue, together with all the faſhionable phraſes and compliments now in uſe either at tea-tables or viſiting-days. Thoſe that have good voices may be taught to ſing the neweſt opera-airs, and, if required, to ſpeak either Italian *or* French, *paying ſomething extraordinary above the common rates. They whoſe friends are not able to pay the full prices may be taken as half-boarders. She teaches ſuch as are deſigned for the diverſion of the public, and to act in enchanted woods on the theatres, by the great. As ſhe has often obſerved with much concern how indecent an education is uſually given theſe innocent creatures, which in ſome meaſure is owing to their being placed in rooms next the ſtreet, where, to the great offence of chaſte and tender ears, they learn ribaldry, obſcene ſongs, and immodeſt expreſſions from paſſengers, and idle people, as alſo to cry fiſh and card-matches, with other uſeleſs parts of learning to birds, who have rich friends, ſhe has fitted up proper and neat apartments for them in the back part of her ſaid houſe; where ſhe ſuffers none to approach them but herſelf, and a ſervant-maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom ſhe provided on purpoſe to prepare their food, and cleanſe their cages; having found by long experience, how hard a thing it is for thoſe to keep ſilence who have the uſe of ſpeech, and the dangers her ſcholars are expoſed to by the ſtrong impreſſions that are made by harſh ſounds and vulgar dialects. In ſhort, if they are birds of any parts or capacity, ſhe will undertake to render them ſo accompliſhed in the compaſs of a twelvemonth, that they ſhall be fit converſation for ſuch Ladies as love to chuſe their friends and companions out of this ſpecies.* ✦

R

No. 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 12.

——Non illa colo calathiſve Minervæ
Fœmineas aſſueta manus——

VIRG. Æn. vii. ver. 805.

Unbred to ſpinning, in the loom unſkill'd.

DRYDEN.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir ROGER, being in the country, incloſed a letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I ſhall here call by the name of *Leonora*, and as it contained matters of conſequence, deſired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyſhip pretty early in the morning, and was deſired by her woman to walk into her Lady's library, until ſuch time as ſhe was in a readineſs to receive me. The very ſound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great curioſity to ſee it; and as it was ſome time before the Lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the *Folios* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of *China*, placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The *Quartos* were ſeparated from the *Octavos* by a pile of ſmaller veſſels, which roſe in a delightful pyramid. The *Octavos* were bounded by tea-diſhes of all ſhapes, colours, and ſizes, which were ſo diſpoſed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the fineſt ſtrokes of ſculpture, and ſtained with the greateſt variety of dyes. That part of the library which was deſigned for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other looſe papers, was incloſed in a kind of ſquare, conſiſting of one of the prettieſt groteſque works that ever I

ſaw, and made up of ſcaramouches, lions, monkies, mandarines, trees, ſhells, and a thouſand other odd figures in *China* ware. In the midſt of the room was a little *Japan* table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a ſilver ſnuff-box made in the ſhape of a little book. I found there were ſeveral other counterfeit books upon the upper ſhelves, which were carved in wood, and ſerved only to fill up the number like faggots in the muſter of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleaſed with ſuch a mixt kind of furniture, as ſeemed very ſuitable both to the lady and the ſcholar, and did not know at firſt whether I ſhould fancy myſelf in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were ſome few which the lady had bought for her own uſe, but that moſt of them had been got together, either becauſe ſhe had heard them praiſed, or becauſe ſhe had ſeen the authors of them. Among ſeveral that I examined, I very well remember theſe that follow.

Ogleby's Virgil.
Dryden's Juvenal.
Caſſandra.
Cleopatra.
Aſtræa.
Sir *Iſaac Newton's* Works.
The *Grand Cyrus*; with a pin ſtuck in one of the middle leaves.
Pembroke's Arcadia.
Locke of Human Underſtanding; with a paper of patches in it.
A Spelling-book.
A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
Sherlock upon Death.
The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Sir *William Temple's* Eſſays.

Father

Father *Malbranche*'s Search after Truth, tranſlated into *Engliſh*.

A book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies calling.

Tales in Verſe by Mr. *Durfey*; bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in ſeveral places.

All the Claſſic Authors in wood.

A ſet of *Elzevirs*, by the ſame hand.

Clelia; which opened of itſelf in the place that deſcribes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a daughter.

The New *Atalantis*, with a key to it.

Mr. *Steele*'s Chriſtian Hero.

A Prayer-book; with a bottle of *Hungary* water by the ſide of it.

Dr. *Sacheverell*'s Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Inſtructions for Country-dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of theſe, and ſeveral other authors, when *Leonora* entered, and, upon my preſenting her with the letter from the knight, told me with an unſpeakable grace, that ſhe hoped Sir ROGER was in good health: I anſwered, *Yes*, for I hate long ſpeeches; and, after a bow or two, retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is ſtill a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years; and, being unfortunate in her firſt marriage, has taken a reſolution never to venture upon a ſecond. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her eſtate to my good friend Sir ROGER. But, as the

mind naturally ſinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls aſleep, that is not agitated by ſome favourite pleaſures and purſuits, *Leonora* has turned all the paſſions of her ſex into a love of books and retirement. She converſes chiefly with men, (as ſhe has often ſaid herſelf), but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male-viſitants, except my friend Sir ROGER, whom ſhe hears with great pleaſure, and without ſcandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and diſcovers itſelf even in her houſe, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an hour together with a deſcription of her country-ſeat, which is ſituated in a kind of wilderneſs, about an hundred miles diſtant from *London*, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are ſhaped into artificial grottoes covered with woodbines and jeſſamines. The woods are cut into ſhady walks, twiſted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The ſprings are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewiſe collected into a beautiful lake, that is inhabited by a couple of ſwans, and empties itſelf by a little rivulet, which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of *The Purling Stream*. The knight likewiſe tells me, that this lady preſerves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country, not (ſays Sir ROGER) that ſhe ſets ſo great a value upon her partridges and pheaſants, as upon her larks and nightingales: for ſhe ſays, that every bird which is killed in her ground will ſpoil a conſort, and that ſhe ſhall certainly miſs him the next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidſt theſe innocent entertainments which ſhe has formed to herſelf, how much

much more valuable does ſhe appear than thoſe of her ſex, who employ themſelves in diverſions that are leſs reaſonable, though more in faſhion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is ſo ſuſceptible of impreſſions from what ſhe reads, had ſhe been guided to ſuch books as have a tendency to enlighten the underſtanding and rectify the paſſions, as well as to thoſe which are of little more uſe than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a Lady's employing herſelf uſefully in reading ſhall be the ſubject of another paper, in which I deſign to recommend ſuch particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the ſex. And, as this is a ſubject of a very nice nature, I ſhall deſire my correſpondents to give me their thoughts upon it. C

No. 38. FRIDAY, APRIL 13.

——Cupias non placuiſſe nimis. MART.

One wou'd not pleaſe too much.

A LATE converſation, which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of obſerving a great deal of beauty in a very handſome woman, and as much wit in an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and abſurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. The fair one had ſomething in her perſon upon which her thoughts were fixed, that ſhe attempted to ſhew to advantage in every look, word, and geſture. The Gentleman, was as diligent to do juſtice to his fine parts, as the Lady to her beauteous form: you might ſee his imagination on the ſtretch to find out ſomething uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while ſhe writhed herſelf into as many different poſtures to engage him. When ſhe laughed, her lips were to ſever at

a greater diſtance than ordinary to ſhew her teeth; her fan was to point to ſomewhat at a diſtance, that in the reach ſhe may diſcover the roundneſs of her arm; then ſhe is utterly miſtaken in what ſhe ſaw, falls back, ſmiles at her own folly, and is ſo wholly diſcompoſed, that her tucker is to be adjuſted, her boſom expoſed, and the whole woman put into new airs and graces. While ſhe was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of ſomething very pleaſant to ſay next to her, or make ſome unkind obſervation on ſome other Lady to feed her vanity. Theſe unhappy effects of affectation, naturally led me to look into that ſtrange ſtate of mind which ſo generally diſcolours the behaviour of moſt people we meet with.

The learned Dr. *Burnet*, in his Theory of the Earth, takes the occaſion to obſerve, That every thought is attended with conſciouſneſs and repreſentativeneſs: the mind has nothing preſented to it but what is immediately followed by a reflection or conſcience, which tells you whether that which was ſo preſented is graceful or unbecoming. This act of the mind diſcovers itſelf in the geſture, by a proper behaviour in thoſe whoſe conſciouſneſs goes no further than to direct them in the juſt progreſs of their preſent thought or action; but betrays an interruption in every ſecond thought, when the conſciouſneſs is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions; which ſort of conſciouſneſs is what we call affectation.

As the love of praiſe is implanted in our boſoms as a ſtrong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult taſk to get above a deſire of it for things that ſhould be wholly indifferent. Women, whoſe hearts are fixed upon the pleaſure they have in the conſciouſneſs that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to ſtrike the hearts of their beholders with new ſenſe of

of their beauty. The dreſſing part of our ſex, whoſe minds are the ſame with the fillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneaſy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, an hat cocked with an unuſual briſkneſs, a very well-choſen coat, or other inſtances of merit, which they are impatient to ſee unobſerved.

But this apparent affectation, ariſing from an ill-governed conſciouſneſs, is not ſo much to be wondered at in ſuch looſe and trivial minds as theſe: but when you ſee it reign in characters of worth and diſtinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without ſome indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wiſe man as well as that of the coxcomb. When you ſee a man of ſenſe look about for applauſe, and diſcover an itching inclination to be commended; lay traps for a little incenſe, even from thoſe whoſe opinion he values in nothing but his own favour: who is ſafe againſt this weakneſs? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The beſt way to get clear of ſuch a light fondneſs for applauſe, is to take all poſſible care to throw off the love of it upon occaſions that are not in themſelves laudable, but as it appears we hope for no praiſe from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's perſons, dreſs, and bodily deportment; which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but loſe their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them ſuch.

When our conſciouſneſs turns upon the main deſign of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpoſe either in buſineſs or pleaſure, we ſhall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: but when we give the paſſion for praiſe an unbridled liberty, our pleaſure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues, and worthy qualities. How many excellent ſpeeches and honeſt actions are loſt, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppreſſed with regard to their way of ſpeaking and acting, inſtead of having

their

their thoughts bent upon what they ſhould do or ſay; and by that means bury a capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it has ſome tincture of it, at leaſt ſo far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of no conſequence, argues they would be too much pleaſed in performing it.

It is only from a thorough diſregard to himſelf in ſuch particulars, that a man can act with a laudable ſufficiency: his heart is fixed upon one point of view; and he commits no errors, becauſe he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havock affectation makes in that part of the world which ſhould be moſt polite, is viſible where-ever we turn our eyes. It puſhes men not only into impertinencies in converſation, but alſo in their premeditated ſpeeches. At the bar it torments the bench, whoſe buſineſs it is to cut off all ſuperfluities in what is ſpoken before it by the practitioner; as well as ſeveral little pieces of injuſtice which ariſe from the law itſelf. I have ſeen it make a man run from the purpoſe before a judge, who was, when at the bar himſelf, ſo cloſe and logical a pleader, that with all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he never ſpoke a word too much.

It might be borne even here, but it often aſcends the pulpit itſelf; and the declaimer, in that ſacred place, is frequently ſo impertinently witty, ſpeaks of the Laſt Day itſelf with ſo many quaint phraſes, that there is no man who underſtands raillery, but muſt reſolve to ſin no more: nay, you may behold him ſometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truths he is to utter, humble himſelf with ſo very well-turned phraſe, and mention his own unworthineſs in a way ſo very becoming, that the air of the pretty Gentleman is preſerved, under the lowlineſs of the preacher.

I ſhall end this with a ſhort letter I writ the other day to a very witty man, over-run with the fault I am ſpeaking of.

'DEAR

'DEAR SIR,

'I ſpent ſome time with you the other day, and 'muſt take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the 'unſufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you 'ſay and do. When I gave you an hint of it, you 'aſked me whether a man is to be cold to what his 'friends think of him? No, but praiſe is not to 'be the entertainment of every moment: he that 'hopes for it muſt be able to ſuſpend the poſeſ-'ſion of it until proper periods of life or death 'itſelf. If you would not rather be commended 'than be praiſe worthy, contemn little merits; and 'allow no man to be ſo free with you, as to praiſe 'you to your face. Your vanity by this means will 'want its food. At the ſame time your paſſion for 'eſteem will be more fully gratified; men will praiſe 'you in their actions: where you now receive one 'compliment, you will then receive twenty civili-'ties. Until then you will never have of either, 'further than,

SIR,

'Your humble ſervant.

T

No. 39. SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum ſcribo ——— HOR. Ep. 2. l. ii. ver. 102.

IMITATED.

Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race.
POPE.

AS a perfect tragedy is the nobleſt production of human nature, ſo it is capable of giving the mind one of the moſt delightful and moſt improving entertainments. A virtuous man, (ſays *Seneca*), ſtruggling

ſtruggling with misfortunes, is ſuch a ſpectacle as gods might look upon with pleaſure; and ſuch a pleaſure it is which one meets with in the repreſentation of a well-written tragedy. Diverſions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cheriſh and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They ſoften inſolence, ſooth affliction, and ſubdue the mind to the diſpenſations of Providence.

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the *Drama* has met with public encouragement.

The modern tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome*, in the intricacy and diſpoſition of the fable; but, what a Chriſtian writer would be aſhamed to own, falls infinitely ſhort of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may ſhow more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute ſomething towards the improvement of the *Engliſh* tragedy, I ſhall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of ſome particular parts in it that ſeem liable to exception.

Ariſtotle obſerves, that the *Iambic* verſe in the *Greek* tongue was the moſt proper for tragedy: becauſe at the ſame time that it lifted up the diſcourſe from proſe, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of verſe. For, ſays he, we may obſerve, that men in ordinary diſcourſe very often ſpeak *Iambics*, without taking notice of it. We may make the ſame obſervation of our *Engliſh* blank verſe, which often enters into our common diſcourſe, though we do not attend to it, and is ſuch a due medium between rhyme and proſe, that it ſeems wonderfully adapted to tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I ſee a play in rhyme; which is as abſurd in *Engliſh*, as a tragedy of *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The ſoleciſm is, I think, ſtill greater in thoſe plays that

that have ſome ſcenes in rhyme and ſome in blank verſe, which are to be looked upon as two ſeveral languages; or where we ſee ſome particular ſimiles dignified with rhyme, at the ſame time that every thing about them lies in blank verſe. I would not however debar the poet from concluding his tragedy, or, if he pleaſes every act of it, with two or three couplets, which may have the ſame effect as an air in the *Italian* opera after a long *Recitativo*, and give the actor a graceful *Exit*. Beſides that we ſee a diverſity of numbers in ſome parts of the old tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the ſame continued modulation of voice. For the ſame reaſon I do not diſlike the ſpeeches in our *Engliſh* tragedy that cloſe with an *Hemeſtic*, or half verſe, notwithſtanding the perſon who ſpeaks after it begins a new verſe, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauſes and breakings-off in the middle of a verſe, when they humour any paſſion that is expreſſed by it.

Since I am upon this ſubject, I muſt obſerve that our *Engliſh* poets have ſucceeded much better in the ſtyle than in the ſentiments of their tragedies. Their language is very often noble and ſonorous, but the ſenſe either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient tragedies, and indeed in thoſe of *Corneille* and *Racine*, though the expreſſions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and ſwells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble ſentiment that is depreſſed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the ſound and energy of expreſſion. Whether this defect in our tragedies may ariſe from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taſte of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the ſentiments, and conſequently reliſh the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe I might rectify the conduct both

both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain *Engliſh*, before he turned it into blank verſe; and if the reader, after the peruſal of a ſcene, would conſider the naked thought of every ſpeech in it, when diveſted of all its tragic ornaments. By this means, without being impoſed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and conſider whether it be natural or great enough for the perſon that utters it, whether it deſerves to ſhine in ſuch a blaze of eloquence, or ſhew itſelf in ſuch a variety of lights as are generally made uſe of by the writers of our *Engliſh* tragedy.

I muſt, in the next place, obſerve, that when our thoughts are great and juſt, they are often obſcured by the ſounding phraſes, hard metaphors, and forced expreſſions in which they are clothed. *Shakeſpear* is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine obſervation in *Ariſtotle* to this purpoſe, which I have never ſeen quoted. The expreſſion, ſays he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in deſcriptions, ſimilitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and paſſions of men are not repreſented; for theſe, (namely the opinions, manners, and paſſions), are apt to be obſcured by pompous phraſes and elaborate expreſſions. *Horace*, who copied moſt of his criticiſms after *Ariſtotle*, ſeems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verſes:

Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri:
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querela.

Ars Poet. v. 95.

Tragedians too, lay by their ſtate, to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus*, exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling and gigantic words.

ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern *Engliſh* poets, there is none who was better turned for tragedy than *Lee*; if, inſtead of favouring the impetuoſity of his genius, he had reſtrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully ſuited to tragedy, but frequently loſt in ſuch a cloud of words, that it is hard to ſee the beauty of them: there is an infinite fire in his works, but ſo involved in ſmoke, that it does not appear in half its luſtre. He frequently ſucceeds in the paſſionate parts of the tragedy, but more particulary where he ſlackens his efforts, and eaſes the ſtyle of thoſe epithets and metaphors, in which he ſo much abounds. What can be more natural, more ſoft, or more paſſionate, than that line in *Statira*'s ſpeech, where ſhe deſcribes the charms of *Alexander*'s converſation?

Then he would talk—Good gods! how he would talk!

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the deſcription of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpreſſibly beautiful, and wonderfully ſuited to the fond character of the perſon that ſpeaks it. There is a ſimplicity in the words that outſhines the utmoſt pride of expreſſion.

Otway has followed nature in the language of his tragedy, and therefore ſhines in the paſſionate parts more than any of our *Engliſh* poets. As there is ſomething familiar and domeſtic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in thoſe of any other poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expreſſions. For which reaſon, though he has admirably ſucceeded in the tender and melting part of his tragedies he ſometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phraſe, in thoſe parts which, by *Ariſtotle*'s rule, ought to have been raiſed and ſupported by the dignity of expreſſion.

It has been obſerved by others, that this poet has founded his tragedy of *Venice Preſerv'd* on ſo wrong

a plot, that the greateſt characters in it are thoſe of rebels and traitors. Had the hero of his play diſcovered the ſame good qualities in the defence of his country, that he ſhewed for its ruin and ſubverſion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him: but, as he is now repreſented, we can only ſay of him what the *Roman* hiſtorian ſays of *Cataline*, that his fall would have been glorious *(ſi pro patriâ ſic concidiſſet)* had he ſo fallen in the ſervice of his country. C

No. 40. MONDAY, APRIL 16.

An ne fortè putes, me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Cùm rectè tractent alii, laudare malignè;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.

HOR. Ep. I. l. ii. ver. 208.

IMITATED.

Yet leſt you think I rally more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t'inſtruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he, who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion that he feigns;
Enrage, compoſe, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And ſnatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To *Thebes*, to *Athens*, when he will, and where.

POPE.

THE *Engliſh* writers of tragedy are poſſeſſed with a notion, that when they repreſent a virtuous or innocent perſon in diſtreſs, they ought not

not to leave him until they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticiſm, that they are obliged to an equal diſtribution of rewards and puniſhments, and an impartial execution of poetical juſtice. Who were the firſt that eſtabliſhed this rule I know not; but I am ſure it has no foundation in nature, in reaſon, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this ſide the grave; and, as the principal deſign of tragedy is to raiſe commiſeration and terror in the minds of the audience, we ſhall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and ſucceſsful. Whatever croſſes and diſappointments a good man ſuffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but ſmall impreſſion on our minds, when we know that in the laſt act he is to arrive at the end of his wiſhes and deſires. When we ſee him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourſelves, becauſe we are ſure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great ſoever it may be at preſent, will ſoon terminate in gladneſs. For this reaſon the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue ſometimes happy and ſometimes miſerable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the moſt agreeable manner. *Ariſtotle* conſiders the tragedies that were written in either of theſe kinds, and obſerves, that thoſe which ended unhappily had always pleaſed the people, and carried away the prize in the public diſputes of the ſtage, from thoſe that ended happily. Terror and commiſeration leave a pleaſing anguiſh in the mind, and fix the audience in ſuch a ſerious compoſure of thought, as is much more laſting and delightful than any little tranſient ſtarts of joy and ſatisfaction. Accordingly, we find, that more of our

Engliſh tragedies have ſucceeded, in which the favourites of the audience ſink under their calamities, than thoſe in which they recover themſelves out of them. The beſt plays of this kind are, *The Orphan*, *Venice Preſerved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodoſius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable tragedy of the ſame kind, as *Shakeſpear* wrote it; but, as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical juſtice, in my humble opinion it has loſt half its beauty. At the ſame time I muſt allow, that there are very noble tragedies which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed moſt of the good tragedies which have been written ſince the ſtarting of the above-mentioned criticiſm have taken this turn: as, *The Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulyſſes*, *Phædra and Hippolitus*, with moſt of Mr. *Dryden*'s. I muſt alſo allow, that many of *Shakeſpear*'s, and ſeveral of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are caſt in the ſame form. I do not therefore diſpute againſt this way of writing tragedies, but againſt the criticiſm that would eſtabliſh this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the *Engliſh* tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragicomedy, which is the product of the *Engliſh* theatre, is one of the moſt monſtrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *Æneas* and *Hudibras* into one poem, as of writing ſuch a motley piece of mirth and ſorrow. But the abſurdity of theſe performances is ſo very viſible, that I ſhall not inſiſt upon it.

The ſame objections, which are made to tragicomedy, may in ſome meaſure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewiſe more frequent upon the *Engliſh* ſtage, than upon any other: for, though the grief of the audience, in ſuch performances, be not changed into another paſſion, as in tragicomedies; it is diverted upon another

ther object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of ſorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great meaſure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the ſkilful choice of an under-plot, which may bear ſuch a near relation to the principal deſign, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the ſame cataſtrophe.

There is alſo another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemiſhes, or rather the falſe beauties of our *Engliſh* tragedy: I mean thoſe particular ſpeeches which are commonly known by the name of *Rants*. The warm and paſſionate parts of a tragedy, are always the moſt taking with the audience; for which reaſon we often ſee the players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, ſeveral parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and deſigned that they ſhould have been ſo acted. I have ſeen *Powell* very often raiſe himſelf a loud clap by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this ſecret, have given frequent occaſions for ſuch emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no paſſion, or inflaming a real paſſion into fuſtian. This hath filled the mouths of our heroes with bombaſt, and given them ſuch ſentiments as proceed rather from a ſwelling than a greatneſs of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curſes, vows, blaſphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently paſs upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applauſe.

I ſhall here add a remark, which I am afraid our tragic writers may make an ill uſe of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their ſwelling and bluſtering upon the ſtage, very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleaſed to ſee a man inſulting kings, or

affronting the gods in one ſcene, and throwing himſelf at the feet of his miſtreſs in another. Let him behave himſelf inſolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the boxes. *Dryden* and *Lee*, in ſeveral of their tragedies, have practiſed this ſecret with good ſucceſs.

But, to ſhew how a *Rant* pleaſes beyond the moſt juſt and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would deſire the reader, when he ſees the tragedy of *Oedipus*, to obſerve how quietly the hero is diſmiſſed at the end of the third act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compaſſion:

To you, good gods, I make my laſt appeal;
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
If in the maze of fate I blindly run,
And backward tread thoſe paths I ſought to ſhun;
Impute my errors to your own decree:
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Let us then obſerve with what thunder-claps of applauſe he leaves the ſtage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth act; and you will wonder to ſee an audience ſo curſed and ſo pleaſed at the ſame time;

O that, as oft I have at Athens *ſeen,*
[Where, by the way, there was no ſtage until many years after *Oedipus*.]
The ſtage ariſe, and the big clouds deſcend;
So now, in very deed, I might behold
This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof,
Meet like the hands of Jove, *and cruſh mankind.*
For all the elements, &c.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having ſpoken of Mr. Powell, *as ſometimes raiſing himſelf applauſe from the ill taſte of an audience; I muſt do him the juſtice to own, that he is excellently formed for a tragedian, and, when he pleaſes, deſerves the admiration of the beſt judges: as I doubt not but he will in the* Conqueſt of Mexico, *which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.* C

No. 41. TUESDAY, APRIL 17.

———*Tu non inventa reperta es.*

OVID. Met. l. i. ver. 654.

So found, is worſe than loſt. ADDISON.

COMPASSION for the gentleman who writes the following letter, ſhould not prevail upon me to fall upon the Fair Sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impoſtures are not to be tolerated in civil ſociety; and I think his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

'SIR,

'Suppoſing you to be a perſon of general know-
'ledge, I make my application to you on a very par-
'ticular occaſion. I have a great mind to be rid of
'my wife, and hope, when you conſider my caſe, you
'will be of opinion I have very juſt pretenſions to a
'divorce. I am a mere man of the town, and have
'very little improvement, but what I have got from
'plays. I remember, in *The Silent Woman*, the
'learned Dr. *Cutberd*, or Dr. *Otter*, (I forget which)
'makes one of the cauſes of ſeparation to be *error*
'*perſonæ*,

'*perſonæ*, when a man marries a woman and finds 'her not to be the ſame woman whom he intended to 'marry, but another. If that be law, it is, I pre-'ſume, exactly my caſe. For you are to know, Mr. 'SPECTATOR, that there are women who do not 'let their huſbands ſee their faces until they are 'married.

'Not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, I mean plainly 'that part of the ſex who paint. They are ſome 'of them ſo exquiſitely ſkilful this way, that give 'them but a tolerable pair of eyes to ſet up with, 'and they will make boſom, lips, cheeks, and eye-'brows, by their own induſtry. As for my dear, 'never man was ſo enamoured as I was of her fair 'forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet 'of her hair; but, to my great aſtoniſhment, I find 'they were all the effects of art: her ſkin is ſo tar-'niſhed with this practice, that when ſhe firſt wakes 'in the morning, ſhe ſcarce ſeems young enough to 'be the mother of her whom I carried to bed the 'night before. I ſhall take the liberty to part with 'her by the firſt opportunity, unleſs her father will 'make her portion ſuitable to her real, not her aſ-'ſumed countenance. This I thought fit to let him 'and her know by your means.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt obedient,

'humble ſervant.'

I cannot tell what the law, or the parents of the Lady will do for this injured Gentleman, but muſt allow he has very much juſtice on his ſide. I have indeed very long obſerved this evil, and diſtinguiſh-ed thoſe of our women who wear their own, from thoſe in borrowed complexions, by the *Picts* and the *Britiſh*. There does not need any great diſcernment to judge which are which. The *Britiſh* have a live-ly animated aſpect; the *Picts*, though ever ſo beau-tiful, have dead uninformed countenances. The muſcles

muſcles of a real face ſometimes ſwell with ſoft paſſion, ſudden ſurpriſe, and are fluſhed with agreeable confuſions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas preſented to them, affect their imagination. But the *Picts* behold all things with the ſame air, whether they are joyful or ſad: the ſame fixed inſenſibility appears upon all occaſions. A *Pict*, though ſhe takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain diſtance; a ſigh in a languiſhing lover, if fetched too near her, would diſſolve a feature; and a kiſs ſnatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the miſtreſs to the admirer. It is hard to ſpeak of theſe falſe fair ones, without ſaying ſomething uncomplaiſant, but I would only recommend to them to conſider how they like coming into a room new-painted; they may aſſure themſelves, the near approach of a Lady who uſes this practice, is much more offenſive.

WILL HONEYCOMB told us one day an adventure he once had with a *Pict*. This Lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will; and made it her buſineſs to gain hearts, for no other reaſon but to rally the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to enſnare men, but without any manner of ſcruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very eaſily proof againſt the charms of her wit and converſation; but her beauteous form, inſtead of being blemiſhed by her falſhood and inconſtancy, every day increaſed upon him, and ſhe had new attractions every time he ſaw her. When ſhe obſerved WILL irrevocably her ſlave, ſhe began to uſe him as ſuch, and after many ſteps towards ſuch a cruelty, ſhe at laſt utterly baniſhed him. The unhappy lover ſtrove in vain, by ſervile epiſtles, to revoke his doom; until at length he was forced to the laſt refuge, a round ſum of money to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings

hangings in her miſtreſs's dreſſing-room. He ſtood very conveniently to obſerve, without being ſeen. The *Pict* begins the face ſhe deſigned to wear that day, and I have heard him proteſt ſhe had worked a full half hour before he knew her to be the ſame woman. As ſoon as he ſaw the dawn of that complexion, for which he had ſo long languiſhed, he thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that of *Cowley*:

Th' adorning thee with ſo much art,
Is but a barb'rous ſkill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

The *Pict* ſtood before him in the utmoſt confuſion, with the prettieſt ſmirk imaginable on the finiſhed ſide of her face, pale as aſhes on the other. HONEYCOMB ſeized all her gallipots and waſhes, and carried off his handkerchief full of bruſhes, ſcraps of *Spaniſh* wool, and phials of unguents. The lady went into the country, the lover was cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be kept with cheats, and an oath made to a *Pict* is of itſelf void. I would therefore exhort all the *Britiſh* Ladies to ſingle them out, nor do I know any but *Lindamira* who ſhould be exempt from diſcovery; for her own complexion is ſo delicate, that ſhe ought to be allowed the covering it with paint, as a puniſhment for chuſing to be the worſt piece of art extant, inſtead of the maſter-piece of nature. As for my part, who have no expectations from women, and conſider them only as they are part of the ſpecies, I do not half ſo much fear offending a beauty as a woman of ſenſe; I ſhall therefore produce ſeveral faces which have been in public theſe many years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty entertainment in the play-houſe, (when I have aboliſhed this cuſtom), to ſee

ſo

ſo many ladies, when they firſt lay it down, *incog.* in their own faces.

In the mean time, as a pattern for improving their charms, let the ſex ſtudy the agreeable *Statira*. Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulneſs of her mind, and good-humour gives an alacrity to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careleſs. Her having no manner of art in her mind, makes her want none in her perſon.

How like is this lady, and how unlike is a *Pict*, to that deſcription Dr. *Donne* gives of his miſtreſs.

——Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one would almoſt ſay her body thought.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young gentlewoman, of about nineteen years of age, (bred in the family of a perſon of quality lately deceaſed), who paints the fineſt fleſh-colour, wants a place, and is to be heard of at the houſe of Minheer Groteſque, *a* Dutch *painter in* Barbican.

N. B. *She is alſo well-ſkilled in the drapery-part, and puts on hoods, and mixes ribbands ſo as to ſuit the colours of the face with great art and ſucceſs.*

WEDNESDAY,

No. 42. Wednesday, April 18.

Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare tuſcum;
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurret dextera levæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil ſane. Quid placet ergo
Lana tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Hor. Ep. I. l. 2. ver. 202.

Imitated.

Loud as the wolves, on *Orca*'s ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep:
Such is the ſhout, the long applauding note,
At *Quin*'s high plume, or *Oldfield*'s petticoat;
Or when from court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd
Sinks the loſt actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters——hark! the univerſal peal!——
But has he ſpoken?——Not a ſyllable.——
What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and laquer'd chair.

Pope.

Aristotle has obſerved, that ordinary writers in tragedy endeavour to raiſe terror and pity in their audience, not by proper ſentiments and expreſſions, but by the dreſſes and decorations of the ſtage. There is ſomething of this kind very ridiculous in the *Engliſh* theatre. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the ſtage is darkened. But, among all our tragic artifices, I am the moſt offended at thoſe which are made uſe of to inſpire us with magnificent ideas of the perſons that ſpeak. The ordinary method of making an hero, is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which

riſes ſo very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the ſole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a great man and a tall man the ſame thing. This very much embaraſſes the actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely ſtiff and ſteady all the while he ſpeaks; and, notwithſtanding any anxieties which he pretends for his miſtreſs, his country, or his friends, one may ſee by his action, that his greateſt care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I ſee a man uttering his complaints under ſuch a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate lunatic, than a diſtreſſed hero. As theſe ſuperfluous ornaments upon the head make a great man, a princeſs generally receives her grandeur from thoſe additional incumbrances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad-ſweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds conſtant employment for a boy who ſtands behind her to open and ſpread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this ſight, but I muſt confeſs, my eyes are wholly taken up with the page's part; and, as for the queen, I am not ſo attentive to any thing ſhe ſpeaks, as to the right adjuſting of her train, leſt it ſhould chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her, as ſhe walks to and fro upon the ſtage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd ſpectacle, to ſee a queen venting her paſſion in a diſordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the two perſons act on the ſtage at the ſame time are very different: the princeſs is afraid leſt ſhe ſhould incur the diſpleaſure of the king her father, or loſe the hero her lover, whilſt her attendant is only concerned, leſt ſhe ſhould entangle her feet in her petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic poet, to

move the pity of his audience for his exiled kings and diſtreſſed heroes, uſed to make the actors repreſent them in dreſſes and clothes that were threadbare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, ſeems as ill-contrived as that we have been ſpeaking of, to inſpire us with a great idea of the perſons introduced upon the ſtage. In ſhort, I would have our conceptions raiſed by the dignity of thought and ſublimity of expreſſion, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberts and battle-axes. Two or three ſhifters of ſcenes, with the two candle-ſnuffers, make up a complete body of guards upon the *Engliſh* ſtage; and, by the addition of a few porters dreſſed in red coats, can repreſent above a dozen legions. I have ſometimes ſeen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the ſtage, when the poet has been diſpoſed to do honour to his generals. It is impoſſible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into ſuch prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thouſand ſoldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compaſs. Incidents of ſuch a nature ſhould be told, not repreſented.

——————*Non tamen intùs*
Digna geri promes in ſcenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens.
HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 182.

Yet there are things improper for a ſcene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
ROSCOMMON.

I ſhould therefore, in this particular, recommend to my countrymen the example of the French ſtage, where the kings and queens always appear unattended, and leave their guards behind the ſcenes. I ſhould likewiſe be glad if we imitated the *French*

in

in baniſhing from our ſtage the noiſe of drums, trumpets, and huzzas; which is ſometimes ſo very great, that when there is a battle in the *Hay-Market* theatre, one may hear it as far as *Charing-Croſs*.

I have here only touched upon thoſe particulars which are made uſe of to raiſe and aggrandize the perſons of a tragedy; and ſhall ſhew in another paper the ſeveral expedients which are practiſed by authors of a vulgar genius to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The tailor and the painter often contribute to the ſucceſs of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as ſpeeches; and our actors are very ſenſible, that a well-dreſſed play has ſometimes brought them as full audiences, as a well-written one. The *Italians* have a very good phraſe to expreſs this art of impoſing upon the ſpectators by appearances; they call it the *Fourberia della ſcena, The knavery or trickiſh part of the drama.* But, however the ſhow and outſide of the tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more underſtanding part of the audience immediately ſee through it and deſpiſe it.

A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a deſcription, than if he actually ſaw them drawn up in ſquadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confuſion of a fight. Our minds ſhould be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious ſentiments, by what the actor ſpeaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a king or hero, give *Brutus* half that pomp and majeſty which he receives from a few lines in *Shakeſpear?*

No. 43. Thursday, April 19.

Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.
Virg. Æn. vi. ver. 853.

Be these thy arts; to bid contention cease,
Chain up stern war, and give the nations peace;
O'er subject lands extend thy gentle sway,
And teach with iron rod the haughty to obey.

There are crowds of men, whose great misfortune it is that they were not bound to mechanic arts or trades; it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual task or employment. These are such as we commonly call dull fellows; persons, who, for want of something to do, out of a certain vacancy of thought, rather than curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a notion of them better than by presenting you with a letter from a gentleman, who belongs to a society of this order of men, residing at *Oxford*.

Oxford, April 13, 1711.
Four o' clock in the morning.

'Sir,

'In some of your late speculations, I find some 'sketches towards an history of clubs: but you seem 'to me to shew them in somewhat too ludicrous a 'light. I have well weighed that matter, and think 'that the most important negotiations may best be 'carried on in such assemblies I shall therefore, for 'the good of mankind, (which, I trust, you and I are 'equally concerned for), propose an institution of that 'nature for example's sake.

'I

'I must confess the design and transactions of too 'many clubs are trifling, and manifestly of no con-'sequence to the nation or public weal: those I will 'give you up. But you must do me then the ju-'stice to own, that nothing can be more useful or 'laudable than the scheme we go upon. To avoid 'nicknames and witticisms, we call ourselves *The 'Hebdomedal Meeting*: our president continues for 'a year at least, and sometimes four or five: we are 'all grave, serious, designing men, in our way: we 'think it our duty, as far as in us lies, to take care 'the constitution receives no harm—*Ne quid detri-'menti res capiat publica*—To censure doctrines or 'facts, persons or things, which we do not like; to 'settle the nation at home, and to carry on the war 'abroad, where and in what manner we see fit. If 'other people are not of our opinion, we cannot help 'that. It were better they were. Moreover, we 'now and then condescend to direct, in some mea-'sure, the little affairs of our own university.

'Verily, Mr. SPECTATOR, we are much offend-'ed at the act for importing *French* wines: a bottle 'or two of good solid edifying port at honest *George*'s 'made a night cheerful, and threw off reserve. But 'this plaguy *French* claret will not only cost us more 'money, but do us less good: had we been aware 'of it, before it had gone too far, I must tell you, 'we would have petitioned to be heard upon that 'subject. But let that pass.

'I must let you know likewise, good Sir, that we 'look upon a certain northern prince's march, in 'conjunction with infidels, to be palpably against 'our good-will and liking; and, for all Monsieur '*Palmquist*, a most dangerous innovation; and we 'are by no means yet sure, that some people are 'not at the bottom of it. At least my own pri-'vate letters leave room for a politician, well-ver-'sed in matters of this nature, to suspect as much, 'as a penetrating friend of mine tells me.

'We think we have at laſt done the buſineſs with 'the malecontents in *Hungary*, and ſhall clap up a 'peace there.

'What the neutrality army is to do, or what the 'army in *Flanders*, and what two or three other 'princes, is not yet fully determined among us; 'and we wait impatiently for the coming in of the 'next *Dyer*'s, who, you muſt know, is our authen-'tic intelligence, our *Ariſtotle* in politics. And it 'is indeed but fit there ſhould be ſome dernier re-'ſort, the abſolute decider of all controverſies.

'We were lately informed, that the gallant train-'ed bands had patroſſed all night long about the 'ſtreets of *London*: we indeed could not imagine any 'occaſion for it, we gueſſed not a tittle on it afore-'hand, we were in nothing of the ſecret; and that 'city-tradeſmen, or their apprentices, ſhould do du-'ty, or work, during the holidays, we thought ab-'ſolutely impoſſible. But *Dyer* being poſitive in it, 'and ſome letters from other people, who had talk-'ed with ſome who had it from thoſe who ſhould 'know, giving ſome countenance to it, the chair-'man reported from the committee appointed to ex-'amine into that affair, that it was poſſible there 'might be ſomething in it. I have much more to 'ſay to you, but my two good friends and neigh-'bours, *Dominic* and *Slyboots*, are juſt come in, and 'the coffee is ready. I am, in the mean time,

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your admirer and humble ſervant,

'ABRAHAM FROTH.'

You may obſerve the turn of their minds tends only to novelty, and not ſatisfaction in any thing. It would be diſappointment to them to come to certainty in any thing; for that would gravel them, and put an end to their inquiries, which dull fellows do not make for information, but for exerciſe. I do not know but this may be a very good way of accounting for

for what we frequently ſee; to wit, that dull fellows prove very good men of buſineſs. Buſineſs relieves them from their own natural heavineſs, by furniſhing them with what to do; whereas buſineſs to mercurial men, is an interruption from their real exiſtence and happineſs. Though the dull part of mankind are harmleſs in their amuſements, it were to be wiſhed they had no vacant time, becauſe they uſually undertake ſomething that makes their wants conſpicuous, by their manner of ſupplying them. You ſhall ſeldom find a dull fellow of good education, but, if he happens to have any leiſure upon his hands, will turn his head to one of thoſe two amuſements for all fools of eminence, politics or poetry. The former of theſe arts is the ſtudy of all dull people in general; but when dulneſs is lodged in a perſon of a quick animal life, it generally exerts itſelf in poetry. One might here mention a few military writers, who give great entertainment to the age, by reaſon that the ſtupidity of their heads is quickened by the alacrity of their hearts. This conſtitution in a dull fellow, gives vigour to nonſenſe, and makes the puddle boil, which would otherwiſe ſtagnate. The *Britiſh Prince*, that celebrated poem, which was written in the reign of King *Charles* the Second, and deſervedly called by the wits of that age *incomparable*, was the effect of ſuch an happy genius as we are ſpeaking of. From among many other diſtichs no leſs to be quoted on this account, I cannot but recite the two following lines:

A painted veſt Prince Voltager *had on,*
Which from a naked Pict *his grandſire won.*

Here, if the poet had not been vivacious as well as ſtupid, he could not, in the warmth and hurry of nonſenſe, have been capable of forgetting, that neither Prince *Voltager*, nor his grandfather, could ſtrip a naked man of his doublet; but a fool of a colder conſtitution would have ſtaid to have flead the *Pict*,

and

and made buff of his ſkin, for the wearing of the conqueror.

To bring theſe obſervations to ſome uſeful purpoſe of life, what I would propoſe ſhould be, that we imitated thoſe wiſe nations, wherein every man learns ſome handicraft-work. Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if, inſtead of eternally playing with a ſnuff-box, he ſpent ſome part of his time in making one? Such a method as this would very much conduce to the public emolument, by making every man living good for ſomething; for there would then be no one member of human ſociety, but would have ſome little pretenſion for ſome degree in it; like him who came to *Will*'s coffeehouſe upon the merit of having writ a poſy of a ring. R

No. 44. FRIDAY, APRIL 20.

Tu, quid ego & populus mecum deſideret, audi.
HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 153.

Now hear what ev'ry auditor expects. ROSCOM.

AMONG the ſeveral artifices which are put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience with terror, the firſt place is due to thunder and lightning, which are often made uſe of at the deſcending of a god, or the riſing of a ghoſt, at the vaniſhing of a devil, or at the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into ſeveral tragedies with good effect; and have ſeen the whole aſſembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *Engliſh* theatre ſo much as a ghoſt, eſpecially when he appears in a bloody ſhirt. A ſpectre has very often ſaved a play, though he has done

done nothing but ſtalked acroſs the ſtage, or roſe through a cleft of it, and ſunk again without ſpeaking one word. There may be a proper ſeaſon for theſe ſeveral terrors; and when they only come in as aids and aſſiſtances to the poet, they are not only to be excuſed, but to be applauded. Thus the ſounding of the clock in *Venice Preſerved*, makes the hearts of the whole audience quake; and conveys a ſtronger terror to the mind than it is poſſible for words to do. The appearance of the ghoſt in *Hamlet* is a maſter-piece in its kind; and wrought up with all the circumſtances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the diſcourſes that precede it: his dumb behaviour at his firſt entrance, ſtrikes the imagination very ſtrongly; but every time he enters, he is ſtill more terrifying. Who can read the ſpeech with which young *Hamlet* accoſts him without trembling?

Hor. *Look, my Lord, it comes!*

Ham. *Angels and miniſters of grace, defend us!*
Be thou a ſp'rit of health, or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell;
Be thy events wicked or charitable;
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: *Oh! anſwer me,*
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To caſt thee up again! what may this mean?
That thou dead coarſe again in compleat ſteel
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous?

I do not therefore find fault with the artifices abovementioned, when they are introduced with ſkill, and accom-

accompanied by proportionable ſentiments and expreſſions in the writing.

For the moving of pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed, in our common tragedies, we ſhould not know very often that the perſons are in diſtreſs by any thing they ſay, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of baniſhing this inſtrument of ſorrow from the ſtage; I know a tragedy could not ſubſiſt without it: all that I would contend for, is to keep it from being miſapplied. In a word, I would have the actor's tongue ſympathiſe with his eyes.

A diſconſolate mother, with a child in her hand, has frequently drawn compaſſion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in ſeveral tragedies. A modern writer, that obſerved how this had taken in other plays, being reſolved to double the diſtreſs, and melt his audience twice as much as thoſe before him had done, brought a princeſs upon the ſtage, with a little boy in one hand, and a girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third poet, being reſolved to out-write all his predeceſſors, a few years ago introduced three children with great ſucceſs: and, as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the moſt obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, where the firſt perſon that appears upon the ſtage is an afflicted widow, in her mourning weeds, with half a dozen fatherleſs children attending her, like thoſe that uſually hang about the figure of Charity. † Thus ſeveral incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one. †

But, among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none ſo abſurd and barbarous, and what more expoſes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful † butchering of one another, † which is ſo very frequent upon the *Engliſh*

Engliſh ſtage. To delight in ſeeing men ſtabbed, poiſoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the ſign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practiſed before the *Britiſh* audience, ſeveral *French* critics, who think theſe are grateful ſpectacles to us, take occaſion from them to repreſent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to ſee our ſtage ſtrowed with carcaſſes in the laſt ſcene of a tragedy; and to obſerve in the wardrobe of the playhouſe ſeveral daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poiſon, and many other inſtruments of death. Murders and executions are always tranſacted behind the ſcenes in the *French* theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the *French* ſtage, it leads them into abſurdities almoſt as ridiculous as that which falls under our preſent cenſure. I remember in the famous play of *Corneille*, written upon the ſubject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, the fierce young hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (inſtead of being congratulated by his ſiſter for his victory, being upbraided by her for having ſlain her lover), in the height of his paſſion and reſentment, kills her. If any thing could extenuate ſo brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a ſudden, before the ſentiments of nature, reaſon, or manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid *public bloodſhed*, as ſoon as his paſſion is wrought to its height, he follows his ſiſter the whole length of the ſtage, and forbears killing her until they are both withdrawn behind the ſcenes. I muſt confeſs, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this caſe, the fact ought not to have been repreſented, but to have been told, if there was any occaſion for it.

It

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to ſee how *Sophocles* has conducted a tragedy under the like delicate circumſtances. *Oreſtes* was in the ſame condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakeſpear*, his mother having murdered his father, and taken poſſeſſion of his kingdom in conſpiracy with the adulterer. That young prince therefore, being determined to revenge his father's death upon thoſe who filled his throne, conveys himſelf by a beautiful ſtratagem into his mother's apartment, with a reſolution to kill her. But becauſe ſuch a ſpectacle would have been too ſhocking for the audience, this dreadful reſolution is executed behind the ſcenes: the mother is heard calling out to her ſon for mercy; and the ſon anſwering her, that ſhe ſhewed no mercy to his father: after which ſhe ſhrieks out that ſhe is wounded, and by what follows we find that ſhe is ſlain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are ſpeeches made behind the ſcenes, though there are other inſtances of this nature to be met with in thoſe of the ancients: and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is ſomething infinitely more affecting in this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her ſon behind the ſcenes, than could have been in any thing tranſacted before the audience. *Oreſtes* immediately after meets the uſurper at the entrance of his palace; and, by a very happy thought of the poet, avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he ſhould live ſome time in his preſent bitterneſs of ſoul before he would diſpatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had ſlain his father, whoſe murder he would revenge in the very ſame place where it was committed. By this means the poet obſerves that decency which *Horace* afterwards eſtabliſhed by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides, or unnatural murders, before the audience.

Nec coram populo natos Medea *trucidet.*
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 185.

Let not *Medea* draw her murd'ring knife,
And ſpill her childrens blood upon the ſtage.
ROSCOMMON.

The *French* have therefore refined too much upon *Horace*'s rule, who never deſigned to baniſh all kinds of death from the ſtage; but only ſuch as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when tranſacted behind the ſcenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very ſparing of their public executions, and rather choſe to perform them behind the ſcenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that though the devoted perſons of the tragedy were ſeldom ſlain before the audience, which has generally ſomething ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always in it ſomething melancholy or terrifying; ſo that the killing on the ſtage does not ſeem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but alſo as an improbability.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea *trucidet;*
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne *vertatur,* Cadmus *in anguem:*
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulis odi.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 185.

Medea muſt not draw her murd'ring knife,
Nor *Atreus* there his horrid feaſt prepare:
Cadmus and *Progne*'s metamorphoſis,
(She to a ſwallow turn'd, he to a ſnake);
And whatſoever contradicts my ſenſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe.
ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the ſeveral dramatic inventions which are made uſe of by the ignorant poets to ſupply the place of tragedy, and by the ſkilful to improve it: ſome of which I could wiſh intirely rejected, and the reſt to be uſed with caution. It would be an endleſs taſk to conſider comedy in the ſame light, and to mention the innumerable ſhifts that ſmall wits put in practice to raiſe a laugh. *Bullock* in a ſhort coat, and *Norris* in a long one, ſeldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comedies, a broad and a narrow-brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the ſcene lies in a ſhoulder-belt, and ſometimes in a pair of whiſkers. A lover running about the ſtage, with his head peeping out of a barrel, was thought a very good jeſt in King *Charles* the Second's time; and invented by one of the firſt wits of that age. But becauſe ridicule is not ſo delicate as compaſſion, and becauſe the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than thoſe that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for comic than tragic artificers, and by conſequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them. ☞ C

No. 45. SATURDAY, APRIL 21.

Natio comœda eſt——— Juv. Sat. iii. ver. 100.
The nation is a company of players.

THERE is nothing which I more deſire than a ſafe and honourable peace, though, at the ſame time, I am very apprehenſive of many ill conſequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our politics, but our manners. What an inundation of ribbands and brocades will break in upon us? What peals of laughter and impertinence ſhall we be expoſed to? For the prevention of theſe great

great evils, I could heartily wiſh that there was an act of parliament for prohibiting the importation of *French* fopperies.

The female inhabitants of our iſland have already received very ſtrong impreſſions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the war (as there is no evil which has not ſome good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when ſome of our well-bred country-women kept their *Valet de Chambre*, becauſe, forſooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own ſex. I myſelf have ſeen one of theſe male *Abigails* tripping about the room with a looking-glaſs in his hand, and combing his Lady's hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the ſtory of a Lady's being got with child by one of theſe her handmaids I cannot tell, but I think at preſent the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that ſeveral of our ſex were taken into this kind of ſervice, the ladies likewiſe brought up the faſhion of receiving viſits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuſe to ſee a man, becauſe ſhe was not ſtirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made ſo awkward an excuſe. As I love to ſee every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend WILL HONEYCOMB to carry me along with him to one of theſe travelled ladies, deſiring him, at the ſame time, to preſent me as a foreigner who could not ſpeak *Engliſh*, that ſo I might not be obliged to bear a part in the diſcourſe. The lady, though willing to appear undreſt, had put on her beſt looks, and painted herſelf for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice diſorder, as the nightgown which was thrown upon her ſhoulders, was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am ſo ſhocked with every thing that looks immodeſt in

the Fair Sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the coquettes, who introduced this custom, grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out without making any impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most profest admirer of the *French* nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass, which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants? What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera, or a sermon, to an ivory comb or a pin-cushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her footman; and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman, to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the *French* is to make the sex more fantastical, or, (as they are pleased to term it) *more awakened*, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time, a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can

be

be ſpoken. In ſhort, diſcretion and modeſty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greateſt ornaments of the Fair Sex, are conſidered as the ingredients of narrow converſation and family-behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myſelf under a woman of quality that is ſince dead; who, as I found by the noiſe ſhe made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the riſing of the curtain, ſhe broke out into a loud ſoliloquy, *When will the dear witches enter?* and immediately upon their firſt appearance, aſked a Lady that ſat three boxes from her, on her right hand, if thoſe witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the fineſt ſpeeches of the play, ſhe ſhook her fan at another Lady, who ſat as far on her left hand, and told her with a whiſper that might be heard all over the pit, We muſt not expect to ſee *Balloon* to-night. Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his name, who ſat three ſeats before me, ſhe aſked him whether *Macbeth*'s wife was ſtill alive; and, before he could give an anſwer, fell a talking of the ghoſt of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little audience to herſelf, and fixed the attention of all about her. But, as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the ſphere of her impertinence, and planted myſelf in one of the remoteſt corners of the pit.

This pretty childiſhneſs of behaviour is one of the moſt refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconſtrained behaviour has ſomething in it ſo agreeable, that it is no wonder to ſee people endeavouring after it. But at the ſame time, it is ſo very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themſelves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious *French* author tells us, that the

Ladies of the court of *France*, in his time, thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reaſon they took frequent occaſion to uſe hard words, that they might ſhew a politeneſs in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of ſome quality at court, having accidentally made uſe of an hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole aſſembly was out of countenance for her. +

I muſt however be ſo juſt as to own, that there are many Ladies who have travelled ſeveral thouſands of miles without being the worſe for it, and have brought home with them all the modeſty, diſcretion, and good ſenſe, that they went abroad with. As, on the contrary, there are great numbers of *travelled* Ladies who have lived all their days within the ſmoke of *London*. I have known a woman that never was out of the pariſh of *St. James's*, betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as ſhe could have gleaned up in half the countries of *Europe*. C

No. 46. MONDAY, APRIL 23.

Non bene junctarum diſcordia ſemina rerum.
OVID. Met. l. 1. ver. 9

The jarring ſeeds of ill-conſorted things.

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my cuſtom to go abroad in queſt of game; and when I meet any proper ſubject, I take the firſt opportunity of ſetting down an hint of it upon paper. At the ſame time, I look into the letters of my correſpondents, and if I find any thing ſuggeſted in them that may afford matter of ſpeculation, I likewiſe enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole

whole ſheetful of hints that would look like a rhapſody of nonſenſe to any body but myſelf: there is nothing in them but obſcurity and confuſion, raving and inconſiſtency. In ſhort, they are my ſpeculations in the firſt principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, diſtinction, and order.

About a week ſince there happened to me a very odd accident, by reaſon of one of theſe my papers of minutes, which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd*'s coffee-houſe, where the auctions are uſually kept. Before I miſſed it there was a cluſter of people who had found it, and were diverting themſelves with it at one end of the coffee-houſe. It had raiſed ſo much laughter among them before I had obſerved what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the coffee-houſe, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, aſking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but no body challenging it, he was ordered by thoſe merry gentlemen who had before peruſed it, to get up into the auction-pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and, with a very audible voice, read as follows.

MINUTES.

Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's country ſeat——Yes, for I hate long ſpeeches——Query, if a good Chriſtian may be a conjurer——*Childermas day*, ſalt-ſeller, houſe-dog, ſcreech-owl, cricket——Mr. *Thomas Inkle* of *London*, in the good ſhip called the *Achilles*, *Yarico*—*Ægreſcitque medendo*——Ghoſts—The Lady's Library——Lion by trade a tailor——Dromedary called *Bucephalus*——Equipage the Lady's *ſummum bonum*——*Charles Lillie* to be taken notice of——Short face a relief to envy——Redundancies in the three profeſſions——King *Latinus* a recruit

recruit——Jew devouring an ham of bacon——*Weſtminſter-Abbey*——*Grand Cairo*——Procraſtination——*April* fools——Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour——Enter a King and two Fiddlers *ſolus*——Admiſſion into the ugly club——Beauty how improveable——Families of true and falſe humour——The parots ſchool-miſtreſs——Face half *Pict* half *Britiſh*——No man to be an hero of a tragedy under ſix foot——Club of ſighers——Letters from flower-pots, elbow-chairs, tapeſtry-figures, lion, thunder——The bell rings to the puppet-ſhow——Old-woman with a beard married to a ſmock-faced boy——My next coat to be turned up with blue——Fable of tongs and gridiron——Flower dyers——The ſoldiers prayer——Thank ye for nothing, ſays the gallypot——*Pictolus* in ſtockings, with golden clocks to them——Bamboos, cudgels, drum-ſticks——Slip of my landlady's eldeſt daughter——The black mare with a ſtar in her fore-head— Barber's pole—WILL HONEYCOMB's coat-pocket——*Cæſar*'s behaviour and my own in parallel circumſtances——Poem in patch-work——*Nulli gravis eſt percuſſus Achillis*——The female conventicler——The ogle-maſter.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-houſe very merry; ſome of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others by ſome body that had been taking notes out of the ſpectator. One who had the appearance of a very ſubſtantial citizen, told us, with ſeveral politic winks and nods, that he wiſhed there was no more in the paper than what was expreſſed in it: that for his part he looked upon the dromedary, the gridiron, and the barber's pole, to ſignify ſomething more than what was uſually meant by thoſe words; and that he thought the coffee-man could not do better than to carry the paper to one of the ſecretaries of ſtate. He further added, that he did not like the name of the outlandiſh man with the golden clock in his ſtockings.

ſtockings. A young *Oxford* ſcholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-houſe, diſcovered to us who this *Pactolus* was; and by that means turned the whole ſcheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule. While they were making their ſeveral conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the company upon me; but after having caſt a curſory glance over it, and ſhook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twiſted it into a kind of match, and lit my pipe with it. My profound ſilence, together with the ſteadineſs of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole tranſaction, raiſed a very loud laugh on all ſides of me; but as I had eſcaped all ſuſpicion of being the author, I was very well ſatisfied, and, applying myſelf to my pipe and the *Poſtman*, took no farther notice of any thing that paſſed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made uſe of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will eaſily ſuppoſe, that thoſe ſubjects, which are yet untouched, were ſuch proviſions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I ſhall only give him the letters which relate to the two laſt hints. The firſt of them I ſhould not have publiſhed, were I not informed that there is many an huſband who ſuffers very much in his private affairs by the indiſcreet zeal of ſuch a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inſcription quoted by the Biſhop of *Saliſbury* in his travels: *Dum nimis pia eſt, facta eſt impia;* "Through too "much piety ſhe became impious."

'SIR,

'I am one of thoſe unhappy men that are plagued 'with a goſpel-goſſip, ſo common among diſſent-'ers, (eſpecially friends): lectures in the morning, 'church-

'church-meetings at noon, and preparation-ſermons 'at night, take up ſo much of her time, it is very 'rare ſhe knows what we have for dinner, unleſs 'when the preacher is to be at it. With him come 'a tribe, all brothers and ſiſters it ſeems; while 'others, really ſuch, are deemed no relations. If 'at any time I have her company alone, ſhe is a 'mere ſermon popgun,† repeating and diſcharging 'texts, proofs, and applications ſo perpetually, that 'however weary I may go to bed, the noiſe in my 'head will not let me ſleep until towards morning. 'The miſery of my caſe, and great numbers of ſuch 'ſufferers, plead your pity and ſpeedy relief, other-'wiſe muſt expect, in a little time, to be lectured, 'preached, and prayed into want, unleſs the happi-'neſs of being ſooner talked to death prevent it.

'I am, &c. R. G.'

The ſecond letter, relating to the Ogling-Maſter, runs thus:

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am an *Iriſh* gentleman that have travelled ma-'ny years for my improvement; during which time 'I have accompliſhed myſelf in the whole art of 'Ogling, as it is at preſent practiſed in all the polite 'nations of *Europe*. Being thus qualified, I intend, 'by the advice of my friends, to ſet up for an Og-'ling maſter. I teach the Church-Ogle in the morn-'ing, and the Playhouſe-Ogle by candle-light. I 'have alſo brought over with me a new flying Ogle 'fit for the ring; which I teach in the duſk of the 'evening, or in any hour of the day, by darkening 'one of my windows. I have a manuſcript by me 'called *The Complete Ogler*, which I ſhall be ready 'to ſhew you upon any occaſion. In the mean time, 'I beg you will publiſh the ſubſtance of this letter in 'an advertiſement, and you will very much oblige,

C † 'Yours, &c.'

TUESDAY

No. 47. TUESDAY, APRIL 24.

Ride, ſi ſapis——— MART.
Laugh, if you're wiſe.

MR. HOBBS, in his Diſcourſe of Human Nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the beſt of all his works, after ſome very curious obſervations upon Laughter, concludes thus: 'The 'paſſion of Laughter is nothing elſe but ſudden 'glory ariſing from ſome ſudden conception of ſome 'eminency in ourſelves by compariſon with the in'firmity of others, or with our own formerly: for 'men laugh at the follies of themſelves paſt, when 'they come ſuddenly to remembrance, except they 'bring with them any preſent diſhonour.' †

According to this author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh exceſſively, inſtead of ſaying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. ‡ And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we ſhall meet with many obſervations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at ſome body that is in an inferior ſtate of folly to himſelf. It was formerly the cuſtom for every great houſe in *England* to keep a tame fool dreſſed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himſelf with his abſurdities. For the ſame reaſon idiots are ſtill in requeſt in moſt of the courts of *Germany*, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dreſſed, diſtinguiſhed, undiſputed fools in his retinue, whom the reſt of the courtiers are always breaking their jeſts upon.

The *Dutch*, who are more famous for their induſtry and application than for wit and humour, hang up in ſeveral of their ſtreets what they call the

ſign

ſign of the *Gaper*, that is, the head of an idiot dreſſed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a moſt immoderate manner: this is a ſtanding jeſt at *Amſterdam*.

Thus every one diverts himſelf with ſome perſon or other that is below him in point of underſtanding, and triumphs in the ſuperiority of his genius, whilſt he has ſuch objects of diverſion before his eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has very well expreſſed this in a couple of humourous lines which are part of a tranſlation of a Satire in Monſieur *Boileau*.

Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty noddle at his brother.

Mr. *Hobbs*'s reflection gives us the reaſon why the inſignificant people above-mentioned are ſtirrers up of laughter among men of a groſs taſte: but as the more underſtanding part of mankind do not find their riſibility affected by ſuch ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the ſeveral provocatives of laughter in men of ſuperior ſenſe and knowledge.

In the firſt place I muſt obſerve, that there is a ſet of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and ſeem to love ſo well, *that they could eat them*, according to the old proverb: I mean thoſe circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that diſh of meat which it loves beſt. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Pottages*; in *Italy*, *Maccaronies*; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. Theſe merry wags, from whatſoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit ſuch blunders and miſtakes in every ſtep they take, and every word they utter, as thoſe who liſten to them would be aſhamed of.

But this little triumph of the underſtanding, under the diſguiſe of laughter, is no where more

viſible than in that cuſtom which prevails every where among us on the firſt day of the preſent month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies diſcovered, ſo there is more laughter raiſed on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdaſher by trade, and a very ſhallow conceited fellow, makes his boaſts that for theſe ten years ſucceſſively he has not made leſs than an hundred *April* fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for ſending every one of her children upon ſome *ſleeveleſs errand*, as ſhe terms it. Her eldeſt ſon went to buy an halfpenny worth of inkle at a ſhoe-makers; the eldeſt daughter was diſpatched half a mile to ſee a monſter; and, in ſhort, the whole family of innocent children made *April* fools. Nay, my landlady herſelf did not eſcape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon theſe conceits ever ſince.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men ſprung up of late years, who are for making *April* fools every day in the year. Theſe Gentlemen are commonly diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Biters*; a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at thoſe miſtakes which are of their own production.

Thus we ſee, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chuſes his fool out of a lower or higher claſs of mankind; or, to ſpeak in a more philoſophical language, That ſecret elation and pride of heart, which is generally called laughter, ariſes in him, from his comparing himſelf with an object below him, whether it ſo happens that it be a natural, or an artificial fool. It is indeed very poſſible, that the perſons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiſer men than ourſelves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they muſt fall

ſhort of us in thoſe reſpects which ſtir up this paſſion.

I am afraid I ſhall appear too abſtracted in my ſpeculations if I ſhow, that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying ſome oddneſs or infirmity in his own character, or in the repreſentation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at ſome action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or abſurdity in reaſonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I ſhall paſs by the conſideration of thoſe ſtage coxcombs that are able to ſhake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular ſort of men, who are ſuch provokers of mirth in converſation, that it is impoſſible for a club or merry meeting to ſubſiſt without them; I mean thoſe honeſt Gentlemen that are always expoſed to the wit and raillery of their well-wiſhers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends, and foes, and in a word, ſtand as *Butts* in converſation, for every one to ſhoot at that pleaſes. I know ſeveral of theſe *Butts* who are men of wit and ſenſe, though by ſome odd turn of humour, ſome unlucky caſt in their perſon or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity even in the ridiculous ſide of his character. A ſtupid *Butt* is only fit for the converſation of ordinary people: Men of wit require one that will give them play, and beſtir himſelf in the abſurd part of his behaviour. A *Butt* with theſe accompliſhments frequently gets the laugh of his ſide, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falſtaff* was an hero of this ſpecies, and gives a good deſcription of himſelf in his capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner: *Men of all ſorts* (ſays that merry Knight) *take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laugh-*

laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. C

No. 48. Wednesday, April 25.

——Per multas aditum ſibi ſæpe figuras
Repperit—— Ovid Met. l. xiv. ver. 652.

Thro' various ſhapes he often finds acceſs.

My correſpondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their letters. The moſt effectual way will be to publiſh ſome of them that are upon important ſubjects; which I ſhall introduce with a letter of my own, that I writ a fortnight ago to a fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary member.

To the Preſident and Fellows of the *Ugly Club*.

'May it pleaſe your Deformities,

'I have received the notification of the honour 'you have done me, in admitting me into your ſo-'ciety. I acknowledge my want of merit, and for 'that reaſon ſhall endeavour at all times to make up 'my own failures, by introducing and recommend-'ing to the club perſons of more undoubted quali-'fications than I can pretend to. I ſhall next week 'come down in the ſtage-coach, in order to take 'my ſeat at the board; and ſhall bring with me a 'candidate of each ſex. The perſons I ſhall preſent 'to you, are an old beau and a modern *Pict*. If 'they are not ſo eminently gifted by nature as our 'aſſembly expects, give me leave to ſay their acquir-'ed uglineſs is greater than any that has ever ap-

'peared before you. The beau has varied his dreſs 'every day of his life for theſe thirty years laſt paſt, 'and ſtill added to the deformity he was born with. 'The *Pict* has ſtill greater merit towards us, and 'has, ever ſince ſhe came to years of diſcretion, de- 'ſerted the handſome party, and taken all poſſible 'pains to acquire the face in which I ſhall preſent 'her to your conſideration and favour.

'I am, Gentlemen,

'Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

'The SPECTATOR.'

'*P. S.* I deſire to know whether you admit peo- 'ple of quality.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *April* 17.

'To ſhow you there are among us of the vain 'weak ſex, ſome that have honeſty and fortitude e- 'nough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought 'ſo, I apply myſelf to you, to beg your intereſt 'and recommendation to the *Ugly Club*. If my own 'word will not be taken, (though in this caſe a wo- 'man's may), I can bring credible witneſs of my 'qualifications for their company, whether they in- 'ſiſt upon hair, forehead, eyes, cheeks, or chin; 'to which I muſt add, that I find it eaſier to lean 'to my left ſide, than my right. I hope I am in 'all reſpects agreeable: and for humour and mirth, 'I will keep up to the Preſident himſelf. All the 'favour I will pretend to is, that as I am the 'firſt woman has appeared deſirous of good com- 'pany and agreeable converſation, I may take and 'keep the upper end of the table. And, indeed, I 'think they want a carver, which I can be, after as 'ugly a manner as they can wiſh. I deſire your 'thoughts of my claim as ſoon as you can. Add 'to my features the length of my face, which is full 'half a yard; though I never knew the reaſon of it 'until you gave one for the ſhortneſs of yours. If 'I knew a name ugly enough to belong to the above

'deſcribed

'described face, I would feign one; but, to my un-
'speakable misfortune, my name is the only disa-
'greeable prettiness about me; so pr'ythee make one
'for me that signifies all the deformity in the world.
'You understand *Latin*, but be sure bring it in with
'my being in the sincerity of heart,

'Your most frightful admirer,
'and servant,
'HECATISSA.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I read your discourse upon affectation, and from
'the remarks made in it examined my own heart so
'strictly, that I thought I had found out its most
'secret avenues, with a resolution to be aware of
'you for the future.† But alas! to my sorrow, I
'now understand that I have several follies which I
'do not know the root of.† I am an old fellow, and
'extremely troubled with the gout; but having al-
'ways a strong vanity towards being pleasing in the
'eyes of women, I never have a moment's ease, but
'I am mounted in high-heeled shoes with a glazed
'wax-leather instep. Two days after a severe fit I
'was invited to a friend's house in the city, where I
'believed I should see Ladies; and, with my usual
'complaisance, crippled myself to wait upon them:
'A very sumptuous table, agreeable company, and
'kind reception, were but so many importunate ad-
'ditions to the torment I was in. A gentleman of
'the family observed my condition; and soon after
'the Queen's health, he, in the presence of the whole
'company, with his own hand, degraded me into
'an old pair of his own shoes. This operation, be-
'fore fine Ladies, to me (who am by nature a cox-
'comb) was suffered with the same reluctance as
'they admit the help of men in their greatest extre-
'mity.† The return of ease made me forgive the
'rough obligation laid upon me, which at that time
'relieved my body from a distemper, and will my

'mind for ever from a folly. For the charity re-
'ceived I return my thanks this way.

'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

'SIR, *Epping, April* 18.

'We have your papers here the morning they
'come out, and we have been very well entertained
'with your laſt, upon the falſe ornaments of perſons
'who repreſent heroes in a tragedy. What made
'your ſpeculations come very ſeaſonably among us,
'is, that we have now at this place a company of
'ſtrollers, who are very far from offending in the
'impertinent ſplendour of the drama. They are ſo
'far from falling into theſe falſe gallantries, that the
'ſtage is here in its original ſituation of a cart.
'*Alexander the Great* was acted by a fellow in a
'paper cravat. The next day, the Earl of *Eſſex*
'ſeemed to have no diſtreſs but his poverty: And
'my Lord *Foppington* the ſame morning wanted any
'better means to ſhew himſelf a fop, than by wear-
'ing ſtockings of different colours. In a word,
'though they have had a full barn for many days
'together, our itinerants are ſtill ſo wretchedly poor,
'that without you can prevail to ſend us the furni-
'ture you forbid at the playhouſe, the heroes appear
'only like ſturdy beggars, and the heroines gypſies.
'We have had but one part which was performed
'and dreſſed with propriety, and that was Juſtice
'*Clodpate*: this was ſo well done, that it offended
'Mr. Juſtice *Overdo*, who, in the midſt of our whole
'audience, was (like *Quixote* in the puppet-ſhow)
'ſo highly provoked, that he told them, if they
'would move compaſſion, it ſhould be in their own
'perſons, and not in the characters of diſtreſſed
'princes and potentates: he told them, if they were
'ſo good at finding the way to people's hearts, they
'ſhould do it at the end of bridges or church-porches,†
'in their proper vocation of beggars.† This, the
'Juſtice ſays, they muſt expect, ſince they could not

'be

'be contented to act heathen warriors, and such 'fellows as *Alexander*, but muſt preſume to make 'a mockery of one of the *Quorum*.

'Your ſervant.' R

No. 49. THURSDAY, APRIL 26.

——Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit. MART.

Men and their manners I deſcribe.

IT is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or aſſemblies of the Fair Sex, to delight in that ſort of converſation which we find in coffee-houſes. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can ſtill be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleaſed in himſelf, in being only an hearer. It is a ſecret known but to few, yet of no ſmall uſe in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's converſation, the firſt thing you ſhould conſider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you ſhould hear him. The latter is the more general deſire, and I know very able flatterers that never ſpeak a word in praiſe of the perſons from whom they obtain daily favours, but ſtill practiſe a ſkilful attention to whatever is uttered by thoſe with whom they converſe. We are very curious to obſerve the behaviour of great men and their clients; but the ſame paſſions and intereſts move men in lower ſpheres; and I (that have nothing elſe to do but make obſervations) ſee in every pariſh, ſtreet, lane, and alley of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court and his flatterers, who lay ſnares for his affection and favour, by the ſame

ſame arts that are practiſed upon men in higher ſtations.

In the place I moſt uſually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatneſs above one another. I, who am at the coffeehouſe at ſix in a morning, know that my friend *Beaver* the haberdaſher has a levee of more undiſſembled friends and admirers, than moſt of the courtiers or generals of *Great Britain*. Every man about him has, perhaps, a news-paper in his hand; but none can pretend to gueſs what ſtep will be taken in any one court of *Europe*, until Mr. *Beaver* has thrown down his pipe, and declares what meaſures the allies muſt enter into upon this new poſture of affairs. Our coffeehouſe is near one of the inns of court, and *Beaver* has the audience and admiration of his neighbours from ſix until within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the ſtudents of the houſe, ſome of whom are ready dreſſed for *Weſtminſter* at eight in a morning, with faces as buſy as if they were retained in every cauſe there; and others come in their night-gowns to ſanter away their time as if they never deſigned to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my walks, objects which move both my ſpleen and laughter ſo effectually, as theſe young fellows at the *Grecian*, *Squire's*, *Searle's*, and all other coffeehouſes adjacent to the law, who riſe early for no other purpoſe but to publiſh their lazineſs.[†] One would think theſe young *Virtuoſos* take a gay cap and ſlippers, with a ſcarf and party-coloured gown, to be enſigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air, which ſhews they regard one another for their veſtments. I have obſerved that the ſuperiority among theſe proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and faſhion. The Gentleman in the ſtrawberry-faſh, who preſides ſo much over the reſt, has, it ſeems, ſubſcribed to every opera this laſt winter, and is

ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed to receive favours from one of the actreſſes.

When the day grows too buſy for theſe Gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleaſures of their *deſhabillè*, with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have buſineſs or good ſenſe in their faces, and come to the coffeehouſe either to tranſact affairs or enjoy converſation. The perſons to whoſe behaviour and diſcourſe I have moſt regard, are ſuch as are between theſe two ſorts of men: ſuch as have not ſpirits too active to be happy and well pleaſed in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of theſe ſort of men conſiſt the worthier part of mankind; of theſe are all good fathers, generous brothers, ſincere friends, and faithful ſubjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reaſon than imagination: which is the cauſe that there is no impatience or inſtability in their ſpeech or action. You ſee in their countenances they are at home; and in quiet poſſeſſion of the preſent inſtant, as it paſſes without deſiring to quicken it by gratifying any paſſion, or proſecuting any new deſign. Theſe are the men formed for ſociety, and thoſe little communities which we expreſs by the word *neighbourhoods*.

The coffee-houſe is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to reliſh calm and ordinary life. *Eubulus* preſides over the middle hours of the day, when this aſſembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handſomely, without launching into expence; and exerts many noble and uſeful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wiſdom and knowledge are ſerviceable to all that think fit to uſe them; and he does the office of a council, a judge, an executor, and a friend, to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend ſuch offices, but alſo without the deference and homage which are

uſually

uſually paid to them. The giving of thanks is diſpleaſing to him. The greateſt gratitude you can ſhow him, is to let him ſee you are the better man for his ſervices; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends he lends, at legal value, conſiderable ſums, which he might highly increaſe by rolling in the public ſtocks. He does not conſider in whoſe hands his money will improve moſt, but where it will do moſt good.

Eubulus has ſo great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he ſhakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and, on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good ſtomach and cheerful aſpect, when *Eubulus* ſeems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is ſo great, that when they are in other company they ſpeak and act after him; are wiſe in his ſentences, and are no ſooner ſat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or deſpond, as they ſaw him do at the coffeehouſe. In a word, every man is *Eubulus* as ſoon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the ſeveral reigns that ſucceed each other from day-break until dinner-time, I ſhall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occaſion, and ſhut up the whole ſeries of them with the hiſtory of *Tom* the tyrant; who, as firſt miniſter of the coffeehouſe, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the moſt arbitrary manner to the ſervants below him, as to the diſpoſition of liquors, coal and cinders. R

FRIDAY

No. 50. FRIDAY, APRIL 27.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud ſapientia dixit.
Juv. Sat. xiv. ver. 321.

Good ſenſe and nature always ſpeak the ſame.

WHEN the four *Indian* Kings were in this country, about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully ſtruck with the ſight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, ſince their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord the upholſterer, relating to their manners and converſation, as alſo concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of ſuch ſtrangers, I ſhould be deſirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholſterer, finding my friend very inquiſitive about theſe his lodgers, brought him ſome time ſince a little bundle of papers, which he aſſured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Raſh Tow*, and, as he ſuppoſes, left behind by ſome miſtake. Theſe papers are now tranſlated, and contain abundance of very odd obſervations, which I find this little fraternity of Kings made during their ſtay in the Iſle of *Great Britain*. I ſhall preſent my reader with a ſhort ſpecimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of *London* are the following words, which, without doubt, are meant of the church of *St. Paul*.

'On the moſt riſing part of the town there ſtands 'a huge houſe, big enough to contain the whole 'nation of which I am King. Our good brother 'E *Tow O Koam*, King of the *Rivers*, is of opinion

'it

'it was made by the hands of that great God to 'whom it is conſecrated. The Kings of *Granajah* 'and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created 'with the earth, and produced on the ſame day 'with the ſun and moon. But, for my own part, 'by the beſt information that I could get of this 'matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious 'pile was faſhioned into the ſhape it now bears by 'ſeveral tools and inſtruments, of which they have 'a wonderful variety in this country. It was pro-'bably at firſt an huge miſ-ſhapen rock that grew 'upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the 'country (after having cut it into a kind of regu-'lar figure) bored and hollowed with incredible 'pains and induſtry, until they had wrought in it 'all thoſe beautiful vaults and caverns into which 'it is divided at this day. As ſoon as this rock 'was thus curiouſly ſcooped to their liking, a pro-'digious number of hands muſt have been employ-'ed in chipping the outſide of it, which is now as 'ſmooth as the ſurface of a pebble; and is in ſe-'veral places hewn out into pillars that ſtand like 'the trunks of ſo many trees bound about the top 'with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when 'this great work was begun, which muſt have been 'many hundred years ago, there was ſome reli-'gion among this people; for they give it the name 'of a temple, and have a tradition that it was de-'ſigned for men to pay their devotions in.† And 'indeed there are ſeveral reaſons which make us 'think that the natives of this country had for-'merly among them ſome ſort of worſhip; for 'they ſet apart every ſeventh day as ſacred: but, 'upon my going into one of theſe holy houſes on 'that day, I could not obſerve any circumſtance 'of devotion in their behaviour.† There was in-'deed a man in black who was mounted above the 'reſt, and ſeemed to utter ſomething with a great 'deal of vehemence; but as for thoſe underneath

'him, inſtead of paying their worſhip to the Deity
'of the place, they were moſt of them bowing and
'courteſying to one another, and a conſiderable
'number of them faſt aſleep.

'The queen of the country appointed two men to
'attend us, that had enough of our language to
'make themſelves underſtood in ſome few particu-
'lars. But we ſoon perceived theſe two were great
'enemies to one another, and did not always agree
'in the ſame ſtory. We could make a ſhift to ga-
'ther out of one of them, that this iſland was very
'much infeſted with a monſtrous kind of animals,
'in the ſhape of men, called *Whigs*: and he often
'told us, that he hoped we ſhould meet with none
'of them in our way, for that, if we did, they would
'be apt to knock us down for being kings.

'Our other interpreter uſed to talk very much of
'a kind of animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a
'monſter as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill for
'being foreigners. Theſe two creatures, it ſeems,
'are born with a ſecret antipathy to one another,
'and engage when they meet as naturally as an ele-
'phant and the rhinoceros. But, as we ſaw none
'of either of theſe ſpecies, we are apt to think that
'our guides deceived us with miſrepreſentations and
'fictions, and amuſed us with an account of ſuch
'monſters as are not really in their country.

'Theſe particulars we made a ſhift to pick out
'from the diſcourſe of our interpreters; which we
'put together as well as we could, being able to
'underſtand but here and there a word of what they
'ſaid, and afterwards making up the meaning of it
'among ourſelves. The men of the country are very
'cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but
'withal ſo very idle, that we often ſaw young luſty
'raw-boned fellows carried up and down the ſtreets
'in little covered rooms by a couple of porters, who
'are hired for that ſervice. Their dreſs is likewiſe
'very barbarous, for they almoſt ſtrangle themſelves

'about the neck, and bind their bodies with many 'ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occaſion 'of ſeveral diſtempers among them, which our 'country is entirely free from. Inſtead of thoſe 'beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, 'they often buy up a monſtrous buſh of hair, which 'covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece 'below the middle of their backs; with which they 'walk up and down the ſtreets, and are as proud of 'it as if it was of their own growth.

'We were invited to one of their public diver-'ſions, where we hoped to have ſeen the great men 'of their country running down a ſtag, or pitching 'a bar, that we might have diſcovered who were 'the perſons of the greateſt abilities among them; 'but, inſtead of that, they conveyed us into a huge 'room, lighted up with abundance of candles, where 'this lazy people ſat ſtill above three hours to ſee 'ſeveral feats of ingenuity performed by others, who 'it ſeems were paid for it.

'As for the women of the country, not being 'able to talk with them, we could only make our 'remarks upon them at a diſtance. They let the 'hair of their heads grow to a great length; but 'as the men make a great ſhow with heads of hair 'that are none of their own, the women, who they 'ſay have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, 'and cover it from being ſeen. The women look 'like angels, and would be more beautiful than the 'ſun, were it not for little black ſpots that are apt 'to break out in their faces, and ſometimes riſe in very odd figures. I have obſerved that thoſe little 'blemiſhes wear off very ſoon; but when they diſ-'appear in one part of the face, they are very apt 'to break out in another, inſomuch that I have ſeen 'a ſpot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which 'was upon the chin in the morning.'

The author then proceeds to ſhew the abſurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious obſer-

obſervations, which I ſhall reſerve for another occaſion. I cannot, however, conclude this paper without taking notice, that amidſt theſe wild remarks there now and then appears ſomething very reaſonable. I cannot likewiſe forbear obſerving, that we are all guilty, in ſome meaſure, of the ſame narrow way of thinking, which we meet with in this abſtract of the *Indian* journal, when we fancy the cuſtoms, dreſſes, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not reſemble thoſe of our own. C

No. 51. SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

Torquet ab obſcenis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem.
HOR. Ep. i. l. ii. ver. 127.

He from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth.
POPE.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY fortune, quality, and perſon, are ſuch as 'render me as conſpicuous as any young 'woman in town. It is in my power to enjoy it in 'all its vanities, but I have, from a very careful 'education, contracted a great averſion to the for-'ward air and faſhion which is practiſed in all pub-'lic places and aſſemblies. I attribute this very 'much to the ſtyle and manners of our plays. I 'was laſt night at the *Funeral*, where a confident 'lover in the play, ſpeaking of his miſtreſs, cries 'out—*Oh that* Harriot! *to fold theſe arms about the 'waſte of that beauteous, ſtruggling, and at laſt 'yielding fair!* Such an image as this ought, by no 'means, to be preſented to a chaſte and regular au-

'dience. I expect your opinion of this ſentence, 'and recommend to your conſideration, as a SPEC-'TATOR, the conduct of the ſtage at preſent with 'relation to chaſtity and modeſty.

'I am, SIR,

'Your conſtant reader and well-wiſher.'

The complaint of this young lady is ſo juſt, that the offence is great enough to have diſpleaſed perſons who cannot pretend to that delicacy and modeſty of which ſhe is miſtreſs. But there is a great deal to be ſaid in behalf of an author. If the audience would but conſider the difficulty of keeping up a ſprightly dialogue for five acts together, they would allow a writer, when he wants wit, and cannot pleaſe any otherwiſe, to help it out with a little ſmuttineſs. I will anſwer for the poets, that no one ever writ bawdry for any other reaſon but dearth of invention. When the author cannot ſtrike out of himſelf any more of that which he has ſuperior to thoſe who make up the bulk of his audience, his natural recourſe is to that which he has in common with them; and a deſcription which gratifies a ſenſual appetite will pleaſe, when the author has nothing about him to delight a refined imagination. It is to ſuch a poverty we muſt impute this and all other ſentences in plays, which are of this kind, and which are commonly termed luſcious expreſſions.

This expedient, to ſupply the deficiencies of wit, has been uſed more or leſs by moſt of the authors who have ſucceeded on the ſtage; though I know but one who has profeſſedly writ a play upon the baſis of the deſire of multiplying our ſpecies, and that is the polite Sir *George Etherege*; if I underſtand what the lady would be at in the play called *She would if ſhe could*. Other poets have, here and there, given an intimation that there is this deſign under all the diſguiſes and affectations which a lady

lady may put on; but no author, except this, has made ſure work of it, and put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpoſe, from the beginning to the end of the comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be, that all who go to this piece would if they could, or that the innocent go to it, to gueſs only what *ſhe would if ſhe could*, the play has been always well received.

It lifts an heavy empty ſentence, when there is added to it a laſcivious geſture of body; and, when it is too low to be raiſed even by that, a flat meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers, who want *genius*, never fail of keeping this ſecret in reſerve, to create a laugh, or raiſe a clap. I, who know nothing of women but from ſeeing plays, can give great gueſſes at the whole ſtructure of the fair ſex, by being innocently placed in the pit, and inſulted by the petticoats of their dancers; the advantages of whoſe pretty perſons are a great help to a dull play. When a poet flags in writing luſciouſly, a pretty girl can move laſciviouſly, and have the ſame good conſequence for the author. Dull poets, in this caſe, uſe their audiences as dull paraſites do their patrons: when they cannot longer divert them with their wit or humour, they bait their ears with ſomething which is agreeable to their temper, though below their underſtanding. *Apicius* cannot reſiſt being pleaſed, if you give him an account of a delicious meal; or *Clodius*, if you deſcribe a wanton beauty: though, at the ſame time, if you do not awake thoſe inclinations in them, no men are better judges of what is juſt and delicate in converſation. But, as I have before obſerved, it is eaſier to talk to the man, than to the man of ſenſe.

It is remarkable, that the writers of leaſt learning are beſt ſkilled in the luſcious way. The poeteſſes of the age have done wonders in this kind;

and we are obliged to the lady who writ *Ibrahim*, for introducing a preparatory ſcene to the very action, when the Emperor throws his handkerchief as a ſignal for his miſtreſs to follow him into the moſt retired part of the ſeraglio. It muſt be confeſſed his *Turkiſh* Majeſty went off with a good air, but, methought, we made but a ſad figure who waited without. This ingenious gentlewoman, in this piece of bawdry, refined upon an author of the ſame ſex, who, in the *Rover*, makes a country-ſquire ſtrip to his Holland-drawers. For *Blunt* is diſappointed, and the Emperor is underſtood to go on to the utmoſt. The pleaſantry of ſtripping almoſt naked has been ſince practiſed (where indeed it ſhould have begun) very ſucceſsfully at *Bartholomew* fair.

It is not here to be omitted, that in one of the above-mentioned female compoſitions, the *Rover* is very frequently ſent on the ſame errand; as I take it, above once every act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they ſay, the men-authors draw themſelves in their chief characters, and the women-writers may be allowed the ſame liberty. Thus, as the male-wit gives his hero a good fortune, the female gives her heroine a good gallant, at the end of the play. But, indeed, there is hardly a play one can go to, but the hero or fine gentleman of it ſtruts off upon the ſame account, and leaves us to conſider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourſelves as we pleaſe. To be plain, a man who frequents plays would have a very reſpectful notion of himſelf, were he to recollect how often he has been uſed as a pimp to raviſhing tyrants, or ſucceſsful rakes. When the actors make their *exit* on this good occaſion, the ladies are ſure to have an examining glance from the pit, to ſee how they reliſh what paſſes; and a few lewd fools are very ready to employ their talents upon the compoſure or freedom of their looks. Such incidents as

theſe

theſe make ſome ladies wholly abſent themſelves from the playhouſe; and others never miſs the firſt day of a play, leſt it ſhould prove too luſcious to admit their going with any countenance to it on the ſecond.

If men of wit, who think fit to write for the ſtage, inſtead of this pitiful way of giving delight, would turn their thoughts upon raiſing it from good natural impulſes as are in the audience, but are choaked up by vice and luxury, they would not only pleaſe but befriend us at the ſame time. If a man had a mind to be new in his way of writing, might not he who is now repreſented as a Fine Gentleman, though he betrays the honour and bed of his neighbour and friend, and lies with half the women in the play, and is at laſt rewarded with her of the beſt character in it; I ſay, upon giving the comedy another caſt, might not ſuch a one divert the audience quite as well, if, at the cataſtrophe, he were found out for a traitor, and met with contempt accordingly? There is ſeldom a perſon devoted to above one darling vice at a time, ſo that there is room enough to catch at men's hearts to their good and advantage, if the poets will attempt it with the honeſty which becomes their characters.

There is no man who loves his bottle or his miſtreſs, in a manner ſo very abandoned, as not to be capable of reliſhing an agreeable character, that is no way a ſlave to either of thoſe purſuits. A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaſte, faithful and honeſt, may, at the ſame time, have wit, humour, mirth, good-breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts theſe latter qualities, twenty occaſions might be invented to ſhew he is maſter of the other noble virtues. Such characters would ſmite and reprove the heart of a man of ſenſe, when he is given up to his pleaſures. He would ſee he has been miſtaken all this while, and be convinced that a ſound conſtitution and an innocent mind are the true ingredients for becoming and enjoying life. All men

of

of true taſte would call a man of wit, who ſhould turn his ambition this way, a friend and benefactor to his country; but I am at a loſs what name they would give him, who makes uſe of his capacity for contrary purpoſes. R

No. 52. MONDAY, APRIL 30.

Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.
VIRG. Æn. i ver. 78.

To crown thy worth, ſhe ſhall be ever thine,
And make thee father of a beauteous line.

AN ingenious correſpondent, like a ſprightly wife, will always have the laſt word. I did not think my laſt letter to the deformed fraternity would have occaſioned any anſwer, eſpecially ſince I had promiſed them ſo ſudden a viſit: but, as they think they cannot ſhow too great a veneration for my perſon, they have already ſent me up an anſwer. As to the propoſal of a marriage between myſelf and the matchleſs *Hecatiſſa*, I have but one objection to it, which is, That all the ſociety will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be ſure of keeping a woman's heart long, where ſhe may have ſo much choice? I am the more alarmed at this, becauſe the Lady ſeems particularly ſmitten with men of their make.

I believe I ſhall ſet my heart upon her; and think never the worſe of my miſtreſs for an Epigram a ſmart fellow writ, as he thought, againſt her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the ſame time, I cannot but diſcover that his malice is ſtollen from *Martial*.

Tacta

Tacta places, audita places, ſi non videare
Tota places, neutro, ſi videare, places.

Whilſt in the dark on thy ſoft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting *Siren* in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguiſh I endur'd!
But, when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

'Your letter to us we have received, as a ſignal 'mark of your favour and brotherly affection. We 'ſhall be heartily glad to ſee your ſhort face in *Ox-* '*ford:* and ſince the wiſdom of our legiſlature has 'been immortalized in your ſpeculations, and our 'perſonal deformities in ſome ſort by you recorded 'to all poſterity; we hold ourſelves in gratitude 'bound to receive, with the higheſt reſpect, all ſuch 'perſons as for their extraordinary merit you ſhall 'think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto 'the board. As for the Pictiſh damſel, we have an 'eaſy-chair prepared at the upper end of the table; 'which we doubt not but ſhe will grace with a very 'hideous aſpect, and better become the ſeat in the 'native and unaffected uncomelineſs of her perſon, 'than with all the ſuperficial airs of the pencil, 'which (as you have very ingeniouſly obſerved) va-'niſh with a breath, and the moſt innocent adorer 'may deface the ſhrine with a ſalutation; and, in 'the literal ſenſe of our poets, ſnatch and imprint 'his balmy kiſſes, and devour her melting lips. In 'ſhort, the only faces of the Pictiſh kind that will 'endure the weather, muſt be of Dr. *Carbuncle*'s 'dye; though his, in truth, has coſt him a world 'the painting; but then he boaſts with *Zeuxes*, *In* '*æternitatem pingo:* and oft jocoſely tells the fair 'ones, would they acquire colours that would ſtand 'kiſſing, they muſt no longer paint, but drink for a 'complexion: a maxim that in this our age has been 'purſued with no ill ſucceſs; and has been as ad-'mirable in its effects, as the famous coſmetic

'men-

'mentioned in the *Poſtman*, and invented by the re-
'nowned *Britiſh Hippocrates* of the peſtle and mor-
'tar; making the party, after a due courſe, roſy,
'hale, and airy; and the beſt and moſt approved
'receipt now extant for the fever of the ſpirits. But
'to return to our female candidate, who I under-
'ſtand is returned to herſelf, and will no longer
'hang out falſe colours; as ſhe is the firſt of her
'ſex that has done us ſo great an honour, ſhe will
'certainly, in a very ſhort time, both in proſe and
'verſe, be a Lady of the moſt celebrated deformity
'now living; and meet with admirers here as fright-
'ful as herſelf. But, being a long-headed gentle-
'woman, I am apt to imagine ſhe has ſome farther
'deſign than you have yet penetrated; and perhaps
'has more mind to the SPECTATOR than any of
'his fraternity, as the perſon of all the world ſhe
'could like for a paramour: and, if ſo, really I
'cannot but applaud her choice; and ſhould be glad
'if it might lie in my power, to affect an amicable
'accommodation betwixt two faces of ſuch different
'extremes, as the only poſſible expedient to mend
'the breed, and rectify the phyſiognomy of the fa-
'mily on both ſides. And again, as ſhe is a Lady
'of a very fluent elocution, you need not fear that
'your firſt child will be born dumb, which other-
'wiſe you might have ſome reaſon to be appre-
'henſive of. To be plain with you, I can ſee no-
'thing ſhocking in it; for though ſhe has not a face
'like a *John-Apple*, yet, as a late friend of mine,
'who at ſixty-five ventured on a laſs of fifteen, very
'frequently, in the remaining five years of his life,
'gave me to underſtand, That, as old as he then
'ſeemed, when they were firſt married he and his
'ſpouſe could make but fourſcore; ſo may Madam
'*Hecatiſſa* very juſtly alledge hereafter, That, as
'long-viſaged as ſhe may then be thought, upon
'their wedding-day Mr. SPECTATOR and ſhe had
'but half an ell of face betwixt them: and this my

'very

'very worthy predeceſſor, Mr. Serjeant *Chin*, always maintained to be no more than the true oval proportion between man and wife. But as this may be a new thing to you, who have hitherto had no expectations from women, I ſhall allow you what time you think fit to conſider on it; not without ſome hope of ſeeing at laſt your thoughts hereupon ſubjoined to mine, and which is an honour much deſired by,

'SIR, your aſſured friend,
'and moſt humble ſervant,
'HUGH GOBLING, Præſes.'

The following letter has not much in it, but, as it is written in my own praiſe, I cannot from my heart ſuppreſs it.

'SIR,

'You propoſed, in your SPECTATOR of laſt 'Tueſday, Mr. *Hobb*'s hypotheſis for ſolving that 'very odd phænomenon of laughter. You have 'made the hypotheſis valuable by eſpouſing it your'ſelf; for, had it continued Mr. *Hobb*'s, no body 'would have minded it. Now here this perplexed 'caſe ariſes. A certain company laughed very hear'tily upon the reading of that very paper of yours: 'and the truth of it is, he muſt be a man of more 'than ordinary conſtancy that could ſtand it out 'againſt ſo much comedy, and not do as we did. 'Now there are few men in the world ſo far loſt to all 'good ſenſe, as to look upon you to be a man in a 'ſtate of folly *inferior to himſelf*. Pray then how 'do you juſtify your hypotheſis of laughter?

Thurſday the 26th of the month of fools.

'Your moſt humble,
Q. R.'

'SIR,

'In anſwer to your letter, I muſt deſire you 'to recollect yourſelf; and you will find, that

'when

'when you did me the honour to be ſo merry over 'my paper, you laughed at the idiot, the *German* 'courtier, the gaper, the merry-andrew, the haber-'daſher, the biter, the butt, and not at 'I.

'Your humble ſervant,

'*The* SPECTATOR.'

No. 53. TUESDAY, MAY 1.

———*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 359.

Homer himſelf hath been obſerv'd to nod.

ROSCONMON.

MY correſpondents grow ſo numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inſerting their applications to me.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am glad I can inform you, that your endea-'vours to adorn that ſex, which is the faireſt 'part of the viſible creation, are well received, and 'like to prove not unſucceſsful. The triumph of '*Daphne* over her ſiſter *Latitia* has been the ſubject 'of converſation at ſeveral tea-tables where I have 'been preſent; and I have obſerved the fair circle 'not a little pleaſed to find you conſidering them as 'reaſonable creatures, and endeavouring to baniſh 'that *Mahometan* cuſtom, which had too much 'prevailed even in this iſland, of treating women 'as if they had no ſouls. I muſt do them the juſ-'tice to ſay, that there ſeems to be nothing want-'ing to the finiſhing of theſe lovely pieces of hu-'man nature, beſides the turning and applying their 'ambition properly, and the keeping them up to a 'ſenſe of what is their true merit. *Epictetus*, that 'plain honeſt philoſopher, as little as he had of 'gallantry, appears to have underſtood them, as

'well

'well as the polite St. *Evremont*, and has hit this 'point very luckily. *When young women*, ſays he, '*arrive at a certain age, they hear themſelves called* 'Miſtreſſes, *and are made to believe that their only* '*buſineſs is to pleaſe the men; they immediately be-* '*gin to dreſs, and place all their hopes in the adorn-* '*ing of their perſons; it is therefore*, continues he, '*worth the while to endeavour by all means to make* '*them ſenſible, that the honour paid to them is only* '*upon account of their conducting themſelves with* '*virtue, modeſty, and diſcretion.*

'Now, to purſue the matter yet farther, and to 'render your cares for the improvement of the fair 'ones more effectual, I would propoſe a new me-'thod, like thoſe applications which are ſaid to con-'vey their virtue by ſympathy; and that is, that in 'order to embelliſh the miſtreſs, you ſhould give a 'new education to the lover, and teach the men 'not to be any longer dazzled by falſe charms and 'unreal beauty. I cannot but think that if our ſex 'knew always how to place their eſteem juſtly, the 'other would not be ſo often wanting to themſelves 'in deſerving it. For as the being enamoured with 'a woman of ſenſe and virtue is an improvement to 'a man's underſtanding and morals, and the paſ-'ſion is ennobled by the objects which inſpires it; 'ſo, on the other ſide, the appearing amiable to a 'man of a wiſe and elegant mind, carries in itſelf 'no ſmall degree of merit and accompliſhment. I 'conclude, therefore, that one way to make the wo-'men yet more agreeable is, to make the men more 'virtuous. I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'R. B.'

'SIR, *April* 26.

'Yours of *Saturday* laſt I read, not without ſome 'reſentment; but I will ſuppoſe when you ſay you 'expect an inundation of ribbons and brocades, and

'to ſee many new vanities which the women will 'fall into upon a peace with *France*, that you intend 'only the unthinking part of our ſex; and what me-'thods can reduce them to reaſon is hard to imagine.

'But, Sir, there are others yet that your inſtruc-'tions might be of great uſe to, who, after their 'beſt endeavours, are ſometimes at a loſs to acquit 'themſelves to a cenſorious world: I am far from 'thinking you can altogether diſapprove of conver-'ſation between Ladies and Gentlemen, regulated 'by the rules of honour and prudence; and have 'thought it an obſervation not ill made, that where 'that was wholly denied, the women loſt their wit, 'and the men their good-manners. It is ſure, from 'thoſe improper liberties you mentioned, that a ſort 'of undiſtinguiſhing people ſhall baniſh from their 'drawing-rooms the beſt-bred men in the world, 'and condemn thoſe that do not. Your ſtating 'this point might, I think, be of good uſe, as well 'as much oblige,

'SIR, Your admirer, and
'moſt humble ſervant,
'ANNA BELLA.'

No anſwer to this, until *Anna Bella* ſend a deſcription of thoſe ſhe calls the beſt-bred men in the world.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Gentleman who for many years laſt paſt 'have been well known to be truly ſplenetic, and 'that my ſpleen ariſes from having contracted ſo 'great a delicacy, by reading the beſt authors, and 'keeping the moſt refined company, that I cannot 'bear the leaſt impropriety of language, or ruſticity 'of behaviour. Now, Sir, I have ever looked up-'on this as a wiſe diſtemper: but by late obſerva-'tions find that every heavy wretch, who has no-'thing to ſay, excuſes his dulneſs by complaining

'of

'of the ſpleen. Nay, I ſaw the other day, two 'fellows in a tavern-kitchen ſet up for it, call for a 'pint and pipes, and only by guzzling liquor to each 'other's health, and wafting ſmoke in each other's 'face, pretend to throw off the ſpleen. I appeal to 'you whether theſe diſhonours are to be done to 'the diſtemper of the great and the polite. I be-'ſeech you, Sir, to inform theſe fellows that they 'have not the ſpleen, becauſe they cannot talk with-'out the help of a glaſs at their mouths, or convey 'their meaning to each other without the interpoſi-'tion of clouds. If you will not do this with all 'ſpeed, I aſſure you, for my part, I will wholly 'quit the diſeaſe, and for the future be merry with 'the vulgar. 'I am, Sir,

'Your humble ſervant.'

'SIR,

'This is to let you underſtand, that I am a re-'formed ſtaſer, and conceived a deteſtation for 'that practice from what you have writ upon the 'ſubject. But as you have been very ſevere upon 'the behaviour of us men at divine ſervice, I 'hope you will not be ſo apparently partial to the 'women, as to let them go wholly unobſerved. If 'they do every thing that is poſſible to attract our 'eyes, are we more culpable than they, for look-'ing at them? I happened laſt *Sunday* to be ſhut 'into a pew, which was full of young ladies in the 'bloom of youth and beauty. When the ſervice 'began, I had not room to kneel at the confeſſion, 'but as I ſtood kept my eyes from wandering as well 'as I was able, until one o. the young Ladies, 'who is a peeper, reſolved to bring down my 'looks, and fix my devotion on herſelf. You are 'to know, Sir, that a peeper works with her 'hands, eyes, and fan, one of which is continu-

'ally in motion, while she thinks she is not actu-
'ally the admiration of some ogler or starer in the
'congregation. As I stood utterly at a loss how
'to behave myself, surrounded as I was, this peep-
'er so placed herself as to be kneeling just before
'me. She displayed the most beautiful bosom ima-
'ginable, which heaved and fell with some fervour,
'while a delicate well-shaped arm held a fan over
'her face. It was not in nature to command one's
'eyes from this object. I could not avoid taking
'notice also of her fan, which had on it various fi-
'gures, very improper to behold on that occasion.
'There lay in the body of the piece a *Venus*, under
'a purple canopy furled with curious wreaths of
'drapery, half naked, attended with a train of
'*Cupids*, who were busied in fanning her as she
'slept. Behind her was drawn a satyr peeping o-
'ver the silken fence, and threatening to break
'through it. I frequently offered to turn my sight
'another way, but was still detained by the fasci-
'nation of the peeper's eyes, who had long practis-
'ed a skill in them, to recal the parting glances of
'her beholders. You see my complaint, and hope
'you will take these mischievous people, the peep-
'ers into your consideration: I doubt not but
'you will think a peeper as much more pernicious
'than a starer, as an ambuscade is more be feared
'than an open assault.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most obedient servant.'

This peeper using both fan and eyes to be considered as a *Pict*, and proceed accordingly.

King *Latinus* to the *Spectator*, Greeting.

'Though some may think we descend from our
'imperial dignity, in holding correspondence with
'a private *literato*; yet as we have great respect
'to all good intentions for our service, we do

'not

'not esteem it beneath us to return you our royal 'thanks for what you published in our behalf, 'while under confinement in the enchanted castle 'of the *Savoy*, and for your mention of a subsidy 'for a prince in misfortune. This your timely 'zeal has inclined the hearts of divers to be aiding 'unto us, if we could propose the means. We 'have taken their good-will into consideration, and 'have contrived a method which will be easy to 'those who shall give the aid, and not unacceptable 'to us who receive it. A concert of music shall 'be prepared at *Haberdashers-Hall* for *Wednesday* 'the second of *May*, and we will honour the said 'entertainment with our own presence, where each 'person shall be assessed but at two shillings and 'sixpence. What we expect from you is, that you 'publish these our royal intentions, with injunction 'that they be read at all tea-tables within the cities 'of *London* and *Westminster*; and so we bid you 'heartily farewel.

'*Latinus* King of the *Volscians*.'

Given at our court in *Vinegar-Yard*, Story the third from the earth, *April* 28, 1711.'

No. 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 2.

——*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*

HOR. Ep. xi. l. 1. v. 28.

Laborious idleness our pow'rs employs.

THE following letter being the first that I have received from the learned university of *Cambridge*, I could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of philosophers which has arose in that famous resi-

dence of learning; and is, perhaps, the only ſect this age is likely to produce.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cambridge April* 26.

'Believing you to be an univerſal encourager 'of liberal arts and ſciences, and glad of any 'information from the learned world, I thought 'an account of a ſect of philoſophers very fre- 'quent among us, but not taken notice of, as far 'as I can remember, by any writers either ancient 'or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. 'The philoſophers of this ſect are in the language 'of our univerſity called *Lowngers*. I am of opini- 'on, that, as in many other things, ſo likewiſe in this, 'the ancients have been defective, *viz.* in menti- 'oning no philoſophers of this ſort. Some indeed 'will affirm that they are a kind of peripatetics, be- 'cauſe we ſee them continually walking about. But 'I would have theſe gentlemen conſider, that tho' 'the ancient peripatetics walked much, yet they 'wrote much alſo; witneſs, to the ſorrow of this 'ſect, *Ariſtotle* and others: whereas it is notori- 'ous that moſt of our profeſſors never lay out a far- 'thing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are 'for deriving them from *Diogenes*, becauſe ſeveral 'of the leading men of the ſect have a great deal 'of the cynical humour in them, and delight much 'in ſun-ſhine. But then, again, *Diogenes* was con- 'tent to have his conſtant habitation in a narrow 'tub, whilſt our philoſophers are ſo far from be- 'ing of his opinion, that it is death to them to be 'confined within the limits of a good handſome 'convenient chamber but for half an hour. Others 'there are, who from the clearneſs of their heads 'deduce the pedigree of *Lowngers* from that great 'man, (I think it was either *Plato* or *Socrates*), who 'after all his ſtudy and learning profeſſed, That 'all he then knew was, that he knew nothing.

'You

'You eaſily ſee this is but a ſhallow argument, and 'may be ſoon confuted.

'I have with great pains and induſtry made my 'obſervations, from time to time, upon theſe ſa-'ges; and, having now all materials ready, am 'compiling a treatiſe wherein I ſhall ſet forth the 'riſe and progreſs of this famous ſect, together 'with their maxims, auſterities, manner of living, '&c. Having prevailed with a friend, who deſigns 'ſhortly to publiſh a new edition of *Diogenes Laer-'tius*, to add this treatiſe of mine by way of ſupple-'ment, I ſhall now, to let the world ſee what may 'be expected from me, (firſt begging Mr. SPEC-'TATOR's leave that the world may ſee it), briefly 'touch upon ſome of my chief obſervations, and 'then ſubſcribe myſelf your humble ſervant. In 'the firſt place, I ſhall give you two or three of 'their maxims: the fundamental one, upon which 'their whole ſyſtem is built, is this, *viz.* That 'Time being an implacable enemy to, and a de-'ſtroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own 'coin, and be deſtroyed and murdered, without 'mercy, by all the ways that can be invented. 'Another favourite ſaying of theirs is, That buſi-'neſs was deſigned only for knaves, and ſtudy for 'blockheads. A third ſeems to be a ludicrous one, 'but has a great effect upon their lives; and this is, 'That the devil is at home. Now for their man-'ner of living: and here I have a large field to 'expatiate in; but I ſhall reſerve particulars for 'my intended diſcourſe, and now only mention 'one or two of their principal exerciſes. The elder 'proficients employ themſelves in inſpecting *mores 'hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with all 'the ſigns and windows in the town. Some are 'arrived to ſo great knowledge, that they can tell 'every time any butcher kills a calf, every time 'an old woman's cat is in the ſtraw; and a thou-'ſand other matters as important. One ancient

'philoſopher

'philoſopher contemplates two or three hours every 'day over a ſun-dial; and is true to the dial,

——*As the dial to the ſun,*
Although it be not ſhone upon.

'Our younger ſtudents are content to carry their 'ſpeculations as yet no farther than bowling-greens, 'billiard-tables, and ſuch like places. This may 'ſerve for a ſketch of my deſign; in which I hope I 'ſhall have your encouragement. I am,

'SIR, yours.'

I muſt be ſo juſt as to obſerve, I have formerly ſeen of this ſect at our other univerſity; though not diſtinguiſhed by the appellation which the learned hiſtorian, my correſpondent, reports they bear at *Cambridge*. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themſelves more by their ſtrict application to the rules of their order, than any other ſtudents whatever. Others ſeldom hurt themſelves any further than to gain weak eyes and ſometimes headaches; but theſe philoſophers are ſeized all over with a general inability, indolence, and wearineſs, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with an heavineſs in removing to another.

The *Lowngers* are ſatisfied with being merely part of the number of mankind, without diſtinguiſhing themſelves from amongſt them. They may be ſaid rather to ſuffer their time to paſs, than to ſpend it, without regard to the paſt, or proſpect of the future. All they know of life is only the preſent inſtant; and do not taſte even that. When one of this order happens to be a man of fortune, the expence of his time is transferred to his coach and horſes, and his life is to be meaſured by their motion, not his own enjoyments or ſufferings. The chief entertainment one of theſe philoſophers can poſſibly propoſe to himſelf, is to get a reliſh of dreſs. This, methinks, might diverſify the perſon he is weary of (his own dear ſelf)

to

to himſelf. I have known theſe two amuſements make one of theſe philoſophers make a tolerable figure in the world: with variety of dreſſes in public aſſemblies in town, and a quick motion of his horſes out of it, now to *Bath*, now to *Tunbridge*, then to *New-market*, and then to *London*, he has in proceſs of time brought it to paſs, that his coach and his horſes have been mentioned in all thoſe places. When the *Lowngers* leave an academic life, and, inſtead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the ſeats of their anceſtors, they uſually join a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noiſe in the world; but I ſhall inquire into ſuch about this town as have arrived at the dignity of being *Lowngers* by the force of natural parts, without having ever ſeen an univerſity; and ſend my correſpondent, for the embelliſhment of his book, the names and hiſtory of thoſe who paſs their lives without any incidents at all, and how they ſhift coffee-houſes and chocolate-houſes from hour to hour, to get over the inſupportable labour of doing nothing. R

No. 55. THURSDAY, MAY 3.

——Intus et in jecore ægro
Noſcuntur Domini—— PERS. Sat. v. ver. 129.

Our paſſions play the tyrants in our breaſts.

MOST of the trades, profeſſions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleaſure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As theſe two principles of action draw different

ferent ways, *Perſius* has given us a very humourous account of a young fellow who was rouſed out of his bed, in order to be ſent upon a long voyage, by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-perſuaded and kept at home by *Luxury*. I ſhall ſet down at length the pleadings of theſe two imaginary perſons, as they are in the original, with Mr. *Dryden*'s tranſlation of them.

Mane, piger, ſtertis: ſurge, inquit Avaritia: eia
Surge. Negas. Inſtat, ſurge, inquit. Non queo.
Surge.
Et quid agam? Rogitas? ſaperdas advehe ponto,
Caſtoreum, ſtuppas hebenum, thus, lubrica coa.
Telle recens primus piper e ſitiente camelo.
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!
Baro, reguſtatum digito terrebrare ſalinum
Contentus perages, ſi vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem ſuccinctus et œnophorum aptas;
Ocyus ad navem. Nil obſtat quin trabe vaſta
Ægæum rapias, niſi ſolers Luxuria ante
Seductum moneat; quo diende inſane, ruis? Quo?
Quid tibi vis? Calido ſub pectore maſcula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicuta?
Tun' mare tranſilias? Tibi torta cannabe fulto
Cœna ſit in tranſtro? Veientanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapida læſum pice ſeſſilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modeſto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos ſudare deunces?
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; noſtrum eſt
Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde
eſt.
En quid agis? Dulplici in diverſum ſcinderis hamo.
Hunccine, an hunc ſequeris?——

SAT. v. ver. 131.

Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou wouldſt take a lazy morning's nap;

Up,

Up, up, says *AVARICE*; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.
The rugged tyrant no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.
What must I do? he cries. What? says his lord:
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
With fish, from *Euxine* seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, *Coan* wines, the precious weight
Of pepper and *Sabean* incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back,
And with post-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny; lie and swear,
'Tis wholsome sin: but *Jove*, thou say'st, will hear.
Swear, fool, or starve; for the *dilemma*'s even:
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?
Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back.
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, but he,
That soft, voluptuous prince, call'd *LUXURY*;
And he may ask this civil question; Friend,
What dost thou make a-shipboard? To what end?
Art thou of *Bethlem*'s noble college free?
Stark staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the sea?
Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattress laid,
On a brown *George*, with lousy swobbers, fed;
Dead wine, that stinks of the *Borachio*, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup!
Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store,
From six i' th' hundred to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give:
For, not to live at ease, is not to live:
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.

Speak,

Speak, wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleaſure* chuſe
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuſe.

When a government flouriſhes in conqueſts, and is ſecure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleaſures of *Luxury*; and as theſe pleaſures are very expenſive, they put thoſe who are addicted to them upon raiſing freſh ſupplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciouſneſs and corruption; ſo that *Avarice* and *Luxury* very often become one complicated principle of action, in thoſe whoſe hearts are wholly ſet upon eaſe, magnificence, and pleaſure. The moſt elegant and correct of all the *Latin* hiſtorians obſerves, that in his time, when the moſt formidable ſtates of the world were ſubdued by the *Romans*, the republic ſunk into thoſe two vices of a quite different nature, *Luxury* and *Avarice*; and accordingly deſcribes *Catiline* as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the ſame time that he ſquandered away his own. This obſervation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are ſettled in a ſtate of eaſe and proſperity. At ſuch times men naturally endeavour to outſhine one another in pomp and ſplendour, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themſelves in the enjoyment of all the pleaſures they can get into their poſſeſſion; which naturally produces *Avarice*, and an immoderate purſuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myſelf in the ſpeculation of thoſe two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I ſhall here preſent my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war againſt each other: the name of the firſt was *Luxury*, and of the ſecond *Avarice*. The aim of each of them was no leſs than uni-

verſal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. *Luxury* had many generals under him, who did him great ſervice, as *Pleaſure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp*, and *Faſhion*. *Avarice* was likewiſe very ſtrong in his officers, being faithfully ſerved by *Hunger*, *Induſtry*, *Care*, and *Watchfulneſs*: he had likewiſe a privy-counſellor who was always at his elbow, and whiſpering ſomething or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counſellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himſelf by the counſels of *Poverty*, his antagoniſt was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of *Plenty*, who was his firſt counſellor and miniſter of ſtate, that concerted all his meaſures for him, and never departed out of his ſight. While theſe two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conqueſts were very various. *Luxury* got poſſeſſion of one heart, and *Avarice* of another. The father of a family would often range himſelf under the banners of *Avarice*, and the ſon under thoſe of *Luxury*. The wife and huſband would often declare themſelves on the two different parties; nay, the ſame perſon would very often ſide with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wiſe men of the world ſtood *neuter*; but alas! their numbers were not conſiderable. At length, when theſe two potentates had wearied themſelves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counſellors were to be preſent. It is ſaid that *Luxury* began the parley, and, after having repreſented the endleſs ſtate of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankneſs of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two ſhould be very good friends, were it not for the inſtigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious counſellor, who made an ill uſe of his ear, and filled him with groundleſs apprehenſions and prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the firſt miniſter of his antagoniſt) to be a much more

deſtructive counſellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually ſuggeſting pleaſures, baniſhing all the neceſſary cautions againſt want, and conſequently undermining thoſe principles on which the government of *Avarice* was founded. At laſt, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary: That each of them ſhould immediately diſmiſs his privy counſellor. When things were thus far adjuſted towards a peace, all other differences were ſoon accommodated, inſomuch that for the future they reſolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to ſhare between them whatever conqueſts were made on either ſide. For this reaſon, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking poſſeſſion of the ſame heart, and dividing the ſame perſon between them. To which I ſhall only add, that ſince the diſcarding of the counſellors abovementioned, *Avarice* ſupplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*. C

No. 56. FRIDAY, MAY 4.

Felices errore ſuo—— LUCAN. l. i. ver. 454.
Happy in their miſtake.

THE *Americans* believe that all creatures have ſouls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the moſt inanimate things, as ſtocks and ſtones. They believe the ſame of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glaſſes: And that as any of theſe things periſh, their ſouls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghoſts of men and women. For this reaſon they always place by the corpſe of their dear friend a bow and arrows, that he may make uſe of the ſouls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies

bodies in this. How abſurd ſoever ſuch an opinion as this may appear, our *European* philoſophers have maintained ſeveral notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato*'s followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with ſubſtances and beings no leſs extravagant and chimerical. Many *Ariſtotelians* have likewiſe ſpoken as unintelligibly of their ſubſtantial forms. I ſhall only inſtance *Albertus Magnus*, who, in his diſſertation upon the Loadſtone, obſerving that fire will deſtroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidſt an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to ariſe from it, which he believed might be the *ſubſtantial Form*, that is, in our *Weſt-Indian* phraſe, the *Soul* of the loadſtone.

There is a tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their countrymen deſcended in a viſion to the great repoſitory of ſouls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a diſtinct account of every thing he ſaw among thoſe regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the *Indian* Kings, to inquire of them, if poſſible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: which, as well as he could learn by thoſe many queſtions which he aſked them at ſeveral times, was in ſubſtance as follows.

The viſionary, whoſe name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long ſpace under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of ſpirits, but could not enter it by reaſon of a thick foreſt made up of buſhes, brambles, and pointed thorns, ſo perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impoſſible to find a paſſage through it. Whilſt he was looking about for ſome track or path-way that might be worn in any part of it, he ſaw an huge lion couched under the ſide

of it, who kept his eye upon him in the ſame poſture as when he watches for his prey. The *Indian* immediately ſtarted back, whilſt the lion roſe with a ſpring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly deſtitute of all other weapons, he ſtooped down to take up an huge ſtone in his hand; but to his infinite ſurpriſe graſped nothing, and found the ſuppoſed ſtone to be only the apparition of one. If he was diſappointed on this ſide, he was as much pleaſed on the other, when he found the lion, which had ſeized on his left ſhoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghoſt of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no ſooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having ſurveyed it for ſome time, endeavoured to preſs into one part of it that was a little thinner than the reſt: when again, to his great ſurpriſe, he found the buſhes made no reſiſtance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the ſame eaſe as through the open air; and, in ſhort, that the whole wood was nothing elſe but a wood of ſhades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was deſigned as a kind of fence or quick-ſet hedge to the ghoſts it incloſed; and that probably their ſoft ſubſtances might be torn by theſe ſubtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impreſſions in fleſh and blood. With this thought he reſolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew ſtronger and ſweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further, when he obſerved the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thouſand beautiful *green trees, covered with bloſſoms of the fineſt ſcents and colours, that formed a wilderneſs of ſweets, and were a kind of lining to thoſe ragged ſcenes which he had before paſſed through. As he was coming out of this delightful

part

part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it incloſed, he ſaw ſeveral horſemen ruſhing by him, and a little while after he heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not liſtened long before he ſaw the apparition of a milk-white ſteed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full ſtretch after the ſouls of about an hundred beagles that were hunting down the ghoſt of an hare, which ran away before them with an unſpeakable ſwiftneſs. As the man on the milk-white ſteed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*, who died about half a year before, and, by reaſon of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the weſtern parts of *America*.

He had no ſooner got out out of the wood, but he was entertained with ſuch a landſcape of flowery plains, green meadows, running ſtreams, ſunny hills, and ſhady vales, as were not to be repreſented by his own expreſſions, nor, as he ſaid, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable ſwarms of ſpirits, who applied themſelves to exerciſes and diverſions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were toſſing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the ſhadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horſe; and multitudes employing themſelves upon ingenious handicrafts with the ſouls of *departed utenſils*, for that is the name which in the *Indian* language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful ſcene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that roſe every where about him in the greateſt variety and profuſion, having never ſeen ſeveral of them in his own country: but he quickly found, that, though they were objects of his ſight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the ſide of a great river, and being a good fiſherman himſelf, ſtood

upon the banks of it ſome time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many ſhapes of fiſhes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I ſhould have told my reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greateſt beauties of his country, by whom he had ſeveral children. This couple were ſo famous for their love and conſtancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wiſh that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not ſtood long by the fiſherman when he ſaw the ſhadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for ſome time fixed her eye upon him before he diſcovered her. Her arms were ſtretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice, called him over to her; and at the ſame time ſeemed to tell him that the river was unpaſſable. Who can deſcribe the paſſion made up of joy, ſorrow, love, deſire, aſtoniſhment, that roſe in the *Indian* upon the ſight of his dear *Yaratilda?* He could expreſs it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not ſtood in this poſture long, before he plunged into the ſtream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it until he aroſe on the other ſide. At his approach *Yaratilda* flew into his arms, whilſt *Marraton* wiſhed himſelf diſencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many queſtions and endearments on both ſides, ſhe conducted him to a bower which ſhe had dreſſed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in thoſe blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding ſomething new to it. As *Marraton* ſtood aſtoniſhed at the unſpeakable beauty of her habitation, and raviſhed with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, *Yaratilda* told him ſhe was preparing this bower for his

his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life ſhould be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died ſome years before, and reſided with her in the ſame delightful bower; adviſing him to breed up thoſe others which were ſtill with him in ſuch a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a ſight of thoſe diſmal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions ſeveral molten ſeas of gold, in which were plunged the ſouls of barbarous *Europeans*, who put to the ſword ſo many thouſands of poor *Indians* for the ſake of that precious metal: but having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the meaſure of my paper, I ſhall not give any further account of it. C

No. 57. SATURDAY, MAY 5.

Quem præſtare poteſt mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à ſexu? —— Juv. Sat. vi. ver. 251.

What ſenſe of ſhame in woman's breaſt can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own ſex to fly?

DRYDEN.

WHEN the wife of *Hector*, in *Homer's Iliad*, diſcourſes with her huſband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero, deſiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her go to her maids and mind her ſpinning: by which the poet intimates, that men and women ought to buſy them-

themſelves in their proper ſpheres, and on ſuch matters only as are ſuitable to their reſpective ſex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has paſſed a great part of his life in the nurſery, and, upon occaſion, can make a caudle or a ſack-poſſet better than any man in *England*. He is likewiſe a wonderful critic in cambric and muſlins, and will talk an hour together upon a ſweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with obſervations that he makes both in town and court: as what Lady ſhews the niceſt fancy in her dreſs; what man of quality wears the faireſt wig; who has the fineſt linen, who the prettieſt ſnuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good company.

On the other hand, I have very frequently the opportunity of ſeeing a rural *Andromache*, who came up to town laſt winter, and is one of the greateſt fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horſes, and makes nothing of leaping over a ſix-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggiſh ſtory, ſhe gives him a puſh with her hand in jeſt, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her ſervant neglects his buſineſs, threatens to kick him out of the houſe. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a ſubſtantial tradeſman a louſy cur; and remember one day, when ſhe could not think of the name of a perſon, ſhe deſcribed him in a large company of men and ladies, by the fellow with the broad ſhoulders.

If thoſe ſpeeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong ſex, the faults and imperfections of one ſex tranſplanted into another, appear black and monſtrous. As for the men, I ſhall not in this paper any further concern myſelf about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the moſt beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all thoſe little

little ſpots and blemiſhes, that are apt to riſe among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I ſhall dedicate this paper to their ſervice. The ſpot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party-rage which of late years is very much crept into their converſation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel paſſions that are altogether repugnant to the ſoftneſs, the modeſty, and thoſe other endearing qualities which are natural to the Fair Sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and ſooth them into tenderneſs and compaſſion; not to ſet an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them thoſe paſſions which are too apt to riſe of their own accord. When I have ſeen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have ſtopt it? How have I been troubled to ſee ſome of the fineſt features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party-rage? *Camilla* is one of the greateſt beauties in the *Britiſh* nation, and yet values herſelf more upon being the *Virago* of one party, than upon being the toaſt of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful *Pentheſilea* acroſs a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to ſhake with the earneſtneſs of the diſpute, ſhe ſcalded her fingers, and ſpilt a diſh of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, nobody knows where it would have ended.

There is one conſideration which I would earneſtly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have ſome weight with them. In ſhort, it is this, that there is nothing ſo bad for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured caſt to the eye, and a diſagreeable ſourneſs to the look; beſides that it makes the lines too ſtrong, and fluſhes them worſe than brandy. I have ſeen a woman's face break out in heats, as ſhe has been talking againſt

gainſt a great Lord, whom ſhe had never ſeen in her life; and indeed never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore adviſe all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all diſputes of this nature; though, at the ſame time, I would give free liberty to all ſuperannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they pleaſe, ſince there will be no danger either of their ſpoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and deſpicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a woman is too ſincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and diſcretion, and to act with that caution and reſervedneſs which are requiſite in our ſex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them it throws them into ten thouſand heats and extravagancies: their generous ſouls ſets no bounds to their love, or to their hatred; and whether a whig or a tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-ſhow, be the object of it, the paſſion, while it reigns, ingroſſes the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates* was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend WILL HONEYCOMB in a viſit to a Lady of his acquaintance: we were no ſooner ſat down, but upon caſting my eyes about the room, I found in almoſt every corner of it a print that repreſentd the Doctor in all magnitudes and dimenſions. A little after, as the Lady was diſcourſing my friend, and held her ſnuff-box in her hand, who ſhould I ſee in the lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when ſhe had occaſion for her handkerchief, which upon the firſt opening diſcovered among the plaits of it the figure of the Doctor. Upon this my friend WILL, who loves raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr. *Truelove*'s place, (for that was the name of her huſband), he ſhould be made as uneaſy by a handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid*, ſaid ſhe, *Mr.*

Mr. HONEYCOMB, *you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a friend to the Doctor or not?* WILL, inſtead of making her a reply, ſmiled in her face, (for indeed ſhe was very pretty), and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjuſted it, and looking a little ſeriouſly, *Well*, ſays ſhe, *I will be hanged if you and your ſilent friend are not againſt the Doctor in your hearts. I ſuſpected as much by his ſaying nothing.* Upon this ſhe took her fan into her hand, and, upon the opening of it again, diſplayed to us the figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the ſticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken poſſeſſion of her thoughts, her diſcourſe, and moſt of her furniture; but, finding myſelf preſſed too cloſe by her queſtion, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly. C

No. 58. MONDAY, MAY 7.

Ut pictura poeſis erit——

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 361.

Poems like pictures are.

NOTHING is ſo much admired, and ſo little underſtood, as wit. No author that I know of has written profeſſedly upon it; and as for thoſe who make any mention of it, they only treat on the ſubject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little ſhort reflections, or in general declamatory flouriſhes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope, therefore, I ſhall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this ſubject; which I ſhall endeavour to do in a manner ſuitable to it, that I may not incur the cenſure which a famous critic beſtows upon

on one who had written a treatiſe upon *the Sublime* in a low groveling ſtyle. I intend to lay aſide a whole week for this undertaking, that the ſcheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promiſe myſelf, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* night. I ſhall endeavour to make what I ſay intelligible to ordinary capacities; but, if my readers meet with any paper that in ſome parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them diſcouraged, for they may aſſure themſelves the next ſhall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of theſe my ſpeculations is to baniſh vice and ignorance out of the territories of *Great Britain*, I ſhall endeavour as much as poſſible to eſtabliſh among us a taſte of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to ſet my readers right in ſeveral points relating to operas and tragedies; and ſhall from time to time impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my bookſeller, that theſe papers of criticiſm, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from ſuch ſubjects; for which reaſon I ſhall enter upon my preſent undertaking with greater cheerfulneſs.

In this, and one or two following papers, I ſhall trace out the hiſtory of falſe wit, and diſtinguiſh the ſeveral kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more neceſſary at preſent, becauſe I obſerved there were attempts on foot laſt winter to revive ſome of thoſe antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were ſeveral ſatires and panegyrics handed about in acroſtic, by which means ſome of the moſt arrant undiſputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to ſet up for polite

polite authors. I ſhall therefore deſcribe at length thoſe many arts of falſe wit, in which a writer does not ſhow himſelf a man of a beautiful genius, but of great induſtry.

The firſt ſpecies of falſe wit which I have met with is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced ſeveral pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itſelf: I mean thoſe ſhort poems printed among the minor *Greek* poets, which reſemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a ſhepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the firſt, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a ſcholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to tranſlate it into *Engliſh*, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author ſeems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem, than upon the ſenſe of it.

The pair of wings conſiſts of twelve verſes, or rather feathers, every verſe decreaſing gradually in its meaſure according to its ſituation in the wing. The ſubject of it (as in the reſt of the poems which follow) bears ſome remote affinity with the figure; for it deſcribes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The axe methinks would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it conſiſted of the moſt ſatirical parts of the work; but, as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing elſe but the poſy of an axe which was conſecrated to *Minerva*, and was thought to have been the ſame that *Epeus* made uſe of in building of the *Trojan* horſe; which is a hint I ſhall leave to the conſideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the poſy was written originally upon the axe, like thoſe which our modern cutlers inſcribe upon their knives; and that therefore the poſy ſtill remains in its ancient ſhape, though the axe itſelf is loſt.

The ſhepherd's pipe may be ſaid to be full of

muſic; for it is compoſed of nine different kinds of verſes, which by their ſeveral lengths reſemble the nine ſtops of the old muſical inſtrument, that is likewiſe the ſubject of the poem.

The altar is inſcribed with the epitaph of *Troilus* the ſon of *Hecuba*; which, by the way, makes me believe, that thoſe falſe pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally aſcribed; at leaſt I will never be perſuaded, that ſo fine a writer as *Theocritus* could have been the author of any ſuch ſimple works.

It was impoſſible for a man to ſucceed in theſe performances who was not a kind of painter, or at leaſt a deſigner: he was firſt of all to draw the outline of the ſubject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the deſcription to the figure of his ſubject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itſelf according to the mould in which it was caſt. In a word, the verſes were to be cramped or extended to the dimenſions of the frame that was prepared for them, and to undergo the fate of thoſe perſons whom the tyrant *Procruſtes* uſed to lodge in his iron bed: if they were too ſhort, he ſtretched them on a rack, and, if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, until they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. *Dryden* hints at this obſolete kind of wit in one of the following verſes in his *Mac-Flecno*; which an *Engliſh* reader cannot underſtand, who does not know that there are theſe little poems above-mentioned, in the ſhape of wings and altars.

——Chuſe for thy command
Some peaceful province in acroſtic land;
There may'ſt thou wings *diſplay, and* altars *raiſe,*
And torture one poor word a thouſand ways.

This faſhion of falſe wit was revived by ſeveral poets of the laſt age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. *Herbert*'s poems; and, if I am not miſtaken,

miſtaken, in the tranſlation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns, which more reſembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King *Charles* the Firſt, which has the whole book of *Pſalms* written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head. When I was laſt at *Oxford*, I peruſed one of the whiſkers; and was reading the other, but could not go ſo far in it as I would have done, by reaſon of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them preſſed to ſee ſuch a piece of curioſity. I have ſince heard, that there is now an eminent writing-maſter in town, who has tranſcribed all the *Old Teſtament* in a full-bottomed periwig; and, if the faſhion ſhould introduce the thick kind of wigs which were in vogue ſome few years ago, he promiſes to add two or three ſupernumerary locks that ſhall contain all the *Apocrypha*. He deſigned this wig originally for King *William*, having diſpoſed of the two books of *Kings* in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finiſhed, there is a ſpace left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchaſe it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture, I would humbly propoſe, for the benefit of our modern ſmatterers in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in thoſe ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to preſent his miſtreſs with a copy of verſes in the ſhape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finiſhed the three firſt ſticks of it. He has likewiſe promiſed me to get the meaſure of his miſtreſs's marriage-finger, with a deſign to make a poſy in the faſhion of a ring, which ſhall exactly fit it. It is ſo very eaſy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not queſtion but my ingenious readers will apply what I have ſaid to many other particulars; and that we ſhall ſee the town filled in a very little

time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, ſnuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I ſhall therefore conclude with a word of advice to thoſe admirable *Engliſh* authors who call themſelves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themſelves to this kind of wit without loſs of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verſes of all ſizes and dimenſions. C

No. 59. TUESDAY, MAY 8.

Operoſe nihil agunt. SENECA.

Buſy about nothing.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could, and notwithſtanding pedants of a pretended depth and ſolidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author, as *Flaſh* and *Froth*, they all of them ſhew upon occaſion that they would ſpare no pains to arrive at the character of thoſe whom they ſeem to deſpiſe. For this reaſon we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which coſt them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-ſlave than a wit, were one to gain that title by thoſe elaborate trifles, which have been the inventions of ſuch authors as were often maſters of great learning but no genius.

In my laſt paper I mentioned ſome of thoſe falſe wits among the ancients, and in this ſhall give the reader two or three other ſpecies of them, that flouriſhed in the ſame early ages of the world. The firſt I ſhall produce are the *Lipogrammatiſts* or *Letter-droppers* of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reaſon, againſt ſome particular letter in the alphabet, ſo as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great maſter

maſter in this kind of writing. He compoſed an *Odyſſey* or epic poem on the adventures of *Ulyſſes*, conſiſting of four and twenty books, having entirely baniſhed the letter *A* from his firſt book, which was called *Alpha* (as *lucus a non lucendo*) becauſe there was not an *Alpha* in it. His ſecond book was inſcribed *Beta* for the ſame reaſon. In ſhort, the poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and ſhewed them one after another, that he could do his buſineſs without them.

It muſt have been very pleaſant to have ſeen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a falſe quantity, and making his eſcape from it through the ſeveral *Greek* dialects, when he was preſſed with it in any particular ſyllable. For the moſt apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemiſhed with a wrong letter. I ſhall only obſerve upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyſſey* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants, than the *Odyſſey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obſolete words and phraſes, unuſual barbariſms and ruſticities, abſurd ſpellings and complicated dialects? I make no queſtion but it would have been looked upon as one of the moſt valuable treaſuries of the *Greek* tongue.

I find likewiſe among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns diſtinguiſh by the name of a *Rebus*, that does not ſink a letter but a whole word, by ſubſtituting a picture in its place. When *Cæſar* was one of the maſters of the *Roman* mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverſe of the public money: the word *Cæſar* ſignifying an elephant in the *Punic* language. This was artificially contrived by *Cæſar*, becauſe it was not lawful for a private man to ſtamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. *Cicero*,

who was ſo called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the noſe with a little wen like a vetch (which is *Cicer* in Latin) inſtead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, ordered the words *Marcus Tullius*, with the figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inſcribed on a public monument. This was done probably to ſhew that he was neither aſhamed of his name or family, notwithſtanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the ſame manner we read of a famous building that was marked in ſeveral parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard: thoſe words in *Greek* having been the names of the architects who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inſcribe their own names upon their works. For the ſame reaſon it is thought, that the forelock of the horſe in the ancient equeſtrian ſtatue of *Marcus Aurelius*, repreſents at a diſtance the ſhape of an owl, to intimate the country of the ſtatuary; who, in all probability, was an *Athenian*. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practiſe it for any oblique reaſon, as the ancients abovementioned, but purely for the ſake of being witty. Among innumerable inſtances that may be given of this nature, I ſhall produce the device of one Mr. *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Camden* in his remains. Mr. *Newberry*, to repreſent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the ſign of a yew-tree, that had ſeveral berries upon it, and, in the midſt of them, a great golden *N* hung upon a bough of the tree, which, by the help of a little falſe ſpelling, made up the word *N-ew-berry*.

I ſhall conclude this topic with a *Rebus* which has been lately hewn out in free ſtone, and erected over two of the portals of *Blenheim* Houſe, being the figure of a monſtrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better underſtanding of which device, I muſt acquaint my *Engliſh* reader that a cock

cock has the misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the ſame word that ſignifies a *Frenchman*, as a lion is an emblem of the *Engliſh* nation. Such a device in ſo noble a pile of building looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very ſorry the truly ingenious architect would ſuffer the ſtatuary to blemiſh his excellent plan with ſo poor a conceit: but I hope what I have ſaid will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewiſe, in ancient times, the conceit of making an echo talk ſenſibly, and give rational anſwers. If this could be excuſable in any writer, it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the echo as a nymph, before ſhe was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned *Eraſmus*, though a man of wit and *genius*, has compoſed a dialogue upon this ſilly kind of device, and made uſe of an echo who ſeems to have been a very extraordinary linguiſt, for ſhe anſwers the perſon ſhe talks with in *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew*, according as ſhe found the ſyllables which ſhe was to repeat in any of thoſe learned languages. *Hudibras*, in ridicule of this falſe kind of wit, has deſcribed *Bruin* bewailing the loſs of his bear to a ſolitary echo, who is of great uſe to the poet in ſeveral diſtiches, as ſhe does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verſe, and furniſhes him with *rhymes*. +

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules *for loſs of* Hylas;
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his ſad regret:
He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair,
For loſs of his dear crony bear,
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did reſound,
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall poets ſplay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in her rueful ſtories,
To anſwer to int'rogatories,

And

And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows:
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my——Echo, ruin?
I thought th' hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep
For fear: Quoth Echo, Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have thoſe bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear ſake. Quoth ſhe, Mum budget.
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i' th' diſh,
Thou turn'ſt thy back? Quoth Echo, Piſh.
To run from thoſe thou had'ſt o'ercome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too as thine enemy?
Or if thou haſt not thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to ſpend his blood in
His honour's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, A puddin.

No. 60. WEDNESDAY, MAY 9.

Hoc eſt quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, hoc eſt?
PERS. Sat. iii. ver. 85.

Is it for this you gain thoſe meagre looks,
And ſacrifice your dinner to your books?

SEVERAL kinds of falſe wit, that vaniſhed in the refined ages of the world, diſcovered themſelves again in the times of monkiſh ignorance.

As

As the monks were the maſters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely diſengaged from buſineſs, it is no wonder that ſeveral of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the compoſition of ſuch tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have ſeen half the *Æneid* turned into *Latin* rhymes by one of the *Beaux Eſprits* of that dark age; who ſays, in his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the ſweets of rhyme to make it the moſt perfect work in its kind. I have likewiſe ſeen an hymn in hexameters to the Virgin *Mary*, which filled a whole book, though it conſiſted but of the eight following words:

Tot, tibi, ſunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, ſidera, cœlo.

Thou haſt as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are ſtars in heaven.

The poet rung the changes upon theſe eight ſeveral words, and by that means made his verſes almoſt as numerous as the virtues and the ſtars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men, who had ſo much time upon their hands, did not only reſtore all the antiquated pieces of falſe wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing elſe but a tranſmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the ſame ſet of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the goddeſs that preſides over thoſe ſorts of compoſition, ſhall ſo direct. I remember a witty author, in alluſion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who (it ſeems) was diſtorted, and had his limbs ſet in places that did not properly belong to them, *The anagram of a man.*

When the anagrammatiſt takes a name to work upon, he conſiders it at firſt as a mine not broken up,

up, which will not ſhew the treaſure it contains until he ſhall have ſpent many hours in the ſearch of it: for it is his buſineſs to find out one word that conceals itſelf in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of ſtations in which they can poſſibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in faſhion, endeavoured to gain his miſtreſs's heart by it. She was one of the fineſt women of her age, and known by the name of the Lady *Mary Boon*. The lover not being able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing, converted it into *Moll*; and after having ſhut himſelf up for half a year, with indefatigable induſtry produced an anagram. Upon the preſenting it to his miſtreſs, who was a little vexed in her heart to ſee herſelf degraded into *Moll Boon*, ſhe told him to his infinite ſurpriſe, that he had miſtaken her ſurname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bohun*.

——————Ibi omnis
Effuſus labor——

The lover was thunder-ſtruck with his misfortune, inſomuch that in a little time after he loſt his ſenſes, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acroſtic was probably invented about the ſame time with the anagram, though it is impoſſible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The *ſimple* acroſtic is nothing but the name or title of a perſon or thing made out of the initial letters of ſeveral verſes, and by that means written, after the manner of the *Chineſe*, in a perpendicular line. But beſides theſe there are *compound* acroſticks, when the principal letters ſtand two or three deep. I have ſeen ſome of them where the verſes have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the ſame name

name running down like a ſeam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acroſticks, which is commonly called a chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, eſpecially thoſe of *Germany* when they repreſent in the inſcription, the year in which they were coined. Thus we ſee in a medal of *Guſtavus Adolphus* the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the ſeveral words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was ſtamped: for, as ſome of the letters diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt, and overtop their fellows, they are to be conſidered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious *German* wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of theſe ingenious devices. A man would think they were ſearching after an apt claſſical term, but inſtead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of theſe inſcriptions, we are not ſo much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The *Bouts Rimez* were the favourites of the *French* nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a liſt of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the ſame order that they were placed upon the liſt: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verſes to them. I do not know any greater inſtance of the decay of wit and learning among the *French* (which generally follows the declenſion of empire) than the endeavouring to reſtore this fooliſh kind of wit. If the reader will be at the trou-

ble

ble to ſee examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Galant*; where the author every month gives a liſt of rhymes to be filled up by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the *Mercure* for the ſucceeding month. That for the month of *November* laſt, which now lies before me, is as follows.

- *Lauriers*
- *Guerriers*
- *Muſutte*
- *Liſette*
- *Ceſars*
- *Etendars*
- *Houlette*
- *Folette*

One would be amazed to ſee ſo learned a man as *Menage* talking ſeriouſly on this kind of trifle in the following paſſage.

Monſieur de la Chambre *has told me that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one ſentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I ſhould write next when I was making verſes. In the firſt place, I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day ſhewed Monſieur* Gombaud *a compoſition of this nature, in which, among others, I had made uſe of the four following rhymes.* Amaryllis Phillis, Marne, Arne, *deſiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verſes were good for nothing. And upon my aſking his reaſon, he ſaid, becauſe the rhymes are too common; and for that reaſon eaſy to be put into verſe. Marry, ſays I, if it be ſo, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at. But by Monſieur* Gombaud's *leave, notwithſtanding the ſeverity of the criticiſm, the verſes were good.* Vid. Menagiana. Thus far

far the learned *Menage*, whom I have tranſlated word for word.

The firſt occaſion of theſe *Bouts Rimez* made them in ſome manner excuſeable, as they were taſks which the *French* ladies uſed to impoſe on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him abovementioned, taſked himſelf, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his liſt of rhymes until he had finiſhed his poem?

I ſhall only add, that this piece of falſe wit has been finely ridiculed by Monſieur *Saraſin*, in a poem entitled, *La Defaite des Bouts Rimez*, *The Rout of the Bouts Rimez*.

I muſt ſubjoin to this laſt kind of wit the double rhymes, which are uſed in doggerel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in ſuch compoſitions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and, if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of thoſe who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of theſe doggerel rhymes than of the parts that really deſerve admiration. I am ſure I have heard the

Pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtic,
Was beat with fiſt, inſtead of a ſtick;

and,

There was an ancient ſage philoſopher,
Who had read Alexander Roſs *over,*

more frequently quoted, than the fineſt pieces of wit in the whole poem. C

No. 61. Thursday, May 10.

Non equidem ſtudeo, bullatis at mihi nugis
Pagina turgeſcat, dare pondas idonea fumo.
Pers. Sat. v. ver. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page
With wind and noiſe. Dryden.

There is no kind of falſe wit which has been ſo recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which conſiſts in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of *Punning*. It is indeed impoſſible to kill a weed which the ſoil has a natural diſpoſition to produce. The ſeeds of punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be ſubdued by reaſon, reflection, and good ſenſe, they will be very apt to ſhoot up in the greateſt genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raiſe the mind to poetry, painting, muſic, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Ariſtotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of Rhetoric, deſcribes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces inſtances of them out of ſome of the greateſt authors in the *Greek* tongue. *Cicero* has ſprinkled ſeveral of his works with puns, and in his book, where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of ſayings as pieces of wit, which alſo upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the *pun* chiefly flouriſhed, was the reign of King *James* the Firſt. That learned monarch was himſelf a tolerable punſter, and made very few Biſhops or Privy-Counſellors

ſellors that had not ſome time or other ſignalized themſelves by a clinch, or a *conundrum*. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry ſpeeches and ludicrous compoſitions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the moſt ſolemn manner at the council-table. The greateſt authors, in their moſt ſerious works, made frequent uſe of puns. The ſermons of Biſhop *Andrews*, and the tragedies of *Shakeſpear*, are full of them. The ſinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more uſual than to ſee a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I muſt add to theſe great authorities, which ſeem to have given a kind of ſanction to this piece of falſe wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great reſpect, and divided the ſeveral kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of ſpeech, and recommended as ornaments in diſcourſe. I remember a country ſchoolmaſter of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greateſt *Paragrammatiſt* among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. *Swan*, the famous punſter; and deſiring him to give me ſome account of Mr. *Swan*'s converſation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomaſia*, that he ſometimes gave into the *Ploce*, but that, in his humble opinion, he ſhined moſt in the *Antanaclaſis*.

I muſt not here omit, that a famous univerſity of this land was formerly very much infeſted with puns; but whether or no this might not ariſe from the fens and marſhes in which it was ſituated, and which are now drained, I muſt leave to the determination of more ſkilful naturaliſts.

After this ſhort hiſtory of punning, one would

wonder how it ſhould be ſo entirely baniſhed out of the learned world as it is at preſent, eſpecially ſince it had found a place in the writings of the moſt ancient polite authors. To account for this we muſt conſider, that the firſt race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were deſtitute of all rules and arts of criticiſm; and for that reaſon, though they excel later writers in greatneſs of genius, they fall ſhort of them in accuracy and correctneſs. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furniſhed with theſe authors of the firſt eminence, there grew up another ſet of writers, who gained themſelves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of thoſe who preceded them. It was one of the employments of thoſe ſecondary authors, to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral kinds of wit by terms of art, and to conſider them as more or leſs perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder, therefore, that even ſuch authors as *Iſocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, ſhould have ſuch little blemiſhes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written ſince thoſe ſeveral blemiſhes were diſcovered. I do not find that there was a proper ſeparation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this diſtinction was once ſettled, it was very natural for all men of ſenſe to agree in it. As for the revival of this falſe wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as ſoon as it was once detected, it immediately vaniſhed and diſappeared. At the ſame time there is no queſtion, but as it has ſunk in one age and roſe in another, it will again recover itſelf in ſome diſtant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance ſhall prevail upon wit and ſenſe. And, to ſpeak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by ſome of the laſt winter's productions, which had their ſets of admirers,

admirers, that our poſterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punſters: at leaſt, a man may be very excuſable for any apprehenſions of this kind, that has ſeen *Acroſtics* handed about the town with great ſecrecy and applauſe; to which I muſt alſo add a little epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into verſe when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it curſed one way and bleſſed the other. When one ſees there are actually ſuch pains-takers among our *Britiſh* wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we muſt laſh one another, let it be with the manly ſtrokes of wit and ſatire; for I am of the old philoſopher's opinion, that if I muſt ſuffer from one or the other, I would rather it ſhould be from the paw of a lion than the hoof of an aſs. I do not ſpeak this out of any ſpirit of party. There is a moſt crying dulneſs on both ſides. I have ſeen Tory *Acroſtics* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them becauſe they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but becauſe they are *Anagrams* and *Acroſtics*.

But to return to punning. Having purſued the hiſtory of a pun from its original to its downfal, I ſhall here define it to be a conceit ariſing from the uſe of two words that agree in the ſound, but differ in the ſenſe. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to tranſlate it into a different language: If it bears the teſt, you may pronounce it true; but if it vaniſhes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In ſhort, one may ſay of a pun, as the countryman deſcribed his nightingale that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a ſound, and nothing but a ſound. On the contrary, one may repreſent true wit by the deſcription which *Ariſtenetus* makes of a fine woman; when ſhe is *dreſſed* ſhe is beautiful, when ſhe is *undreſſed* ſhe is beautiful; or, as *Mercerus* has tranſlated it more emphatically, *Induitur, formoſa eſt: exuitur, ipſa forma eſt.*

No. 62. FRIDAY, MAY 11.

Scribendi rectè ſapere eſt et principium et fons.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 309.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.
ROSCOMMON.

MR. *Locke* has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavours to ſhew the reaſon why they are not always the talents of the ſame perſon. His words are as follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given ſome reaſon of that common obſervation, That men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the cleareſt judgment, or deepeſt reaſon. For wit lying moſt in the aſſemblage of ideas, and putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy; judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other ſide, in ſeparating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the leaſt difference, thereby to avoid being miſled by ſimilitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and alluſion; wherein, for the moſt part, lies that entertainment and pleaſantry of wit which ſtrikes ſo lively on the fancy, and is therefore ſo acceptable to all people.*

This is, I think, the beſt and moſt philoſophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, conſiſts in ſuch a reſemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I ſhall only add to it, by way of explanation, That every reſemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unleſs it be ſuch an one that gives *delight* and *ſurpriſe* to the reader: theſe two proper-

properties ſeem eſſential to wit, more particularly the laſt of them. In order, therefore, that the reſemblance in the ideas be wit, it is neceſſary that the ideas ſhould not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for, where the likeneſs is obvious, it gives no ſurprize. To compare one man's ſinging to that of another, or to repreſent the whiteneſs of any object by that of milk and ſnow, or the variety of its colours by thoſe of the rain-bow, cannot be called wit, unleſs, beſides this obvious reſemblance, there be ſome further congruity diſcovered in the two ideas that is capable of giving the reader ſome ſurpriſe. Thus when a poet tells us, the boſom of his miſtreſs is as white as ſnow, there is no wit in the compariſon; but when he adds with a ſigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may ſupply him with innumerable inſtances of the ſame nature. For this reaſon, the ſimilitudes in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with ſuch as are new and ſurpriſing, have ſeldom any thing in them that can be called wit. Mr. *Locke*'s account of wit, with this ſhort explanation, comprehends moſt of the ſpecies of wit, as metaphors, ſimilitudes, allegories, ænigmas, mottos, parables, fables, dreams, viſions, dramatic writings, burleſque, and all the methods of alluſion: as there are many other pieces of wit, (how remote ſoever they may appear at firſt ſight from the foregoing deſcription), which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As *true wit* generally conſiſts in this reſemblance and congruity of ideas, *falſe wit* chiefly conſiſts in the reſemblance and congruity ſometimes of ſingle letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acroſtics; ſometimes of ſyllables, as in echos and doggerel rhymes; ſometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and ſometimes of whole ſentences or poems, caſt into the figures of *eggs*, *axes*, or *altars*;

altars: nay, ſome carry the notion of wit ſo far, as to aſcribe it even to external mimicry, and to look upon a man as an ingenious perſon, that can reſemble the tone, poſture, or face of another.

As *true wit* conſiſts in the reſemblance of ideas, and *falſe wit* in the reſemblance of words, according to the foregoing inſtances; there is another kind of wit which conſiſts partly in the reſemblance of ideas, and partly in the reſemblance of words, which, for diſtinction's ſake, I ſhall call *mixt wit.* This kind of wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewiſe a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very ſparing in it. *Milton* had a genius much above it. *Spenſer* is in the ſame claſs with *Milton.* The *Italians*, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monſieur *Boileau*, who formed himſelf upon the ancient poets, has every where rejected it with ſcorn. If we look after mixt wit among the *Greek* writers, we ſhall find it no where but in the epigrammatiſts. There are indeed ſome ſtrokes of it in the little poem aſcribed to *Muſæus*, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itſelf to be a modern compoſition. If we look into the *Latin* writers, we find none of this mixt wit in *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, or *Catullus*; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and ſcarce any thing elſe in *Martial.*

Out of the innumerable branches of *mixt wit*, I ſhall chuſe one inſtance which may be met with in all the writers of this claſs. The paſſion of love in its nature has been thought to reſemble fire; for which reaſon the words fire and flame are made uſe of to ſignify love. The witty poets therefore have taken an advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word fire, to make an infinite number of witticiſms. *Cowley*, obſerving the cold regard of his miſtreſs's eyes, and at the ſame time their power of producing love in him, conſiders them as burning-

ing-glaſſes made of ice; and, finding himſelf able to live in the greateſt extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his miſtreſs has read his letter written in juice of lemon by holding it to the fire, he deſires her to read it over a ſecond time by love's flames. When ſhe weeps, he wiſhes it were inward heat that diſtilled thoſe drops from the limbeck. When ſhe is abſent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when ſhe is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him ſleep, it is a flame that ſends up no ſmoke; when it is oppoſed by counſel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he obſerves that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he reſolves to give over his paſſion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an *Ætna*, that, inſtead of *Vulcan*'s ſhop, incloſes *Cupid*'s forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would inſinuate to his miſtreſs, that the fire of love, like that of the ſun, (which produces ſo many living creatures), ſhould not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks pleaſure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breaſt, and ſometimes ſcorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ſhip ſet on fire in the middle of the ſea.

The reader may obſerve in every one of theſe inſtances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with thoſe of love; and, in the ſame ſentence, ſpeaking of it both as a paſſion and as real fire, ſurpriſes the reader with thoſe ſeeming reſemblances or contradictions that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixt wit, therefore, is a compoſition

position of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words: its foundations are laid partly in falsehood, and partly in truth; reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit, is epigram, or those little occasional poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of *mixt wit*, without owning that the admirable poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. *Dryden*'s definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a propriety of words 'and thoughts adapted to the subject.' If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper: It is certain that never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit: if it be a true one, I am sure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better poet, but a greater wit than Mr. *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the *French* critics, has taken pains to shew, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things: that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work. *Boileau* has

has endeavoured to inculcate the ſame notion in ſeveral parts of his writings, both in proſe and verſe. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful ſimplicity, which we ſo much admire in the compoſitions of the ancients; and which nobody deviates from, but thoſe who want ſtrength of genius to make a thought ſhine in its own natural beauties. Poets, who want this ſtrength of genius to give that majeſtic ſimplicity to nature, which we ſo much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind ſoever eſcape them. I look upon theſe writers as *Goths* in poetry, who, like thoſe in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful ſimplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to ſupply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handſome obſervation, on *Ovid*'s writing a letter from *Dido* to *Æneas*, in the following words. '*Ovid* (ſays he, ſpeaking of *Virgil*'s fiction 'of *Dido* and *Æneas*) takes it up after him, even 'in the ſame age, and makes an ancient heroine of '*Virgil*'s new-created *Dido*; dictates a letter for her 'juſt before her death to the ungrateful fugitive; 'and, very unluckily for himſelf, is for meaſuring a 'ſword with a man ſo much ſuperior in force to him 'on the ſame ſubject. I think I may be judge of 'this, becauſe I have tranſlated both. The famous 'author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own; 'he borrows all from a greater maſter in his own 'profeſſion, and, which is worſe, improves nothing 'which he finds: nature fails him, and, being forced 'to his old ſhift, he has recourſe to witticiſm. This 'paſſes indeed with his ſoft admirers, and gives him 'the preference to *Virgil* in their eſteem.'

Were not I ſupported by ſo great an authority as that of Mr. *Dryden*, I ſhould not venture to obſerve, That the taſte of moſt of our *Engliſh* poets, as well

as

as readers, is extremely *Gothic*. He quotes Monſieur *Segrais* for a three-fold diſtinction of the readers of poetry: in the firſt of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as ſuch with regard to their quality, but to their numbers, and the coarſeneſs of their taſte. His words are as follow: 'The *Segrais* has diſtinguiſhed the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three claſſes. [He might have ſaid the ſame of writers too, if he had pleaſed.] In the loweſt form he places thoſe whom he calls *Les Petits Eſprits*, ſuch things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-houſe; who like nothing but the huſk and rind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before ſolid ſenſe and elegant expreſſion: theſe are mob-readers. If *Virgil* and *Martial* ſtood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greateſt appearance in the field, and cry the loudeſt, the beſt on it is they are but a ſort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch* Boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds *per annum* in *Parnaſſus*, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the ſame level, fit to repreſent them on a mountebank's ſtage, or to be maſters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden; yet theſe are they who have the moſt admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their ſtock of ſenſe, (as they may by reading better books, and by converſation with men of judgment), they ſoon forſake them.'

I muſt not diſmiſs this ſubject without obſerving, that as Mr. *Locke* in the paſſage above-mentioned has diſcovered the moſt fruitful ſource of wit, ſo there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewiſe branch itſelf out into ſeveral kinds. For not only the *reſemblance*, but the *oppoſition* of ideas,

does very often produce wit; as I could ſhew in ſeveral little points, turns, and antitheſes, that I may poſſibly enlarge upon in ſome future ſpeculation. C

No. 63. SATURDAY, MAY 12.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undeque collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne:
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici?
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Finguntur ſpecies———

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 1.

If in a picture, Piſo, you ſhou'd ſee
A handſome woman with a fiſh's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horſe's neck,
Or limbs of beaſts, of the moſt different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all ſorts of birds;
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
Truſt me that book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent ſtyle, like ſick men's dreams,
Varies all ſhapes, and mixes all extremes.

ROSCOMMON.

IT is very hard for the mind to diſengage itſelf from a ſubject in which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be riſing of themſelves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the toſſings and fluctuations of the ſea continue ſeveral hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my laſt night's dream or viſion, which formed into one continued allegory the ſeveral ſchemes of wit, whether falſe, mixed,

or true, that have been the ſubject of my late papers.

Methought I was tranſported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the Goddeſs of FALSEHOOD, and entitled *The Region of Falſe Wit*. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees bloſſomed in leaf-gold, ſome of them produced bone-lace, and ſome of them precious ſtones. The fountains bubbled in an opera-tune, and were filled with ſtags, wild-boars, and mermaids, that lived among the waters; at the ſame time that dolphins and ſeveral kinds of fiſh played upon the banks or took their paſtime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with ſmells of incenſe, amber-greaſe, and pulvillios; and were ſo interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with ſighs and meſſages of diſtant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderneſs, I could not forbear breaking out into ſoliloquies upon the ſeveral wonders which lay before me, when, to my great ſurpriſe, I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that, by repetitions of certain words which I ſpoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I ſaid. In the midſt of my converſation with theſe inviſible companions, I diſcovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monſtrous fabric built after the *Gothic* manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of ſculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple conſecrated to the god of *Dulneſs*. Upon my entrance I ſaw the deity of the place dreſſed in the habit of a Monk, with a book in one hand and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was *Induſtry*, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left *Caprice*, with a monkey ſitting on her ſhoulder

ſhoulder. Before his feet there ſtood an *Altar* of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was ſhaped in that manner to comply with the inſcription that ſurrounded it. Upon the altar there lay ſeveral offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in paper, and inſcribed with verſes. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themſelves to different diverſions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I ſaw a regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, ſhifting their ſtations, and throwing themſelves into all figures, and countermarches of the moſt changeable and perplexed exerciſe.

Not far from theſe was a body of *Acroſtics*, made up of very diſproportioned perſons. It was diſpoſed into three columns, the officers planting themſelves in a line on the left hand of each column. The officers were all of them at leaſt ſix feet high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common ſoldiers, who filled up the ſpaces between the officers, were ſuch dwarfs, cripples, and ſcarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acroſtics* two or three files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hour glaſs in one hand, and a ſcythe in the other, and took their poſts promiſcuouſly among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the deity, methought I ſaw the phantom of *Tryphiodorus* the *Lipogrammatiſt*, engaged in a ball with four and twenty perſons, who purſued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country-dance, without being able to overtake him.

Obſerving ſeveral to be very buſy at the weſtern end of the *Temple*, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the

great magazine of *Rebuſes*. Theſe were ſeveral things of the moſt different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another, in heaps like faggots. You might behold an anchor, a night rail, and a hobby-horſe bound up together. One of the workmen, ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed, told me, there was an infinite deal of wit in ſeveral of thoſe bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleaſed: I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haſte at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I obſerved in one corner of it a cluſter of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themſelves at a game of *Crambo*. I heard ſeveral *Double Rhymes* as I paſſed by them, which raiſed a great deal of mirth.

Not far from theſe was another ſet of merry people engaged at a diverſion, in which the whole jeſt was to miſtake one perſon for another. To give occaſion for theſe ludicrous miſtakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the ſame kind of dreſs, though perhaps there was not the leaſt reſemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was ſometimes miſtaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a Black-a-moor for an *European*, which very often produced great peals of laughter. Theſe I gueſſed to be a party of *Puns*. But being very deſirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almoſt turned my brain, I left the temple, and croſſed over the fields that lay about it with all the ſpeed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the ſound of trumpets and alarms, which ſeemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great diſtance a very ſhining light, and, in the midſt of it, a perſon of a moſt beautiful aſpect; her name was TRUTH.† On her right hand there marched a male-deity, who bore ſeveral quivers on his ſhoulders, and graſped ſeveral arrows

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in his hand. His name was *Wit*. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of *False Wit* with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the goddess of those regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions* of FALSEHOOD to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neuters, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army; which immediately fell asunder and divided itself into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of TRUTH, and the others behind those of FALSEHOOD.

The goddess of FALSEHOOD was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of her army; but as the dazzling light which flowed from TRUTH, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like an huge phantom, than a real substance. At length, as the goddess of TRUTH approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or im-

preſſion of her figure in the place where ſhe had been ſeen.

As at the riſing of the ſun the conſtellations grow thin, and the ſtars go out one after another, until the whole hemiſphere is extinguiſhed; ſuch was the vaniſhing of the goddeſs: and not only of the goddeſs herſelf, but of the whole army that attended her, which ſympathized with their leader, and ſhrunk into nothing, in proportion as the goddeſs diſappeared. At the ſame time the whole temple ſunk, the fiſh betook themſelves to the ſtreams, and the wild beaſts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their ſcents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I ſtill continued aſleep, I fancied myſelf as it were awakened out of a dream, when I ſaw this region of prodigies reſtored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild ſcene of wonders, which had very much diſturbed my imagination, I took a full ſurvey of the perſons of WIT and TRUTH; for indeed it was impoſſible to look upon the firſt, without ſeeing the other at the ſame time. There was behind them a ſtrong and compact body of figures. The genius of *Heroic Poetry* appeared with a ſword in her hand, and a laurel on her head. *Tragedy* was crowned with cypreſs, and covered with robes dipped in blood. *Satire* had ſmiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. *Rhetoric* was known by her thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her maſk. After ſeveral other figures, *Epigram* marched up in the rear, who had been poſted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was ſuſpected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the god of *Wit*; there was ſomething ſo amiable and yet ſo piercing in his looks, as inſpir-

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ed me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unſpeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his ſhoulder, in order to make me a preſent of it; but, as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it againſt a chair, and by that means awaked. ☞ C

No. 64. MONDAY, MAY 14.

——Hic vivimus ambitioſa
Paupertate omnes—— Juv. Sat. iii. v. 183.

The face of wealth and poverty we wear.

THE moſt improper things we commit in the conduct of our lives, we are led into by the force of faſhion. Inſtances might be given, in which a prevailing cuſtom makes us act againſt the rules of nature, law, and common ſenſe; but at preſent I ſhall confine my conſideration of the effect it has upon men's minds, by looking into our behaviour when it is the faſhion to go into mourning. The cuſtom of repreſenting the grief we have for the loſs of the dead by our habits, certainly had its riſe from the real ſorrow of ſuch as were too much diſtreſſed to take the proper care they ought of their dreſs. By degrees it prevailed, that ſuch as had this inward oppreſſion upon their minds, made an apology for not joining with the reſt of the world in their ordinary diverſions, by a dreſs ſuited to their condition. This, therefore, was at firſt aſſumed by ſuch only as were under real diſtreſs; to whom it was a relief that they had nothing about them ſo light and gay, as to be irkſome to the gloom and melancholy of their inward reflections, or that might miſrepreſent them to others. In proceſs of time, this laudable diſtinction

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of the ſorrowful was loſt, and mourning is now worn by heirs and widows. You ſee nothing but magnificence and ſolemnity in the equipage of the relict, and an air of releaſe from ſervitude in the pomp of a ſon who has loſt a wealthy father. † This faſhion of ſorrow is now become a generous part of the ceremonial between princes and ſovereigns, who, in the language of all nations, are ſtyled brothers to each other, and put on the purple upon the death of any potentate with whom they live in amity. Courtiers, and all who wiſh themſelves ſuch, are immediately ſeized with grief from head to foot upon this diſaſter to their prince; ſo that one may know, by the very buckles of a gentleman-uſher, what degree of friendſhip any deceaſed monarch maintained with the court to which he belongs. A good courtier's habit and behaviour is hieroglyphical on theſe occaſions: he deals much in whiſpers, and you may ſee he dreſſes according to the beſt intelligence. †

The general affectation among men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole world run into the habit of the court. You ſee the lady, who the day before was as various as a rainbow, upon the time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a cloud. This humour does not prevail only on thoſe whoſe fortunes can ſupport any change in their equipage; not on thoſe only whoſe incomes demand the wantonneſs of new appearances; but on ſuch alſo who have juſt enough to clothe them. An old acquaintance of mine, of ninety pounds a year, who has naturally the vanity of being a man of faſhion deep at his heart, is very much put to it to bear the mortality of princes. He made a new black ſuit upon the death of the King of *Spain*; he turned it for the King of *Portugal*, and he now keeps his chamber while it is ſcouring for the Emperor. He is a good economiſt in his extravagance, and makes only a freſh black button upon his iron-gray ſuit for any potentate of ſmall territories; he indeed

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adds his crape hatband for a prince whoſe exploits he has admired in the *Gazette*. But whatever compliments may be made on theſe occaſions, the true mourners are the mercers, ſilkmen, lacemen, and milliners. A prince of a merciful and royal diſpoſition would reflect with great anxiety upon the proſpect of his death, if he conſidered what numbers would be reduced to miſery by that accident only: he would think it of moment enough to direct, that, in the notification of his departure, the honour done to him might be reſtrained to thoſe of the houſehold of the prince to whom it ſhould be ſignified. He would think a general mourning to be in a leſs degree the ſame ceremony, which is practiſed in barbarous nations, of killing their ſlaves to attend the obſequies of their kings. ¶

I had been wonderfully at a loſs for many months together, to gueſs at the character of a man who came now and then to our coffeehouſe: he ever ended a news-paper with this reflection, *Well, I ſee all the foreign princes are in good health.* If you aſked, Pray, Sir, what ſays the *Poſtman* from *Vienna?* he anſwered, *Make us thankful, the* German *princes are all well:* What does he ſay from *Barcelona? He does not ſpeak but that the country agrees very well with the new queen.* After very much inquiry, I found this man of univerſal loyalty was a wholeſale dealer in ſilks and ribbons: his way is, it ſeems, if he hires a weaver, or workman, to have it inſerted in his articles, 'That all this ſhall be 'well and truly performed, provided no foreign 'potentate ſhall depart this life within the time 'above-mentioned.' It happens in all public mournings, that the many trades, which depend upon our habits, are during that folly either pinched with preſent want, or terrified with the apparent approach of it. All the atonement which men can make for wanton expences (which is a ſort of inſulting the ſcarcity under which others labour) is, that the ſuperfluities

perfluities of the wealthy give ſupplies to the neceſſities of the poor; but, inſtead of any other good ariſing from the affectation of being in courtly habits of mourning, all order ſeems to be deſtroyed by it; and the true honour, which one court does to another on that occaſion, loſes its force and efficacy. When a foreign miniſter beholds the court of a nation (which flouriſhes in riches and plenty) lay aſide, upon the loſs of his maſter, all marks of ſplendour and magnificence, though the head of ſuch a joyful people, he will conceive a greater idea of the honour done his maſter, than when he ſees the generality of the people in the ſame habit. When one is afraid to aſk the wife of a tradeſman whom ſhe has loſt of her family, and, after ſome preparation, endeavours to know whom ſhe mourns for; how ridiculous is to to hear her explain herſelf, That we have loſt one of the houſe of *Auſtria!* Princes are elevated ſo highly above the reſt of mankind, that it is a preſumptuous diſtinction to take part in honours done to their memories, except we have authority for it, by being related in a particular manner to the court which pays that veneration to their friendſhip, and ſeems to expreſs, on ſuch an occaſion, the ſenſe of the uncertainty of human life in general, by aſſuming the habit of ſorrow, though in the full poſſeſſion of triumph and royalty. R

TUESDAY

No. 65. Tuesday, May 15.

———*Demetri teque Tigelli*
Diſcipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
Hor. Sat. x. l. 1. v. 90.

Demetrius and *Tigellius*, know your place;
Go hence, and whine among the ſchoolboy race.

After having at large explained what Wit is, and deſcribed the falſe appearances of it, all that labour ſeems but an uſeleſs inquiry, without ſome time be ſpent in conſidering the application of it. The ſeat of wit, when one ſpeaks as a man of the town and the world, is the play-houſe; I ſhall therefore fill this paper with reflections upon the uſe of it in that place. The application of wit in the theatre has as ſtrong an effect upon the manners of our Gentlemen, as the taſte of it has upon the writings of our authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very preſumptuous work, though not foreign from the duty of a Spectator, to tax the writings of ſuch as have long had the general applauſe of a nation; but I ſhall always make reaſon, truth, and nature, the meaſures of praiſe and diſpraiſe; if thoſe are for me, the generality of opinion is of no conſequence againſt me; if they are againſt me, the general opinion cannot long ſupport me.

Without further preface, I am going to look into ſome of our moſt applauded plays and ſee whether they deſerve the figure they at preſent bear in the imaginations of men, or not.

In reflecting upon theſe works, I ſhall chiefly dwell upon that for which each reſpective play is moſt celebrated. The preſent paper ſhall be employed upon Sir *Fopling Flutter*. The received character of this play is, that it is the pattern of genteel comedy. *Dorimant* and *Harriot* are the characters of greateſt

greateſt conſequence, and if theſe are low and mean, the reputation of the play is very unjuſt.

I will take for granted, that a fine Gentleman ſhould be honeſt in his actions, and refined in his language. Inſtead of this, our hero in this piece is a direct knave in his deſigns, and a clown in his language. *Bellair* is his admirer and friend; in return for which, becauſe he is forſooth a greater wit than his ſaid friend, he thinks it reaſonable to perſuade him to marry a young lady, whoſe virtue, he thinks, will laſt no longer than until ſhe is a wife, and then ſhe cannot but fall to his ſhare, as he is an irreſiſtible fine Gentleman. The falſehood to Mrs. *Loveit*, and the barbarity of triumphing over her anguiſh for loſing him, is another inſtance of his honeſty, as well as his good-nature. As to his fine language, he calls the orange-woman, who, it ſeems, is inclined to grow fat, *An over-grown jade, with a flaſket of guts before her*; and ſalutes her with a pretty phraſe of, *How now, Double Tripe?* Upon the mention of a country Gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why), he *will lay his life ſhe is ſome awkward ill-faſhioned country toad, who, not having above four dozen of hairs on her head, has adorned her baldneſs with a large white fruz, that ſhe may look ſparkiſhly in the fore-front of the King's box at an old play.* Unnatural mixture of ſenſeleſs common-place!

As to the generoſity of his temper, he tells his poor footman, *If he did not wait better*—he would turn him away, in the inſolent phraſe of, *I'll uncaſe you.* †

Now for Mrs. *Harriot*: ſhe laughs at obedience to an abſent mother, whoſe tenderneſs *Buſy* deſcribes to be very exquiſite, for *that ſhe is ſo pleaſed with finding* Harriot *again, that ſhe cannot chide her for being out of the way.* This witty daughter, and fine Lady, has ſo little reſpect for this good woman, that

that ſhe ridicules her air in taking leave, and cries, *In what ſtruggle is my poor mother yonder? See, ſee, her head tottering, her eyes ſtaring, and her under lip trembling.* But all this is atoned for, becauſe *ſhe has more wit than is uſual in her ſex, and as much malice, though ſhe is as wild as you would wiſh her, and has a demureneſs in her looks that makes it ſo ſurpriſing!* Then to recommend her as a fit ſpouſe for his hero, the poet makes her ſpeak her ſenſe of marriage very ingeniouſly: *I think*, ſays ſhe, *I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reaſonable woman ſhould expect in an huſband.* It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to underſtand how ſhe that was bred under a ſilly pious old mother, that would never truſt her out of her ſight, came to be ſo polite.

It cannot be denied, but that the negligence of every thing which engages the attention of the ſober and valuable part of mankind, appears very well drawn in this piece: but it is denied, that it is neceſſary to the character of a fine Gentleman, that he ſhould in that manner trample upon all order and decency. As for the character of *Dorimant*, it is more of a coxcomb than that of *Fopling*. He ſays of one of his companions, that a good correſpondence between them is their mutual intereſt. Speaking of that friend, he declares, their being much together *makes the women think the better of his underſtanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation. It makes him paſs upon ſome for a man of very good ſenſe, and me upon others for a very civil perſon.*

This whole celebrated piece is a perfect contradiction to good manners, good ſenſe, and common honeſty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the ruin of virtue and innocence, according to the notion of merit in this comedy, I take the ſhoemaker to be, in reality, the fine Gentleman of the play: for it ſeems he is an atheiſt, if we may depend

upon his character as given by the orange-woman, who is herſelf far from being the loweſt in the play. She ſays of a fine man who is *Dorimant*'s companion, *There is not ſuch another heathen in the town, except the ſhoemaker.* His pretenſion to be the hero of the *Drama* appears ſtill more in his own deſcription of his way of living with his Lady. *There is,* ſays he, *never a man in town lives more like a Gentleman with his wife than I do: I never mind her motions; ſhe never inquires into mine. We ſpeak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and becauſe it is vulgar to lie and ſoak together, we have each of us our ſeveral ſettle-bed.* That of *ſoaking together* is as good as if *Dorimant* had ſpoken it himſelf; and, I think, ſince he puts human nature in as ugly a form as the circumſtance will bear, and is a ſtanch unbeliever, he is very much wronged in having no part of the good fortune beſtowed in the laſt act.

To ſpeak plainly of this whole work, I think nothing but being loſt to a ſenſe of innocence and virtue can make any one ſee this comedy, without obſerving more frequent occaſion to move ſorrow and indignation, than mirth and laughter. At the ſame time I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmoſt corruption and degeneracy.

WEDNESDAY,

No. 66. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos.
Matura virgo, & fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, & inceſtos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

HOR. Od. vi. l. 3. ver. 21.

Behold a ripe and melting maid
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade:
Ionian artiſts, at a mighty price,
Inſtruct her in the myſteries of vice,
What nets to ſpread, where ſubtle baits to lay;
And with an early hand they form'd the temper'd clay.

ROSCOMMON.

THE two following letters are upon a ſubject of very great importance, though expreſſed without any air of gravity.

To the SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'I take the freedom of aſking your advice in 'behalf of a young country kinſwoman of mine, 'who is lately come to town, and under my care 'for her education. She is very pretty, but you 'cannot imagine how unformed a creature it is. 'She comes to my hands juſt as nature left her, 'half finiſhed, and without any aequired improve-'ments. When I look on her I often think of the '*Bell Sauvage* mentioned in one of your papers. 'Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, help me to make her 'comprehend the viſible graces of ſpeech, and the 'dumb eloquence of motion; for ſhe is at pre-'ſent a perfect ſtranger to both. She knows no 'way to expreſs herſelf but by her tongue, and 'that always to ſignify her meaning. Her eyes 'ſerve her yet only to ſee with, and ſhe is utterly

'a foreigner to the language of looks and glances. 'In this I fancy you could help her better than a-'ny body. I have beſtowed two months in teach-'ing her to ſigh when ſhe is not concerned, and 'to ſmile when ſhe is not pleaſed; and am aſham-'ed to own ſhe makes little or no improvement. 'Then ſhe is no more able now to walk, than ſhe 'was to go at a year old. By walking you will 'eaſily know I mean that regular but eaſy motion, 'which gives our perſons ſo irreſiſtible a grace as 'if we moved to muſic, and is a kind of diſen-'gaged figure, or, if I may ſo ſpeak, recitative 'dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in 'her, for I find ſhe has no ear, and means nothing 'by walking but to change her place. I could 'pardon too her bluſhing, if ſhe knew how to car-'ry herſelf in it, and if it did not manifeſtly injure 'her complexion.

'They tell me you are a perſon who have ſeen 'the world, and are a judge of fine breeding; 'which makes me ambitious of ſome inſtructions 'from you for her improvement: which, when 'you have favoured me with, I ſhall further ad-'viſe with you about the diſpoſal of this fair foreſt-'er in marriage; for I will make it no ſecret to 'you, that her perſon and education are to be her 'fortune.

'I am, SIR,

'Your very humble ſervant,

'CELIMENE.'

'SIR,

'Being employed by *Celimene* to make up and 'ſend to you her letter, I make bold to recom-'mend the caſe therein mentioned to your con-'ſideration, becauſe ſhe and I happen to differ a 'little in our notions. I, who am a rough man, 'am afraid the young girl is in a fair way to be 'ſpoiled: therefore, pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, let 'us have your opinion of this one thing called *Fine-*

'*breeding*;

'*breeding*; for I am afraid it differs too much from 'that plain thing called *Good-breeding*.

'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

The general miſtake among us in the educating our children, is, That in our daughters we take care of their perſons and neglect their minds; in our ſons we are ſo intent upon adorning their minds, that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you ſhall ſee a young lady celebrated and admired in all the aſſemblies about town, when her elder brother is afraid to come into a room. From this ill-management it ariſes, that we frequently obſerve a man's life is half ſpent before he is taken notice of; and a woman in the prime of her years is out of faſhion and neglected. The boy I ſhall conſider upon ſome other occaſion, and at preſent ſtick to the girl: and I am the more inclined to this, becauſe I have ſeveral letters which complain to me that my female readers have not underſtood me for ſome days laſt paſt, and take themſelves to be unconcerned in the preſent turn of my writings. When a girl is ſafely brought from her nurſe, before ſhe is capable of forming one ſimple notion of any thing in life, ſhe is delivered to the hands of her dancing-maſter; and, with a collar round her neck, the pretty wild thing is taught a fantaſtical gravity of behaviour, and forced to a particular way of holding her head, heaving her breaſt, and moving with her whole body; and all this under pain of never having an huſband, if ſhe ſteps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young lady wonderful workings of imagination, what is to paſs between her and this huſband, that ſhe is every moment told of, and for whom ſhe ſeems to be educated. Thus her fancy is engaged to turn all her endeavours to the ornament of her perſon, as what muſt determine her good and ill in this life; and ſhe naturally thinks,

if ſhe is tall enough, ſhe is wiſe enough for any thing for which her education makes her think ſhe is deſigned. To make her an agreeable perſon is the main purpoſe of her parents; to that is all their coſts, to that all their care directed; and from this general folly of parents we owe our preſent numerous race of coquettes. Theſe reflections puzzle me, when I think of giving my advice on the ſubject of managing the wild thing mentioned in the letter of my correſpondent. But ſure there is a middle way to be followed. The management of a young lady's perſon is not to be overlooked, but the erudition of her mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will ſee the mind follow the appetites of the body, or the body expreſs the virtues of the mind.

Cleomira dances with all the elegance of motion imaginable; but her eyes are ſo chaſtiſed with the ſimplicity and innocence of her thoughts, that ſhe raiſes in her beholders admiration and good-will, but no looſe hope or wild imagination. The true art in this caſe is, to make the mind and body improve together; and, if poſſible, to make geſture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon geſture.

R

No. 67. THURSDAY, MAY 17

Saltare elegantius quam neceſſe eſt probæ. SALUST.

Too fine a dancer for a virtuous woman.

LUCIAN, in one of his dialogues, introduces a philoſopher chiding his friend for his being a lover of dancing, and a frequenter of balls. The other undertakes the defence of his favourite diverſion, which, he ſays, was firſt invented by the god-

deſs

deſs *Rhea*, and preſerved the life of *Jupiter* himſelf from the cruelty of his father *Saturn*. He proceeds to ſhew, that it had been approved by the greateſt men in all ages; that *Homer* calls *Merion* a *fine dancer*; and ſays, that the graceful mien and great agility, which he had acquired by that exerciſe, diſtinguiſhed him above the reſt in the armies both of *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

He adds, that *Pyrrhus* gained more reputation by inventing the dance which is called after his name, than by all his other actions: that the *Lacedæmonians*, who were the braveſt people in *Greece*, gave great encouragement to this diverſion, and made their *Hormus* (a dance much reſembling the *French Brawl*) famous over all *Aſia*: that there were ſtill extant ſome *Theſſalian* ſtatues erected to the honour of their beſt dancers: and that he wondered how his brother philoſopher could declare himſelf againſt the opinions of theſe two perſons, whom he profeſſed ſo much to admire, *Homer* and *Heſiod*; the latter of which compares valour and dancing together; and ſays, that *the gods have beſtowed fortitude on ſome men, and on others a diſpoſition for dancing*.

Laſtly, he puts him in mind that *Socrates* (who, in the judgment of *Apollo*, was the wiſeſt of men) was not only a profeſſed admirer of this exerciſe in others, but learned it himſelf when he was an old man.

The moroſe philoſopher is ſo much affected by theſe, and ſome other authorities, that he becomes a convert to his friend, and deſires he would take him with him when he went to his next ball.

I love to ſhelter myſelf under the examples of great men; and, I think, I have ſufficiently ſhewed, that it is not below the dignity of theſe my ſpeculations to take notice of the following letter, which, I ſuppoſe, is ſent me by ſome ſubſtantial tradeſman about *'Change*.

'SIR,

'SIR,

'I am a man in years, and, by an honeſt induſtry in the world, have acquired enough to give my children a liberal education, though I was an utter ſtranger to it myſelf. My eldeſt daughter, a girl of ſixteen, has for ſome time been under the tuition of Monſieur *Rigadoon*, a dancing-maſter in the city; and I was prevailed upon by her and her mother to go laſt night to one of his balls. I muſt own to you, Sir, that, having never been at any ſuch place before, I was very much pleaſed and ſurpriſed with that part of his entertainment which he called *French dancing*. There were ſeveral young men and women, whoſe limbs ſeemed to have no other motion, but purely what the muſic gave them. After this part was over, they began a diverſion which they call *country dancing*, and wherein there were alſo ſome things not diſagreeable, and divers *emblematical figures*, compoſed, as I gueſs, by wiſe men, for the inſtruction of youth.

'Among the reſt, I obſerved one, which, I think, they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which, while the woman flies, the man purſues her; but, as ſoon as ſhe turns, he runs away, and ſhe is obliged to follow.

'The moral of this dance does, I think, very aptly recommend modeſty and diſcretion to the female ſex.

'But as the beſt inſtitutions are liable to corruptions, ſo, Sir, I muſt acquaint you, that very great abuſes are crept into this entertainment. I was amazed to ſee my girl handed by, and handing young fellows with ſo much familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the child. They very often made uſe of a moſt impudent and laſcivious ſtep called *ſetting*, which I know not how to deſcribe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverſe of *back to back*. At laſt an impudent

'pudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance 'called *Moll Pately*; and, after having made two 'or three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms 'in hers, and whiſked her round cleverly above 'ground in ſuch a manner, that I, who ſat upon 'one of the loweſt benches, ſaw further above 'her ſhoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. 'I could no longer endure thoſe enormities; where-'fore, juſt as my girl was going to be made a whir-'ligig, I ran in, ſeized on the child, and carried 'her home.

'Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a fool. I 'ſuppoſe this diverſion might be at firſt invented to 'keep up a good underſtanding between young men 'and women, and ſo far I am not againſt it; but I 'ſhall never allow of theſe things. I know not what 'you will ſay to this caſe at preſent, but am ſure 'that, had you been with me, you would have ſeen 'matter of great ſpeculation.

'I am, Yours, &c.

I muſt confeſs I am afraid that my correſpondent had too much reaſon to be a little out of humour at the treatment of his daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more ſo, had he ſeen one of thoſe *kiſſing dances* in which WILL HONEYCOMB aſſures me they are obliged to dwell almoſt a minute on the fair one's lips, or they will be too quick for the muſic, and dance quite out of time.

I am not able, however, to give my final ſentence againſt this diverſion; and am of Mr. *Cowley*'s opinion, that ſo much of dancing, at leaſt, as belongs to the behaviour, and an handſome carriage of the body, is extremely uſeful, if not abſolutely neceſſary.

We generally form ſuch ideas of people at firſt ſight, as we are hardly ever perſuaded to lay aſide afterwards: for this reaſon, a man would wiſh to have nothing diſagreeable or uncomely in his approaches

proaches, and to be able to enter a room with a good grace.

I might add, that a moderate knowledge in the little rules of good-breeding gives a man ſome aſſurance, and makes him eaſy in all companies. For want of this, I have ſeen a profeſſor of a liberal ſcience at a loſs to ſalute a lady; and a moſt excellent mathematician not able to determine whether he ſhould ſtand or ſit while my Lord drank to him.

It is the proper buſineſs of a dancing-maſter to regulate theſe matters; though I take it to be a juſt obſervation, that unleſs you add ſomething of your own to what theſe fine Gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themſelves, you will much ſooner get the character of an affected fop, than of a well-bred man.

As for *country-dancing*, it muſt indeed be confeſſed that the great familiarites between the two ſexes on this occaſion may ſometimes produce very dangerous conſequences; and I have often thought that few Ladies hearts are ſo obdurate as not to be melted by the charms of muſic, the force of motion, and an handſome young fellow, who is continually playing before their eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect uſe of all his limbs.

But as this kind of dance is the particular invention of our own country, and as every one is more or leſs a proficient in it, I would not diſcountenance it; but rather ſuppoſe it may be practiſed innocently by others, as well as myſelf, who am often partner to my landlady's eldeſt daughter.

POSTSCRIPT.

Having heard a good character of the collection of pictures which is to be expoſed to ſale on *Friday* next; and concluding from the following letter, that the perſon who collected them is a man of no unelegant

unelegant taſte, I will be ſo much his friend as to publiſh it, provided the reader will only look upon it as filling up the place of an advertiſement.'

From *the three Chairs in the Piazza*, Covent-Garden.

'SIR, *May* 16, 1711.

'As you are a SPECTATOR, I think we, who 'make it our buſineſs to exhibit any thing to public 'view, ought to apply ourſelves to you for your 'approbation. I have travelled *Europe* to furniſh 'out a ſhow for you, and have brought with me 'what has been admired in every country through 'which I paſſed. You have declared in many pa-'pers, that your greateſt delights are thoſe of the 'eye, which I do not doubt but I ſhall gratify with 'as beautiful objects as yours ever beheld. If ca-'ſtles, foreſts, ruins, fine women, and graceful men, 'can pleaſe you, I dare promiſe you much ſatisfac-'tion, if you will appear at my auction on *Friday* 'next. A ſight is, I ſuppoſe, as grateful to a SPEC-'TATOR, as a treat to another perſon; and there-'fore I hope you will pardon this invitation from,

'SIR, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

X 'J. GRAHAM.'

No. 68. FRIDAY, MAY 18.

Nos duo turba ſumus— OVID. Met. l. i. ver. 355.

We two are a multitude.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and ſubjects would be ſtarted in diſcourſe; but, inſtead of this, we find that converſation is never ſo much ſtraitened and confined as in numerous

numerous aſſemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any ſubject of diſcourſe, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general poſitions; nay, if we come into a more contracted aſſembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, faſhions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion, as converſation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it deſcends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the moſt open, inſtructive, and unreſerved diſcourſe, is that which paſſes between two perſons who are familiar and intimate friends. On theſe occaſions, a man gives a looſe to every paſſion and every thought that is uppermoſt, diſcovers his moſt retired opinions of perſons and things, tries the beauty and ſtrength of his ſentiments, and expoſes his whole ſoul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the firſt who obſerved, that friendſhip improves happineſs, and abates miſery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing of our grief, a thought in which he hath been followed by all the eſſayers upon friendſhip, that have written ſince his time. Sir *Francis Bacon* has finely deſcribed other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendſhip; and indeed there is no ſubject of morality which has been better handled, and more exhauſted than this. Among the ſeveral fine things which have been ſpoken of it, I ſhall beg leave to quote ſome out of a very ancient author, whoſe book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the moſt ſhining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* philoſopher: I mean the little apocryphal treatiſe entitled, *The wiſdom of the ſon of* Sirach. How finely has he deſcribed the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour? And laid down that precept which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, 'That

'we

'we ſhould have many well-wiſhers, but few friends.' *Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair-ſpeaking tongue will increaſe kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheleſs have but one counſellor of a thouſand.* With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends? And with what ſtrokes of nature (I could almoſt ſay of humour) has he deſcribed the behaviour of a treacherous and ſelf-intereſted friend? *If thou wouldſt get a friend, prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him: for ſome man is a friend for his own occaſion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and ſtrife, will diſcover thy reproach.* Again, *Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy proſperity he will be as thyſelf, and will be bold over thy ſervants. If thou be brought low he will be againſt thee, and hide himſelf from thy face.* What can be more ſtrong and pointed than the following verſe? *Separate thyſelf from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends.* In the next words he particularizes one of thoſe fruits of friendſhip which is deſcribed at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendſhip which is very juſt as well as very ſublime. *A faithful friend is a ſtrong defence; and he that hath found ſuch an one, hath found a treaſure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is unvaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord ſhall find him. Whoſo feareth the Lord ſhall direct his friendſhip aright; for as he is, ſo ſhall his neighbour* (that is his friend) *be alſo.* I do not remember to have met with any ſaying that has pleaſed me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to expreſs the efficacy of friendſhip in healing the pains and anguiſh which naturally cleave to our exiſtence in the world; and am wonderfully pleaſed with the turn in the laſt ſentence, that a vir-

tuous man ſhall as a bleſſing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himſelf.† There is another ſaying in the ſame author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer; *Forſake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou ſhalt drink it with pleaſure.* With what ſtrength of alluſion, and force of thought, has he deſcribed the breaches and violations of friendſhip? *Whoſo caſteth a ſtone at the birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendſhip. Though thou draweſt a ſword at a friend yet deſpair not, for there may be a returning to favour: if thou haſt opened thy mouth againſt thy friend fear not, for there may be a reconciliation, except for upbraiding, or pride, or diſcloſing of ſecrets, or a treacherous wound, for, for theſe things every friend will depart.*† We may obſerve in this, and ſeveral other precepts in this author, thoſe little familiar inſtances and illuſtrations which are ſo much admired in the moral writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus*. There are very beautiful inſtances of this nature in the following paſſages, which are likewiſe written upon the ſame ſubject: *Whoſo diſcovereth ſecrets, loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind.† Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him: but if thou bewrayeſt his ſecrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath deſtroyed his enemy, ſo haſt thou loſt the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, ſo haſt thou let thy friend go, and ſhalt not get him again: follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe eſcaped out of the ſnare. As for a wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth ſecrets, is without hope.*†

Among the ſeveral qualifications of a good friend, this wiſe man has very juſtly fingled out conſtancy and faithfulneſs as the principal: to theſe others have added virtue, knowledge, diſcretion, equality,

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in age and fortune, and, as *Cicero* calls it, *Morum Comitas*, a pleaſantneſs of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, I ſhould join to theſe other qualifications a certain equability or evenneſs of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendſhip with one whom perhaps he does not find out until after a year's converſation; when on a ſudden ſome latent ill-humour breaks out upon him, which he never diſcovered or ſuſpected at his firſt entering into an intimacy with him. There are ſeveral perſons who in ſome certain periods of their lives are inexpreſſibly agreeable, and in others as odious and deteſtable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty picture of one of this ſpecies, in the following epigram:

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus, es idem,
Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te.

EPIG. XLVII. l. 12.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant fellow;
Haſt ſo much wit, and mirth, and ſpleen about thee.
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendſhip with one, who, by theſe changes and viciſſitudes of humour, is ſometimes amiable and ſometimes odious: and as moſt men are at ſome times in an admirable frame and diſpoſition of mind, it ſhould be one of the greateſt taſks of wiſdom to keep ourſelves well when we are ſo, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character. C

No. 69. Saturday May 19.

Hic ſegetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fœtus alibi atque injuſſa vireſcunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles ſua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroſaque Pontus
Caſtorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Impoſuit natura locis ——

Virg. Georg. i. ver. 54.

This ground with *Bacchus*, that with *Ceres* ſuits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with graſs, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus *Tmolus* is with yellow ſaffron crown'd;
India black ebon, and white iv'ry bears;
And ſoft *Idume* weeps her od'rous tears:
Thus *Pontus* ſends her bever-ſtones from far;
And naked *Spaniards* temper ſteel for war:
Epirus for th' *Elean* chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running ſteeds.
This is th' original contract; theſe the laws
Impos'd by nature, and by nature's cauſe.

Dryden.

There is no place in the town which I ſo much love to frequent as the *Royal Exchange*. It gives me a ſecret ſatisfaction, and, in ſome meaſure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an *Engliſhman*, to ſee ſo rich an aſſembly of countrymen and foreigners conſulting together upon the private buſineſs of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole earth. I muſt confeſs I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all conſiderable nations have their repreſentatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambaſſadors are in the politic

politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correſpondence between thoſe wealthy ſocieties of men that are divided from one another by ſeas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleaſed to hear diſputes adjuſted between an inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to ſee a ſubject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a league with one of the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with theſe ſeveral miniſters of commerce, as they are diſtinguiſhed by their different walks, and different languages: ſometimes I am juſtled among a body of *Armenians*: ſometimes I am loſt in a crowd of *Jews*; and ſometimes make one in a groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy myſelf like the old philoſopher, who, upon being aſked what countryman he was, replied, That he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently viſit this buſy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir ANDREW, who often ſmiles upon me as he ſees me buſtling in the crowd, but at the ſame time connives at my preſence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of *Egypt*, who juſt knows me by ſight, having formerly remitted me ſome money to *Grand Cairo*; but, as I am not verſed in the modern *Coptic*, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand ſcene of buſineſs gives me an infinite variety of ſolid and ſubſtantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleaſure at the ſight of a proſperous and happy multitude, inſomuch that at many public ſolemnities I cannot forbear expreſſing my joy with tears that have ſtolen down my cheeks. For this reaſon I am wonderfully delighted to ſee ſuch

a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public ſtock; or, in other words, raiſing eſtates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is ſuperfluous.

Nature ſeems to have taken a particular care to diſſeminate her bleſſings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourſe and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the ſeveral parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common intereſt. Almoſt every *degree* produces ſomething peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the ſauce in another. The fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the products of *Barbadoes*: the infuſion of a *China* plant ſweetened with the pith of an *Indian* cane. The *Philippine* iſlands give a flavour to our *European* bowls. The ſingle dreſs of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The ſcarf is ſent from the Torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the Pole. The brocade-petticoat riſes out of the mines of *Peru*, and the diamond-necklace out of the bowels of *Indoſtan*.

If we conſider our own country in its natural proſpect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable ſpot of earth falls to our ſhare! Natural hiſtorians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, beſides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itſelf, and without the aſſiſtances of art, can make no further advances towards a plum than to a ſloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are ſtrangers among us, imported

imported in different ages, and naturalized in our *Engliſh* gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the traſh of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our ſun and ſoil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ſhips are laden with the harveſt of every climate: our tables are ſtored with ſpices, and oils, and wines: our rooms are filled with pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the workmanſhip of *Japan*: our morning's draught comes to us from the remoteſt corners of the earth: we repair our bodies by the drugs of *America*, and repoſe ourſelves under *Indian* canopies. My friend Sir ANDREW calls the vineyards of *France* our gardens; the ſpice-iſlands, our hot-beds; the *Perſians* our ſilk-weavers, and the *Chineſe* our potters. Nature indeed furniſhes us with the bare neceſſaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is uſeful, and at the ſame time ſupplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the leaſt part of this our happineſs, that whilſt we enjoy the remoteſt products of the North and South, we are free from thoſe extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreſhed with the green fields of *Britain*, at the ſame time that our palates are feaſted with fruits that riſe between the tropics. ¶

For theſe reaſons there are not more uſeful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourſe of good offices, diſtribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our *Engliſh* merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *Britiſh* manufacture, and the inhabitants

habitants of the frozen Zone warmed with the fleeces of our ſheep. ✝

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings ſtanding in perſon, where he is repreſented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourſe of people with which that place is every day filled. In this caſe, how would he be ſurpriſed to hear all the languages of *Europe* ſpoken in this little ſpot of his former dominions, and to ſee ſo many private men, who in his time would have been the vaſſals of ſome powerful baron, negotiating, like princes, for greater ſums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treaſury! Trade, without enlarging the *Britiſh* territories, has given us a kind of additional empire: it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed eſtates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an acceſſion of other eſtates as valuable as the lands themſelves. ✝ C

No. 70. MONDAY, MAY 21.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

HOR. Ep. i. l. 2. v. 63.

Sometimes the vulgar ſee and judge aright.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the ſongs and fables that are come from father to ſon, and are moſt in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I paſſed; for it is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be univerſally taſted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it ſome peculiar aptneſs to pleaſe and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the ſame in all reaſonable creatures; and whatever falls

falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongſt readers of all qualities and conditions. *Moliere*, as we are told by Monſieur *Boileau*, uſed to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his houſe-keeper, as ſhe ſat with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretel the ſucceſs of his play in the theatre, from the reception it met with at his fire-ſide: for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the ſame place. †

I know nothing which more ſhews the eſſential and inherent perfection of ſimplicity in thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner of writing, than this, that the firſt pleaſes all kinds of palates, and the latter only ſuch as have formed to themſelves a wrong artificial taſte upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, ſo far as the language of their poems is underſtood, will pleaſe a reader of plain common ſenſe, who would neither reliſh nor comprehend an epigram of *Martial*, or a poem of *Cowley*: ſo, on the contrary, an ordinary ſong or ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to pleaſe all ſuch readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance; and the reaſon is plain, becauſe the ſame paintings of nature which recommend it to the moſt ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the moſt refined. †

The old ſong of *Chevy-Chaſe* is the favourite ballad of the common people of *England*, and *Ben Johnſon* uſed to ſay he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his diſcourſe of poetry, ſpeaks of it in the following words: *I never heard the old ſong of* Piercy *and* Douglas, *that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is ſung by ſome blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude ſtyle; which being ſo evil apparelled in the duſt and cobweb of that uncivil age, what wou'd it work trimmed*

med in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? For my own part I am ſo profeſſed an admirer of this antiquated ſong, that I ſhall give my reader a critic upon it, without any further apology for ſo doing. ✝

The greateſt modern critics have laid it down as a rule, That an heroic poem ſhould be founded upon ſome important precept of morality, adapted to the conſtitution of the country in which the poet writes. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their plans in this view. As *Greece* was a collection of many governments, who ſuffered very much among themſelves, and gave the *Perſian* emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them, by their mutual jealouſies and animoſities, *Homer*, in order to eſtabliſh among them an union, which was ſo neceſſary for their ſafety, grounds his poem upon the diſcords of the ſeveral *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a confederacy againſt an *Aſiatic* Prince, and the ſeveral advantages which the enemy gained by ſuch their diſcords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the diſſentions of the Barons, who were then ſo many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themſelves, or with their neighbours, and produced unſpeakable calamities to the country: the poet, to deter men from ſuch unnatural contentions, deſcribes a bloody battle and dreadful ſcene of death, occaſioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an *Engliſh* and *Scotch* nobleman: that he deſigned this for the inſtruction of his poem, we may learn from his four laſt lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers. ✝

God ſave the King, and bleſs the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt Noblemen may ceaſe.

The

The next point, obſerved by the greateſt heroic poets, hath been to celebrate perſons and actions which do honour to their country: thus *Virgil*'s hero was the founder of *Rome*, *Homer*'s a prince of *Greece*; and, for this reaſon, *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be juſtly derided for having choſen the expedition of the *Golden Fleece*, and the *Wars of Thebes*, for the ſubject of their epic writings.

The poet before us has not only found out an hero in his own country, but raiſes the reputation of it by ſeveral beautiful incidents. The *Engliſh* are the firſt who take the field, and the laſt who quit it. The *Engliſh* bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the *Scotch* two thouſand. The *Engliſh* keep the field with fifty-three; the *Scotch* retire with fifty-five; all the reſt on each ſide being ſlain in battle. But the moſt remarkable circumſtance of this kind, is the different manner in which the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's *King did reign,*
That brave Earl Douglas *ſuddenly*
Was with an arrow ſlain.

O heavy news! King James *did ſay,*
Scotland *can witneſs be*
I have not any captain more
Of ſuch account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry *came,*
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Piercy *of* Northumberland
Was ſlain in Chevy-Chaſe.

Now God be with him, ſaid our king,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet

Yet ſhall not Scot *nor* Scotland *ſay*
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's *ſake.*

This vow full well the King perform'd
After on Humble-down;
In one day fifty knights were ſlain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the reſt of ſmall account
Did many thouſands die, &c.

At the ſame time that our poet ſhews a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he repreſents the *Scots* after a manner not unbecoming ſo bold and brave a people.

Earl Douglas *on a milk-white ſteed,*
Moſt like a baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armour ſhone like gold.

His ſentiments and actions are every way ſuitable to an hero. One of us two, (ſays he), muſt die: I am an earl as well as yourſelf; ſo that you can have no pretence for refuſing the combat: however, (ſays he), it is pity, and indeed would be a ſin, that ſo many innocent men ſhould periſh for our ſakes; rather let you and I end our quarrel in ſingle fight.

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, *ſo am I.*

But truſt me, Piercy, *pity it were,*
And great offence, to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs men,
For they have done no ill.

Let

Let thou and I the battle try,
And ſet our men aſide:
Accurs'd be he, Lord Piercy *ſaid,*
By whom this is deny'd.

When theſe brave men had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the battle and in ſingle combat with each other, in the midſt of a generous parley, full of heroic ſentiments, the *Scotch* Earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, repreſenting to them, as the moſt bitter circumſtance of it, that his rival ſaw him fall.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh *bow,*
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas *to the heart*
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe,
Fight on my merry men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy *ſees my fall.*

Merry men, in the language of thoſe times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-ſoldiers. A paſſage in the eleventh book of *Virgil*'s *Æneid* is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her laſt agonies, inſtead of weeping over the wound ſhe had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her ſex, conſiders only (like the hero of whom we are now ſpeaking) how the battle ſhould be continued after her death.

Tum ſic expirans Accam ex æqualibus unam,
Alloquitur; fida ante alias quæ ſola Camillæ,
Quicum partiri curas; atque hæc ita fatur:
Hactenus, Acca ſoror, potui: nunc vulnus acerbum
Conficit, et tenebris nigreſcunt omnia circum:
Effuge, et hæc regi mandata noviſſima perfer;
Succedat pugnæ, Trojanoſque arceat urbe:
Jamque vale.—— Æn. xi. ver. 820.

A gathering miſt o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;
And from her cheeks the roſy colour flies,
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She truſted moſt, and thus ſhe ſpeaks with pain.
Acca, 'tis paſt! he ſwims before my ſight,
Inexorable death; and claims his right.
Bear my laſt words to *Turnus*, fly with ſpeed,
And bid him timely to my charge ſucceed:
Repel the *Trojans*, and the town relieve:
Farewel.——— DRYDEN.

Turnus did not die in ſo heroic a manner; though our poet ſeems to have had his eye upon *Turnus*'s ſpeech in the laſt verſe,

Lord Piercy *ſees my fall.*

——*Viciſti, et victum tendere palmas,*
Auſonii videre—— Æn. xii. ver. 936.

The *Latian* chiefs have ſeen me beg my life.
DRYDEN.

Earl *Piercy*'s lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and paſſionate; I muſt only caution the reader not to let the ſimplicity of the ſtyle, which one may well pardon in ſo old a poet, prejudice him againſt the greatneſs of the thought.

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy *took*
The dead man by the hand,
And ſaid, Earl Douglas, *for thy life*
Would I had loſt my land.

O Chriſt! my very heart doth bleed
With ſorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure a more renowned Knight
Miſchance did never take.

That beautiful line, *Taking the dead man by the hand*, will put the reader in mind of *Æneas*'s behaviour towards *Lauſus*, whom he himſelf had ſlain as he came to the reſcue of his aged father.

At

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,
Ora modis Anchiſiades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miſerans graviter, dextramque tetendit.
ÆN. x. ver. 821.

The pious prince beheld young *Lauſus* dead;
He griev'd, he wept; then graſp'd his hand, and ſaid, &c. DRYDEN.

I ſhall take another opportunity to conſider the other parts of this old ſong. C

No. 71. TUESDAY, MAY 22.

——Scribere juſſit amor. OVID. Epiſt. iv. ver. x. 10.
Love bid me write.

THE entire conqueſt of our paſſions is ſo difficult a work, that they who deſpair of it ſhould think of a leſs difficult taſk, and only attempt to regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the eaſe, but alſo to the pleaſure of our life; and that is refining our paſſions to a greater elegance than we receive them from nature. When the paſſion is love, this work is performed in innocent, though rude and uncultivated minds, by the mere force and dignity of the object. There are forms which naturally create reſpect in the beholders, and at once inflame and chaſtiſe the imagination. Such an impreſſion as this gives an immediate ambition to deſerve, in order to pleaſe. This cauſe and effect are beautifully deſcribed by Mr. *Dryden* in the fable of *Cimon* and *Iphigenia*. After he has repreſented *Cimon* ſo ſtupid, that

He whiſtled as he went, for want of thought,

he makes him fall into the following ſcene, and

ſhews its influence upon him ſo excellently, that it appears as natural as wonderful.

It happen'd on a ſummer's holiday,
That to the greenwood ſhade he took his way;
His quarter-ſtaff, which he cou'd ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back:
He trudg'd along unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went, for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirſt conſtrain'd,
The deep receſſes of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept thro' the matted graſs a cryſtal ſtood,
Fy which an alabaſter fountain ſtood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid,
(Attended by her ſlaves) a ſleeping maid,
Like Dian, *and her nymphs, when, tir'd with ſport,*
To reſt by cool Eurotas *they reſort;*
The dame herſelf the goddeſs well expreſt,
Not more diſtinguiſh'd by her purple veſt,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And even in ſlumber a ſuperior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body ſhaded with a ſlight cymar;
Her boſom to the view was only bare:
The fanning wind upon her boſom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the boſom roſe;
The fanning wind and purling ſtreams continue her repoſe.
The fool of nature ſtood with ſtupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that teſtify'd ſurpriſe,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his ſight,
New as he was to Love, and novice in delight:
Long mute he ſtood, and, leaning on his ſtaff,
His wonder witneſs'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have ſpoke, but by his glimmering ſenſe
Firſt found his want of words, and fear'd offence;
Doubted for what he was he ſhould be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.

But

But leſt this fine deſcription ſhould be excepted againſt, as the creation of that great maſter, Mr. *Dryden*, and not an account of what has really ever happened in the world; I ſhall give you, *verbatim*, the epiſtle of an enamoured footman in the country to his miſtreſs. Their ſirnames ſhall not be inſerted, becauſe their paſſion demands a greater reſpect than is due to their quality. *James* is ſervant in a great family, and *Eliſabeth* waits upon the daughter of one as numerous, ſome miles off from her lover. *James*, before he beheld *Betty*, was vain of his ſtrength, a rough wreſtler, and quarrelſome cudgel-player; *Betty* a public dancer at may-poles, a romp at ſtool-ball: he always following idle women; ſhe playing among the peaſants: he a country-bully; ſhe a country coquette. But love has made her conſtantly in her miſtreſs's chamber, where the young Lady gratifies a ſecret paſſion of her own, by making *Betty* talk of *James*; and *James* is become a conſtant waiter near his maſter's apartment, in reading, as well as he can, romances. I cannot learn who *Molly* is, who, it ſeems, walked ten miles to carry the angry meſſage, which gave occaſion to what follows.

To Elisabeth ——

'My dear Betty, *May* 14, 1711.

'Remember your bleeding lover, who lies bleeding at the wounds *Cupid* made with the arrows he borrowed at the eyes of *Venus*, which is your ſweet perſon.

'Nay, more, with the token you ſent me for my love and ſervice offered to your ſweet perſon; which was your baſe reſpects to my ill conditions; when alas! there is no ill conditions in me, but quite contrary; all love and purity, eſpecially to your ſweet perſon; but all this I take as a jeſt.

'But the ſad and diſmal news which *Molly* brought

'me ſtruck me to the heart, which was, it ſeems, 'and is your ill conditions for my love and reſpects 'to you.

'For ſhe told me, if I came forty times to you, 'you would not ſpeak with me, which words, I am 'ſure, is a great grief to me.

'Now, my dear, if I may not be permitted to 'your ſweet company, and to have the happineſs of 'ſpeaking with your ſweet perſon, I beg the favour 'of you to accept of this my ſecret mind and thoughts, 'which hath ſo long lodged in my breaſt, the which 'if you do not accept, I believe will go nigh to 'break my heart.

'For indeed, my dear, I love you above all the 'beauties I ever ſaw in all my life.

'The young gentleman and my maſter's daugh-'ter, the *Londoner* that is come down to marry her, 'ſat in the arbour moſt part of the night. O dear 'Betty, muſt the nightingales ſing to thoſe who 'marry for money, and not to us true lovers! Oh, 'my dear *Betty*, that we could meet this night where 'we uſed to do in the wood.

'Now, my dear, if I may not have the bleſſing of 'kiſſing your ſweet lips, I beg I may have the hap-'pineſs of kiſſing your fair hand, with a few lines, 'from your dear ſelf, preſented by whom you pleaſe 'or think fit. I believe, if time would permit me, 'I could write all day; but the time being ſhort, 'and paper little, no more from your never-failing 'lover until death.

'JAMES ——'

Poor *James!* ſince his time and paper were ſo ſhort, I, that have more than I can uſe well of both, will put the ſentiments of this kind letter (the ſtyle of which ſeems to be confuſed with ſcraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not underſtand) into what he meant to expreſs.

DEAR

DEAR CREATURE,

Can you then neglect him who has forgot all his recreations and enjoyments, to pine away his life in thinking of you? When I do ſo, you appear more amiable to me than *Venus* does in the moſt beautiful deſcription that ever was made of her. All this kindneſs you return with an accuſation, that I do not love you: but the contrary is ſo manifeſt, that I cannot think you in earneſt. But the certainty given me in your meſſage by *Molly*, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all comfort She ſays you will not ſee me: if you can have ſo much cruelty, at leaſt write to me, that I may kiſs the impreſſion made by your fair hand. I love you above all things, and, in my condition, what you look upon with indifference is to me the moſt exquiſite pleaſure or pain. Our young Lady, and a fine Gentleman from *London*, who are to marry for mercenary ends, walk about our gardens, and hear the voice of evening nightingales, as if for faſhion's-ſake they courted thoſe ſolitudes, becauſe they have heard lovers do ſo. Oh *Betty!* could I hear thoſe rivulets murmur, and birds ſing while you ſtood near me, how little ſenſible ſhould I be that we are both ſervants, or that there is any thing on earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, until death itſelf.

JAMES ——.

N. B. By the words *Ill Conditions*, *James* means in a woman *Coquetry*, in a man *Inconſtancy*. R

WEDNESDAY,

No. 72. WEDNESDAY, MAY 23.

——Genus immortale manet, multoſque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum.
VIRG. Georg. l. iv. ver. 208.

Th' immortal line in ſure ſucceſſion reigns,
The fortune of the family remains,
And grandſires grandſons the long liſt contains.
DRYDEN.

HAVING already given my reader an account of ſeveral extraordinary clubs both ancient and modern, I did not deſign to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare ſay will be no leſs ſurpriſing to my reader than it was to myſelf; for which reaſon I ſhall communicate it to the public as one of the greateſt curioſities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradeſman who is related to him, after having repreſented him as a very idle worthleſs fellow, who neglected his family, and ſpent moſt of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the *Everlaſting Club*. So very odd a title raiſed my curioſity to inquire into the nature of a club that had ſuch a ſounding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account.

The *Everlaſting Club* conſiſts of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in ſuch a manner, that the club ſits day and night from one end of the year to another, no party preſuming to riſe until they are relieved by thoſe who are in courſe to ſucceed them. By this means a member of the *Everlaſting Club* never wants company;

pany; for though he is not upon duty himſelf, he is ſure to find ſome who are; ſo that if he be diſpoſed to take a whet at nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this club, That the ſteward never dies; for as they ſucceed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which ſtands at the upper end of the table, until his ſucceſſor is in a readineſs to fill it; inſomuch that there has not been a *ſede vacante* in the memory of man.

This club was inſtituted towards the end (or as ſome of them ſay, about the middle) of the civil wars, and continued without interruption until the time of the *great fire*, which burnt them out, and diſperſed them for ſeveral weeks. The ſteward at that time maintained his poſt until he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring-houſe, (which was demoliſhed in order to ſtop the fire); and would not leave the chair at laſt, until he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himſelf. This ſteward is frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned by my Lord *Clarendon*, who was burnt in his ſhip becauſe he would not quit it without orders. It is ſaid that towards the cloſe of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under conſideration whether they ſhould break up or continue their ſeſſion; but after many ſpeeches and debates, it was at length agreed to ſit out the other century. This reſolution paſſed in a general club *nemine contradicente*.

Having given this ſhort account of the inſtitution and continuation of the *Everlaſting Club*, I ſhould here endeavour to ſay ſomething of the manners and characters of its ſeveral members, which I ſhall do accord-

according to the beſt lights I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that, ſince their firſt inſtitution, they have ſmoked fifty tuns of tobacco, drank thirty thouſand butts of ale, one thouſand hogſheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of ſmall-beer. There has been likewiſe a great conſumption of cards. It is alſo ſaid, that they obſerve the law in *Ben Johnſon*'s club, which orders the fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis eſto*) as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampneſs of the club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a veſtal, whoſe buſineſs it is to cheriſh and perpetuate the fire which burns from generation to generation, and has ſeen the glaſs-houſe fires in and out above an hundred times.

The *Everlaſting Club* treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of upſtarts. Their ordinary diſcourſe (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon ſuch adventures as have paſſed in their own aſſembly; of members who have taken the glaſs in their turns for a week together, without ſtirring out of the club: of others who have ſmoked an hundred pipes at a ſitting; of others who have not miſſed their morning's draught for twenty years together: ſometimes they ſpeak in raptures of a run of ale in King *Charles*'s reign; and ſometimes reflect with aſtoniſhment upon games at whiſt, which have been miraculouſly recovered by members of the ſociety, when in all human probability the caſe was deſperate.

They delight in ſeveral old catches, which they ſing at all hours to encourage one another to moiſten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general clubs held in a year, at which

which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other neceſſaries.

The ſenior member has outlived the whole club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of ſome of the preſent ſitting members. C

No. 73. THURSDAY, MAY 24.

——O dea certe! VIRG. Æn. i. ver. 332.

O goddeſs! for no leſs you ſeem.

IT is very ſtrange to conſider, that a creature like man, who is ſenſible of ſo many weakneſſes and imperfections, ſhould be actuated by a love of fame: that vice and ignorance, imperfection and miſery, ſhould contend for praiſe, and endeavour as much as poſſible to make themſelves objects of admiration.

But notwithſtanding man's eſſential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very conſiderable. If he looks upon himſelf in an abſtracted light, he has not much to boaſt of; but, if he conſiders himſelf with regard to others, he may find occaſion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at leaſt in the abſence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wiſe man and the fool. The firſt endeavours to ſhine in himſelf, and the laſt to outſhine others. The firſt is humbled by the ſenſe of his own infirmities; the laſt is lifted up by the diſcovery of thoſe which he obſerves in other men. The wiſe man conſiders what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wiſe man is happy when he gains his own approbation,

probation, and the fool when he recommends himſelf to the applauſe of thoſe about him.

But however unreaſonable and abſurd this paſſion for admiration may appear in ſuch a creature as man, it is not wholly to be diſcouraged; ſince it often produces very good effects, not only as it reſtrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it puſhes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the conſequences it produces are ſo good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguiſhed.'

It is obſerved by *Cicero*, that men of the greateſt and the moſt ſhining parts are the moſt actuated by ambition; and, if we look into the two ſexes, I believe we ſhall find this principle of action ſtronger in women than in men.

The paſſion for praiſe, which is ſo very vehement in the fair ſex, produces excellent effects in women of ſenſe, who deſire to be admired for that only which deſerves admiration: and I think we may obſerve, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform courſe of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own ſex. How many inſtances have we of chaſtity, fidelity, devotion? How many ladies diſtinguiſh themſelves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their huſbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of womankind? As the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the adminiſtration of juſtice, are thoſe by which men grow famous, and get themſelves a name.

But as this paſſion for admiration, when it works according to reaſon, improves the beautiful part of our ſpecies in every thing that is laudable; ſo nothing is more deſtructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore

here to ſay, only regards the vain part of the ſex, whom, for certain reaſons, which the reader will hereafter ſee at large, I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the adorning of her perſon. You ſee in every poſture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her buſineſs and employment to gain adorers. † For this reaſon your *Idols* appear in all public places and aſſemblies, in order to ſeduce men to their worſhip. The play-houſe is very frequently filled with *Idols*; ſeveral of them are carried in proceſſion every evening about the ring, and ſeveral of them ſet up their worſhip even in churches. They are to be accoſted in the language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power: the joys of heaven, and pains of hell, are at their diſpoſal: paradiſe is in their arms, and eternity in every moment that you are preſent with them. Raptures, tranſports, and ecſtaſies are the rewards which they confer: ſighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their ſmiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to deſpair. I ſhall only add under this head, that *Ovid*'s book of the Art of Love is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worſhip which are made uſe of to an *Idol*.

It would be as difficult a taſk to reckon up theſe different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton*'s was to number thoſe that were known in *Canaan*, and the lands adjoining. Moſt of them are worſhipped, like *Moloch*, in fire and flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to ſee their votaries cut and ſlaſhed, and ſhedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, muſt have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that ſome of them have been uſed by their incenſed worſhippers like the *Chineſe Idols*, who are whipped and ſcourged when they

refuſe to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I muſt here obſerve, that thoſe idolaters who devote themſelves to the *Idols* I am here ſpeaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of idolaters. For as others fall out becauſe they worſhip different *Idols*, theſe idolaters quarrel becauſe they worſhip the ſame.

The intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the wiſhes of the idolater; as the one deſires to confine the *Idol* to himſelf, the whole buſineſs and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an *Idol* is prettily deſcribed in a tale of *Chaucer*: he repreſents one of them ſitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favour, and paying their adorations: ſhe ſmiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table. Now which of theſe three, ſays the old bard, do you think was the favourite? In troth, ſays he, not one of all the three.

The behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greateſt *Idols* among the moderns. She is worſhipped once a week by candle-light, in the midſt of a large congregration, generally called an aſſembly. Some of the gayeſt youths in the nation endeavour to plant themſelves in her eye, while ſhe ſits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her idolaters, ſhe beſtows a mark of her favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her preſence. She aſks a queſtion of one, tells a ſtory to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of ſnuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occaſion of taking it up. In ſhort, every one goes away ſatisfied with his ſucceſs, and encouraged to renew his devotions on the ſame canonical hour that day ſe'ennight.

An

An *Idol* may be undeified by many accidental cauſes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-*apotheoſis*, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddeſs, ſhe quickly ſinks into a woman.

Old age is likewiſe a great decayer of your *Idol*: The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a ſuperannuated *Idol*, eſpecially when ſhe has contracted ſuch airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worſhippers are about her.

Conſidering therefore that in theſe and many other caſes the *Woman* generally outlives the *Idol*, I muſt return to the moral of this paper, and deſire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their paſſion for being admired; in order to which, they muſt endeavour to make themſelves the objects of a reaſonable and laſting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dreſs, or faſhion, but from thoſe inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or ſickneſs, and which appear moſt amiable to thoſe who are moſt acquainted with them. C

No. 74. FRIDAY, MAY 25.

——*Pendent opera interrupta*——

VIRG. *Æn.* iv. ver. 88.

The works unfiniſh'd and neglected lie.

IN my laſt *Monday*'s paper I gave ſome general inſtances of thoſe beautiful ſtrokes which pleaſe the reader in the old ſong of *Chevy-chaſe*; I ſhall here, according to my promiſe, be more particular, and ſhew that the ſentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majeſtic ſimplicity which we admire in the greateſt of the ancient poets: for which reaſon I ſhall quote

ſeveral paſſages of it, in which the thought is altogether the ſame with what we meet in ſeveral paſſages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the poet (whoever he was) propoſed to himſelf any imitation of thoſe paſſages, but that he was directed to them in general by the ſame kind of poetical genius, and by the ſame copyings after nature.

Had this old ſong been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleaſed the wrong taſte of ſome readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the ſound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and pleaſe thoſe taſtes which are the moſt unprejudiced or the moſt refined. I muſt however beg leave to diſſent from ſo great an authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the judgment which he has paſſed as to the rude ſtyle and evil apparel of this antiquated ſong; for there are ſeveral parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majeſtic, and the numbers ſonorous; at leaſt, the *Apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of the poets made uſe of in Queen *Eliſabeth's* time, as the reader will ſee in ſeveral of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expreſſion in that ſtanza?

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Piercy *took his way;*
The child may rue that was unborn
The hunting of that day!

This way of conſidering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon poſterity, not only on thoſe who were born immediately after the battle, and loſt their fathers in it, but on thoſe alſo who periſhed in future battles which took their riſe from this quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful,

tiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus. HOR. Od. II. l. i. ver. 23.

Poſterity, thinn'd by their fathers' crimes,
Shall read, with grief, the ſtory of their times.

What can be more ſounding and poetical, or reſemble more the majeſtic ſimplicity of the ancients, than the following ſtanzas?

The ſtout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh *woods*
Three ſummer days to take.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All choſen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their ſhafts aright.

The hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo ſhrill did make.

——Vocat ingenti clamore Citharon
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit.
GEORG. III. ver. 43.

Citharon loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, *Taygetus*, open, and purſue the prey:
High *Epidaurus* urges on my ſpeed,
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horſes' breed:
From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound;
For echo hunts along, and propagates the ſound.
DRYDEN.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas *come,*
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottiſh *ſpears,*
All marching in our ſight.

All men of pleaſant Tiviotdale,
Faſt by the river Tweed, *&c.*

The country of the *Scotch* warriors, deſcribed in theſe two laſt verſes, has a fine romantic ſituation, and affords a couple of ſmooth words for verſe. If the reader compares the foregoing ſix lines of the ſong with the following Latin verſes, he will ſee how much they are written in the ſpirit of *Virgil*.

Adverſi campo apparent, haſtaſque reductis
Protendunt longe dextris: et ſpicula vibrant——
Quique altum Præneſte viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roſcida rivis
Hernica ſaxa colunt:—qui roſea rura Velini,
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Caſperiamque colunt, Foruloſque et flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.——
Æn. xi. ver. 605.—vii. ver. 682, 712.

Advancing in a line, they couch their ſpears—
—— *Præneſte* ſends a choſen band,
With thoſe who plow *Saturnia*'s *Gabine* land:
Beſides the ſuccours which cold *Anien* yields;
The rocks of *Hernicus*—beſides a band,
That follow'd from *Velinum*'s dewy land—
And mountaineers that from *Severus* came:
And from the craggy cliffs of *Tetrica*;
And thoſe where yellow *Tiber* takes his way,
And where *Himella*'s wanton waters play:
Caſperia ſends her arms, with thoſe that lie
By *Fabaris*, and fruitful *Foruli*. DRYDEN.

But, to proceed;

Earl Douglas *on a milk-white ſteed,*
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armour ſhone like gold.

Turnus ut antevolans tardum præceſſerat agmen, &c.
Vidiſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus——

Our

Our Engliſh *archers bent their bows,*
Their hearts were good and true;
At the firſt flight of arrows ſent,
Full threeſcore Scots *they ſlew.*

They cloſ'd full faſt on ev'ry ſide,
No ſlackneſs there was found
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh *bow,*
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas *to the heart*
A deep and deadly blow.

Æneas was wounded after the ſame manner by an unknown hand in the midſt of a parley.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro ſtridens alis allapſa ſagitta eſt,
Incertum qua pulſa manu.— Æn. xii. ver. 318.

Thus, while he ſpake, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow ſtruck the pious prince;
But whether from an human hand it came,
Or hoſtile God, is left unknown by fame.
DRYDEN.

But of all the deſcriptive parts of this ſong, there are none more beautiful than the four following ſtanzas, which have a great force and ſpirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumſtances. The thought in the third ſtanza was never touched by any other poet, and is ſuch a one as would have ſhined in *Homer* or *Virgil.*

So thus did both theſe nobles die,
Whoſe courage none could ſtain:
An Engliſh *archer then perceiv'd*
The noble Earl was ſlain.

He

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he.

Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his ſhaft he ſet,
The grey-gooſe wing that was thereon
In his heart blood was wet.

This fight did laſt from break of day
Till ſetting of the ſun;
For when they rung the ev'ning bell
The battle ſcarce was done.

One may obſerve likewiſe, that in the catalogue of the ſlain the author has followed the example of the greateſt ancient poets, not only in giving a long liſt of the dead, but by diverſifying it with little characters of particular perſons.

And with Earl Douglas *there was ſlain*
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, *that from the field*
One foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel *of* Ratcliff *too,*
His ſiſter's ſon was he;
Sir David Lamb, *ſo well eſteem'd,*
Yet ſaved could not be.

The familiar ſound in theſe names deſtroys the majeſty of the deſcription; for this reaſon I do not mention this part of the poem but to ſhew the natural caſt of thought which appears in it, as the two laſt verſes look almoſt like a tranſlation of *Virgil.*

——Cadit et Ripheus juſtiſſimus unus
Qui fuit in teucris et ſervantiſſimus æqui,
Diis aliter viſum eſt—— Æn. II. ver. 426.

Then

Then *Ripheus* fell in the unequal fight,
Juſt of his word, obſervant of his right:
Heav'n thought not ſo. DRYDEN.

In the catalogue of the *Engliſh* who fell, *Witherington*'s behaviour is in the ſame manner particularized very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am ſatisfied your little buffoon readers (who have ſeen that paſſage ridiculed in *Hudibras*) will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reaſon I dare not ſo much as quote it.

Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington *was his name,*
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
To Henry *our King for ſhame,*
That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I ſtood looking on.

We meet with the ſame heroic ſentiments in *Virgil.*

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non ſumus?—— ÆN. XII. ver. 229.

For ſhame, *Rutilians*, can you bear the ſight
Of one expos'd for all, in ſingle fight?
Can we, before the face of heav'n, confeſs
Our courage colder, or our number leſs?
DRYDEN.

What can be more natural or more moving than the circumſtances in which he deſcribes the behaviour of thoſe women who had loſt their huſbands on this fatal day?

Next day did many widows come
Their huſbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their wounds in briniſh tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the *Gothic* manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of *Latin* quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of *Virgil*. ✠ C

No. 75. SATURDAY, MAY 26.

Omnes Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.
HOR. Ep. XVII. l. i. ver. 23.

All fortune fitted *Aristippus* well. CREECH.

IT was with some mortification that I suffered the raillery of a fine Lady of my acquaintance, for calling, in one of my papers, *Dorimant* a clown. She was so unmerciful as to take advantage of my invincible taciturnity, and on that occasion, with great freedom to consider the air, the height, the face, the gesture of him who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of gallantry. She is full of motion, janty, and lively in her impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass, among the ignorant, for persons who have

have a great deal of humour. She had the play of Sir *Fopling* in her hand, and after ſhe had ſaid it was happy for her there was not ſo charming a creature as *Dorimant* now living, ſhe began with a theatrical air and tone of voice to read, by way of triumph over me, ſome of his ſpeeches. *'Tis ſhe, that lovely air, that eaſy ſhape, thoſe wanton eyes, and all thoſe melting charms about her mouth, which* Medley *ſpoke of: I'll follow the lottery, and put in for a prize with my friend* Bellair.

In love the victors from the vanquiſh'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die.

Then turning over the leaves, ſhe reads alternately, and ſpeaks,

And you and Loveit *to her coſt ſhall find*
I fathom all the depths of womankind.

Oh the fine Gentleman! But here, continues ſhe, is the paſſage I admire moſt, where he begins to teize *Loveit*, and mimic Sir *Fopling*: Oh the pretty ſatire, in his reſolving to be a coxcomb to pleaſe, ſince noiſe and nonſenſe have ſuch powerful charms.

I, that I may ſucceſsful prove,
Transform myſelf to what you love.

Then how like a man of the town, ſo wild and gay is that!

The wiſe will find a diff'rence in our fate,
You wed a woman, I a good eſtate.

It would have been a very wild endeavour for a man of my temper to offer any oppoſition to ſo nimble a ſpeaker as my fair enemy is; but her diſcourſe gave me very many reflections, when I had left her company. Among others, I could not but conſider, with ſome attention, the falſe impreſſions the generality (the Fair Sex more eſpecially) have of what ſhould be intended, when they ſay, a *fine Gentleman*:

Gentleman; and could not help revolving that ſubject in my thoughts, and ſettling, as it were, an idea of that character in my own imagination.

No man ought to have the eſteem of the reſt of the world, for any actions which are diſagreeable to thoſe maxims which prevail, as the ſtandards of behaviour, in the country where he lives. What is oppoſite to the eternal rules of reaſon and good ſenſe, muſt be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. I did not, I confeſs, explain myſelf enough on this ſubject, when I called *Dorimant* a clown, and made it an inſtance of it, that he called the *Orange-Wench*, *Double-Tripe*: I ſhould have ſhewed, that humanity obliges a Gentleman to give no part of humankind reproach, for what they, whom they reproach, may poſſibly have in common with the moſt virtuous and worthy amongſt us. When a Gentleman ſpeaks coarſely, he has dreſſed himſelf clean to no purpoſe: the clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's talk a corrupted imagination, is a much greater offence againſt the converſation of Gentlemen, than any negligence of dreſs imaginable. But this ſenſe of the matter is ſo far from being received among people even of condition, that *Vocifer* paſſes for a fine Gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, ſoft, lewd, and obſequious, by turns, juſt as a little underſtanding and great impudence prompt him at the preſent moment. He paſſes among the ſilly part of our women for a man of wit, becauſe he is generally in doubt. He contradicts with a ſhrug, and confutes with a certain ſufficiency, in profeſſing ſuch and ſuch a thing is above his capacity. What makes his character the pleaſanter is, that he is a profeſſed deluder of women; and becauſe the empty coxcomb has no regard to any thing that is of itſelf ſacred and inviolable, I have heard an unmarried Lady of fortune ſay, It is pity ſo fine a gentleman

gentleman as *Vociſer* is ſo great an atheiſt. The crowds of ſuch inconſiderable creatures, that infeſt all places of aſſembling, every reader will have in his eye from his own obſervation; but would it not be worth conſidering what ſort of a figure a man who formed himſelf upon thoſe principles among us, which are agreeable to the dictates of honour and religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of life.

I hardly have obſerved any one fill his ſeveral duties of life better than *Ignotus*. All the under parts of his behaviour, and ſuch as are expoſed to common obſervation, have their riſe in him from great and noble motives. A firm and unſhaken expectation of another life, makes him become this; humanity and good-nature, fortified by the ſenſe of virtue, has the ſame effect upon him, as the neglect of all goodneſs has upon many others. Being firmly eſtabliſhed in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look eaſy, appears in him with greater beauty: by a thorough contempt of little excellencies, he is perfectly maſter of them. This temper of mind leaves him under no neceſſity of ſtudying his air, and he has this peculiar diſtinction, that his negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himſelf into a pleaſure in conſidering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its diſcontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern, and gentleman-like eaſe. Such a one does not behold his life as a ſhort, tranſient, perplexing ſtate, made up of trifling pleaſures, and great anxieties; but ſees it in quite another light; his griefs are momentary, and his joys immortal. Reflection upon death is not a gloomy and ſad thought of reſigning every thing that he delights in, but it is a ſhort night followed by an endleſs day. What I would here contend for is, that the more vir-

tuous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the character of genteel and agreeable. A man, whoſe fortune is plentiful, ſhews an eaſe in his countenance, and confidence in his behaviour, which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot aſſume. It is thus with the ſtate of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the everlaſting rules of reaſon and ſenſe, muſt have ſomething ſo inexpreſſibly graceful in his words and actions, that every circumſtance muſt become him. The change of perſons or things around him do not at all alter his ſituation, but he looks diſintereſted in the occurrences with which others are diſtracted, becauſe the greateſt purpoſe of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a fine gentleman, is to be a generous and a brave man. What can make a man ſo much in conſtant good-humour, and ſhine, as we call it, than to be ſupported by what can never fail him, and to believe, that whatever happens to him was the beſt thing that could poſſibly befal him, or elſe he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all? R

No. 76. MONDAY, MAY 28.

Ut tu fortunam, ſic nos te, Celſe, feremus.
HOR. Ep. viii. lib. i. ver. 17.

As you your fortune bear, we will bear you.
CREECH.

THERE is nothing ſo common as to find a man, whom, in the general obſervation of his carriage, you take to be of an uniform temper, ſubject to ſuch unaccountable ſtarts of humour and paſſion, that he is as much unlike himſelf, and differs as much from

from the man you at firſt thought him, as any two diſtinct perſons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the want of forming ſome law of life to ourſelves, or fixing ſome notion of things in general, which may affect us in ſuch manner as to create proper habits both in our minds and bodies. The negligence of this leaves us expoſed not only to an uncommon levity in our uſual converſation, but alſo to the ſame inſtability in our friendſhips, intereſts, and alliances. A man who is but a mere ſpectator of what paſſes around him, and not engaged in commerces of any conſideration, is but an ill judge of the ſecret motions of the heart of man, and by what degrees it is actuated to make ſuch viſible alterations in the ſame perſon: but, at the ſame time, when a man is no way concerned in the effect of ſuch inconſiſtencies in the behaviour of men of the world, the ſpeculation muſt be in the utmoſt degree both diverting and inſtructive; yet, to enjoy ſuch obſervations in the higheſt reliſh, he ought to be placed in a poſt of direction, and have the dealing of their fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with ſome pieces of ſecret hiſtory, which an antiquary, my very good friend, lent me as a curioſity. They are memoirs of the private life of *Pharamond* of *France*. '*Pharamond*,' ſays my author, 'was a prince of infinite humanity and generoſity, 'and at the ſame time the moſt pleaſant and facetious companion of his time. He had a peculiar 'taſte in him, (which would have been unlucky in 'any prince but himſelf): he thought there could 'be no exquiſite pleaſure in converſation but among 'equals; and would pleaſantly bewail himſelf, that 'he always lived in a crowd, but was the only man 'in *France* that never could get into company. 'This turn of mind made him delight in midnight 'rambles, attended only with one perſon of his bed-'chamber: he would in theſe excurſions get ac-'quainted with men, (whoſe temper he had a mind

'to try), and recommend them privately to the particular obſervation of his firſt miniſter. He generally found himſelf neglected by his new acquaintance as ſoon as they had hopes of growing great; and uſed on ſuch occaſions to remark, that it was a great injuſtice to tax princes of forgetting themſelves in their high fortunes, when there were ſo few that could with conſtancy bear the favour of their very creatures.'† My author, in theſe looſe hints, has one paſſage that gives us a very lively idea of the uncommon genius of *Pharamond*. He met with one man whom he had put to all the uſual proofs he made of thoſe he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his purpoſe: in diſcourſe with him one day, he gave him opportunity of ſaying how much would ſatisfy all his wiſhes. The prince immediately revealed himſelf, doubled the ſum, and ſpoke to him in this manner: "Sir, *you have twice what you deſired by the favour of* Pharamond; *but look to it, that you are ſatisfied with it, for it is the laſt you ſhall ever receive. I from this moment conſider you as mine; and, to make you truly ſo, I give you my royal word you ſhall never be greater or leſs than you are at preſent. Anſwer me not*, (concluded the Prince, ſmiling), *but enjoy the fortune I have put you in, which is above my own condition; for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear.*"

His Majeſty having thus well choſen and bought a friend and companion, he enjoyed alternately all the pleaſures of an agreeable private man, and a great and powerful monarch: he gave himſelf, with his companion, the name of the *merry tyrant*; for he puniſhed his courtiers for their inſolence and folly, not by any act of public diſfavour, but by humourouſly practiſing upon their imaginations. If he obſerved a man untractable to his inferiors, he would find an opportunity to take ſome favourable notice of him, and render him inſupportable. He knew all his

his own looks, words, and actions, had their own interpretations; and his friend Monſieur *Eucrate* (for ſo he was called) having a great ſoul without ambition, he could communicate all his thoughts to him, and feared no artful uſe would be made of that freedom. It was no ſmall delight, when they were in private, to reflect upon all which had paſſed in public.

Pharamond would often, to ſatisfy a vain fool of power in his country, talk to him in a full court, and with one whiſper make him deſpiſe all his old friends and acquaintance. He was come to that knowledge of men by long obſervation, that he would profeſs altering the whole maſs of blood in ſome tempers, by thrice ſpeaking to them. As fortune was in his power, he gave himſelf conſtant entertainment in managing the mere followers of it with the treatment they deſerved. He would, by a ſkilful caſt of his eye, and half a ſmile, make two fellows who hated, embrace and fall upon each other's neck with as much eagerneſs, as if they followed their real inclinations, and intended to ſtifle one another. When he was in high good-humour, he would lay the ſcene with *Eucrate*, and on a public night exerciſe the paſſions of his whole court. He was pleaſed to ſee an haughty beauty watch the looks of the man ſhe had long deſpiſed, from obſervation of his being taken notice of by *Pharamond*, and the lover conceive higher hopes, than to follow the woman he was dying for the day before. In a court, where men ſpeak affection in the ſtrongeſt terms, and diſlike in the fainteſt, it was a comical mixture of incidents to ſee diſguiſes thrown aſide in one caſe, and increaſed on the other, according as favour or diſgrace attended the reſpective objects of men's approbation or diſeſteem. *Pharamond*, in his mirth upon the meanneſs of mankind, uſed to ſay, 'As he could take away a 'man's five ſenſes, he could give him an hundred. 'The man in diſgrace ſhall immediately loſe all his

'natural endowments, and he that finds favour have 'the attributes of an angel.' He would carry it so far as to say, 'It should not be only so in the opinion 'of the lower part of his court, but the men them-'selves shall think thus meanly or greatly of them-'selves, as they are out, or in the good graces of 'a court.'

A monarch, who had wit and humour like *Pharamond*, must have pleasures which no man else can ever have opportunity of enjoying. He gave fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without transport: he made a noble and generous use of his observations, and did not regard his ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his kingdom: by this means the King appeared in every officer of state; and no man had a participation of the power, who had not a similitude of the virtue of *Pharamond*. ✝ R

No. 77. TUESDAY, MAY 29.

Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota
Quisquam est tam prope tam proculque nobis?
MART. Epig. lxxxvii. l. 1.

✝

What correspondence can I hold with you,
Who are so near, and yet so distant too? ✝

MY friend WILL HONEYCOMB is one of those sort of men who are very often absent in conversation, and what the *French* call *a reveur* and *a distrait*. A little before our club-time last night, we were walking together in *Somerset-garden*, where WILL had picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent *vertuoso*. After we had walked some

ſome time, I made a full ſtop with my face towards the weſt, which WILL knowing to be my uſual method of aſking what's o'clock, in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch, and told me we had ſeven minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great ſurpriſe, I ſaw him ſquir away his watch a conſiderable way into the *Thames*, and with great ſedateneſs in his looks put up the pebble, he had before found, in his fob. As I have naturally an averſion to much ſpeaking, and do not love to be the meſſenger of ill news, eſpecially when it comes too late to be uſeful, I left him to be convinced of his miſtake in due time, and continued my walk, reflecting on theſe little abſences and diſtractions in mankind, and reſolving to make them the ſubject of a future ſpeculation.

I was the more confirmed in my deſign, when I conſidered that they were very often blemiſhes in the characters of men of excellent ſenſe; and helped to keep up the reputation of that *Latin* proverb, which Mr. *Dryden* has tranſlated in the following lines:

Great wit to madneſs ſure is near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

My reader does, I hope, perceive, that I diſtinguiſh a man who is *abſent*, becauſe he thinks of ſomething elſe, from one who is *abſent*, becauſe he thinks of nothing at all: the latter is too innocent a creature to be taken notice of; but the diſtractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of theſe reaſons.

Either their minds are wholly fixed on ſome particular ſcience, which is often the caſe of mathematicians and other learned men; or are wholly taken up with ſome violent paſſion, ſuch as anger, fear, or love, which ties the mind to ſome diſtant object; or, laſtly, theſe diſtractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleneſs in a man's temper, which,

which, while it raiſes up infinite numbers of *Ideas* in the mind, is continually puſhing it on, without allowing it to reſt on any particular image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of ſuch a man, which are ſeldom occaſioned either by the company he is in, or any of thoſe objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager that he is ſolving a propoſition in *Euclid*; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris* Gazette, it is far from being impoſſible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country-houſe.

At the ſame time that I am endeavouring to expoſe this weakneſs in others, I ſhall readily confeſs that I once laboured under the ſame infirmity myſelf. The method I took to conquer it was a firm reſolution to learn ſomething from whatever I was obliged to ſee or hear. There is a way of thinking if a man can attain to it, by which he may ſtrike ſomewhat out of any thing. I can at preſent obſerve thoſe ſtarts of good ſenſe and ſtruggles of unimproved reaſon in the converſation of a clown, with as much ſatisfaction as the moſt ſhining periods of the moſt finiſhed orator; and can make a ſhift to command my attention at a *Puppet-ſhow* or an *Opera*, as well as at *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I always make one of the company I am in; for though I ſay little myſelf, my attention to others, and thoſe nods of approbation which I never beſtow unmerited, ſufficiently ſhew that I am among them. Whereas WILL HONEYCOMB, though a fellow of good ſenſe, is every day doing and ſaying an hundred things, which he afterwards confeſſes, with a well bred frankneſs, were ſomewhat *mal à propos*, and undeſigned.

I chanced the other day to go into a coffee-houſe, where WILL was ſtanding in the midſt of ſeveral auditors whom he had gathered round him; and

was

was giving them an account of the perſon and character of *Mol Hinton*. My appearance before him juſt put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually preſent. So that, keeping his eyes full upon me, to the great ſurpriſe of his audience, he broke off his firſt harangue, and proceeded thus:——'Why now there's my friend, '(mentioning me by my name); he is a fellow that 'thinks a great deal, but never opens his mouth; 'I warrant you he is now thruſting his ſhort face 'into ſome coffee-houſe about *'Change*. I was his 'bail in the time of the *Popiſh-plot*, when he was 'taken up for a Jeſuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly deſcribed me ſo particularly, without ever conſidering what led him into it, that the whole company muſt neceſſarily have found me out; for which reaſon, remembering the old proverb, *out of ſight out of mind*, I left the room; and upon meeting him an hour afterwards, was aſked by him, with a great deal of good-humour, in what part of the world I had lived, that he had not ſeen me theſe three days.

Monſieur *Bruyere* has given us the character of *an abſent man*, with a great deal of humour, which he has puſhed to an agreeable extravagance; with the heads of it I ſhall conclude my preſent paper.

'*Menalcas* (ſays that excellent author) comes 'down in a morning, opens his door to go out, 'but ſhuts it again, becauſe he perceives that he has 'his nightcap on; and examining himſelf further, 'finds that he is but half-ſhaved, that he has ſtuck 'his ſword on his right ſide, that his ſtockings are 'about his heels, and that his ſhirt is over his 'breeches. When he is dreſſed he goes to court, 'comes into the drawing-room, and walking bolt-'upright under a branch of candleſticks, his wig is 'caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling 'in the air. All the courtiers fall a laughing, but

'*Menalcas*

'*Menalcas* laughs louder than any of them, and 'looks about for the perſon that is the jeſt of the 'company. Coming down to the court-gate, he 'finds a coach, which taking for his own he whips 'into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubt-'ing but he carries his maſter. As ſoon as he 'ſtops, *Menalcas* throws himſelf out of the coach, 'croſſes the court, aſcends the ſtair-caſe, and runs 'through all the chambers with the greateſt fami-'liarity, repoſes himſelf on a couch, and fancies 'himſelf at home. The maſter of the houſe at 'laſt comes in, *Menalcas* riſes to receive him, and 'deſires him to ſit down; he talks, muſes, and 'then talks again. The Gentleman of the Houſe 'is tired and amazed; *Menalcas* is no leſs ſo, but 'is every moment in hopes that his impertinent 'gueſt will at laſt end his tedious viſit. Night comes 'on, when *Menalcas* is hardly undeceived.

'When he is playing at backgammon, he calls 'for a full glaſs of wine and water; it is his turn 'to throw, he has the box in one hand and his 'glaſs in the other, and, being extremely dry and 'unwilling to loſe time, he ſwallows down both 'the dice, and at the ſame time throws his wine 'into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the 'ſand into the ink-bottle; he writes a ſecond, and 'miſtakes the ſuperſcription: a nobleman re-'ceives one of them, and upon opening it reads as 'follows: *I would have you, honeſt* Jack, *immedi-'ately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to 'ſerve me the winter.* His farmer receives the o-'ther, and is amazed to ſee in it, *My Lord, I re-'ceived your Grace's commands with an entire ſub-'miſſion to*——If he is at an entertainment, you 'may ſee the pieces of bread continually multiplying 'round his plate: it is true the reſt of the compa-'ny want it, as well as their knives and forks, 'which *Menalcas* does not let them keep long. 'Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole fa-

'mily

'mily in an hurry, and at laſt goes out without be-
'ing able to ſtay for his coach or dinner, and for
'that day you may ſee him in every part of the town,
'except the very place where he had appointed to
'be upon a buſineſs of importance. You would oft-
'en take him for every thing that he is not; for
'a fellow quite ſtupid, for he hears nothing; for a
'fool, for he talks to himſelf, and has an hundred
'grimaces and motions with his head, which are al-
'together involuntary; for a proud man, for he
'looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your
'ſaluting him! The truth of it is, his eyes are open,
'but he makes no uſe of them, and neither ſees
'you, nor any man, nor any thing elſe: he came
'once from his country-houſe, and his own footman
'undertook to rob him, and ſucceeded: they held
'a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his
'purſe; he did ſo, and coming home told his friends
'he had been robbed; they deſired to know the
'particulars, *Aſk my ſervants*, ſays *Menalcas*, *for*
'*they were with me.*' †

X

No. 78. WEDNESDAY, MAY 30.

Cum talis ſis, utinam noſter eſſes!
Cou'd we but call ſo great a genius ours!

THE following letters are ſo pleaſant, that I doubt not but the reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this day's entertainment, but taking the ſentence from the end of the *Cambridge* letter, and placing it at the front of my paper; to ſhew the author I wiſh him my companion with as much earneſtneſs as he invites me to be his.

'SIR,

'I ſend you the incloſed, to be inſerted (if you
'think

'think them worthy of it) in your SPECTATORS; 'in which ſo ſurpriſing a genius appears, that it is 'no wonder if all mankind endeavour to get ſome-'what into a paper, which will always live.

'As to the *Cambridge* affair, the humour was 'really carried on in the way I deſcribe it. How-'ever, you have a full commiſſion to put out or in, 'and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have 'already had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing you take that 'liberty with ſome things I have before ſent you.

'Go on, Sir, and proſper. You have the beſt 'wiſhes of,

'SIR, your very affectionate,
'and obliged humble ſervant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cambridge.*

'You well know it is of great conſequence to 'clear titles, and it is of importance that it be done 'in the proper ſeaſon; on which account this is to 'aſſure you, that the CLUB OF UGLY FACES was 'inſtituted originally at CAMBRIDGE in the merry 'reign of King *Charles* II. As in great bodies of 'men it is not difficult to find members enough for 'ſuch a club, ſo (I remember) it was then feared, 'upon their intention of dining together, that the 'hall belonging to CLARE-HALL (the uglieſt *then* 'in the town, though *now* the neateſt) would not 'be large enough HANDSOMELY to hold the com-'pany. Invitations were made to great numbers, 'but very few accepted them without much difficul-'ty. ONE pleaded, that being at *London* in a book-'ſeller's ſhop, a Lady going by with a great belly 'longed to kiſs him. He had certainly been excuſ-'ed, but that evidence appeared, That indeed one 'in *London* did pretend ſhe longed to kiſs him, but 'that it was only a *pickpocket*, who, during his kiſ-'ſing her, ſtole away all his money. ANOTHER 'would have got off by a dimple in his chin; but

'it was proved upon *him*, that he had, by coming 'into a room, made a woman miſcarry, and fright-'ened two children into fits. A THIRD alledged, 'That he was taken by a Lady for another Gentle-'man, who was one of the handſomeſt in the uni-'verſity: but upon inquiry it was found, that the 'Lady had actually loſt one eye, and the other was 'very much upon the decline. A FOURTH pro-'duced letters out of the country in his vindication, 'in which a Gentleman offered him his daughter, 'who had lately fallen in love with him, with a good 'fortune: but it was made appear that the young 'Lady was amorous, and had like to have run a-'way with her father's coachman, ſo that it was 'ſuppoſed, that her pretence of falling in love with 'him was only in order to be well married. It was 'pleaſant to hear the ſeveral excuſes which were 'made, inſomuch that ſome made as much intereſt 'to be excuſed as they would from ſerving ſheriff; 'however at laſt the ſociety was formed, and proper 'officers were appointed; and the day was fixed for 'the entertainment, which was in *veniſon-ſeaſon*. 'A pleaſant *Fellow of King's College* (commonly 'called CRAB from his four look, and the only man 'who did not pretend to get off) was nominated for 'chaplain; and nothing was wanting but ſome one 'to ſit in the elbow-chair, by way of PRESIDENT, 'at the upper end of the table; and there the buſi-'neſs ſtuck, for there was no contention for ſuperi-'ority *there*. This affair made ſo great a noiſe, that 'the King, who was then at *Newmarket*, heard of 'it, and was pleaſed merrily and graciouſly to ſay, 'HE COULD NOT BE THERE HIMSELF, BUT 'HE WOULD SEND THEM A BRACE OF BUCKS.

'I would deſire you, Sir, to ſet this affair in a 'true light, that poſterity may not be miſled in ſo 'important a point: for when *the wiſe man who ſhall 'write your true hiſtory* ſhall acquaint the world,

'That you had a DIPLOMA ſent from the *Ugly Club at* OXFORD, and that by virtue of it you were admitted into it, what a learned work will there be among *future critics* about the original of that club, which both univerſities will contend ſo warmly for? And perhaps ſome hardy *Cantabrigian* author may then boldly affirm, that the word OXFORD was an interpolation of ſome *Oxonian* inſtead of CAMBRIDGE. This affair will be beſt adjuſted in your life-time; but I hope your affection to your MOTHER will not make you partial to your AUNT.

'To tell you, Sir, my own opinion: Though I cannot find any ancient records of any acts of the SOCIETY OF THE UGLY FACES, conſidered in a *public* capacity; yet in a *private* one they have certainly antiquity on their ſide. I am perſuaded they will hardly give place to the LOWNGERS, and the LOWNGERS are of the ſame ſtanding with the univerſity itſelf.

'Though we well know, Sir, you want no motives to do juſtice, yet I am commiſſioned to tell you, that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at *CAMBRIDGE*; and I believe I may venture ſafely to deliver this as the wiſh of our whole univerſity.' †

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH.

'SHEWETH,

'That your petitioners being in a forlorn and deſtitute condition, know not to whom we ſhould apply ourſelves for relief, becauſe there is hardly any man alive who hath not injured us. Nay, we ſpeak it with ſorrow, even YOU yourſelf, whom we ſhould ſuſpect of ſuch a practice the laſt of all mankind, can hardly acquit yourſelf of having gi-

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'ven us ſome cauſe of complaint. We are deſcend-
'ed of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and
'honour many years, until the jack-ſprat THAT
'ſupplanted us. How often have we found ourſelves
'ſlighted by the clergy in their pulpits, and the
'lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have we heard
'in one of the moſt polite and auguſt aſſemblies in
'the univerſe, to our great mortification, theſe words,
'*That* THAT *that noble Lord urged*; which if one
'of us had had juſtice done, would have ſounded
'nobler thus, *That* WHICH *that noble Lord urged.*
'Senates themſelves, the guardians of *Britiſh* liber-
'ty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us;
'and yet no decree was ever given againſt us. In
'the very acts of parliament, in which the utmoſt
'right ſhould be done to every *body*, *WORD*, and
'*thing*, we find ourſelves often either not uſed, or
'uſed one inſtead of another. In the firſt and beſt
'prayer children are taught, they learn to miſuſe us:
'*Our Father* WHICH *art in Heaven*, ſhould be,
'*Our Father* WHO *art in Heaven*; and even a
'CONVOCATION, after long debates, refuſed to con-
'ſent to an alteration of it. In our *general confeſ-*
'*ſion* we ſay——*Spare thou them, O God,* WHICH
'*confeſs their faults*, which ought to be WHO *con-*
'*feſs their faults.* What hopes then have we of
'having juſtice done us, when the makers of our
'very prayers and laws, and the moſt learned in all
'faculties, ſeem to be in a confederacy againſt us,
'and our enemies themſelves muſt be our judges.

'The *Spaniſh* proverb ſays, *Il ſabio muda conſejo,*
'*il necio no*; i. e. *A wiſe man changes his mind, a*
'*fool never will.*† So that we think you, Sir, a very
'proper perſon to addreſs to, ſince we know you to
'be capable of being convinced, and changing your
'judgment.† You are well able to ſettle this affair,
'and to you we ſubmit our cauſe. We deſire you
'to aſſign the butts and bounds of each of us; and

'that for the future we may both enjoy our own. 'We would desire to be heard by our counsel, but 'that we fear in their very pleadings they would be-'tray our cause: besides, we have been oppressed so 'many years, that we can appear no other way but '*in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we 'hope you will be pleased to do that which to right 'and justice shall appertain.

R 'And your petitioners, &c.'

No. 79. THURSDAY, MAY 31.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.

Hor. Ep. xvi. l. 1. v. 52.

The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin.

CREECH.

I HAVE received very many letters of late from my female correspondents, most of whom are very angry with me for abridging their pleasures, and looking severely upon things in themselves indifferent. But I think they are extremely unjust to me in this imputation: all that I contend for is, that those excellencies, which are to be regarded but in the second place, should not precede more weighty considerations. The heart of man deceives him in spite of the lectures of half a life spent in discourses on the subjection of passion; and I do not know why any one may not think the heart of woman as unfaithful to itself. If we grant an equality in the faculties of both sexes, the minds of women are less cultivated with precepts, and consequently may, without disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to illusion in cases wherein natural inclination is out of the interests of virtue. I shall take up my present time in commenting upon

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a billet or two which came from ladies, and from thence leave the reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is poſſible fine women may be miſtaken.

The following addreſs ſeems to have no other deſign in it, but to tell me the writer will do what ſhe pleaſes for all me.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am young, and very much inclined to follow 'the paths of innocence; but, at the ſame time, 'as I have a plentiful fortune, and am of quality, 'I am unwilling to reſign the pleaſures of diſtinc- 'tion, ſome little ſatisfaction in being admired in 'general, and much greater in being beloved by a 'Gentleman, whom I deſign to make my huſband. 'But I have a mind to put off entering into matri- 'mony until another winter is over my head, which, '(whatever, Muſty Sir, you may think of the mat- 'ter), I deſign to paſs away in hearing muſic, go- 'ing to plays, viſiting, and all other ſatisfactions 'which fortune and youth, protected by innocence 'and virtue, can procure for,

SIR, your moſt humble ſervant,
M. T.

'My lover does not know I like him; therefore, 'having no engagements upon me, I think to ſtay 'and know whether I may not like any one elſe 'better.'

I have heard WILL HONEYCOMB ſay, *A woman ſeldom writes her mind but in her poſtſcript*. I think this Gentlewoman has ſufficiently diſcovered hers in this. I will lay what wager ſhe pleaſes againſt her preſent favourite, and can tell her, that ſhe will like ten more before ſhe is fixed, and then will take the worſt man ſhe ever liked in her life. There is no end of affection taken in at the eyes only; and you may as well ſatisfy thoſe eyes with ſeeing, as con-

trol any paſſion received by them only. It is from loving by ſight that coxcombs ſo frequently ſucceed with women, and very often a young lady is beſtowed by her parents to a man who weds her as innocence itſelf, though ſhe has, in her own heart, given her approbation of a different man in every aſſembly ſhe was in the whole year before. What is wanting among women, as well as among men, is the love of laudable things, and not to reſt only in the forbearance of ſuch as are reproachful.

How far removed from a woman of this light imagination is *Eudoſia! Eudoſia* has all the arts of life and good-breeding with ſo much eaſe, that the virtue of her conduct looks more like an inſtinct than choice. It is as little difficult to her to think juſtly of perſons and things, as it is to a woman of different accompliſhments, to move ill or look awkward. That which was, at firſt, the effect of inſtruction, is grown into an habit; and it would be as hard for *Eudoſia* to indulge a wrong ſuggeſtion of thought, as it would be for *Flavia* the fine dancer to come into a room with an unbecoming air.

But the miſapprehenſions people themſelves have of their own ſtate of mind, is laid down with much diſcerning in the following letter, which is but an extract of a kind epiſtle from my charming miſtreſs *Hecatiſſa*, who is above the vanity of external beauty, and is the better judge of the perfections of the mind.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I write this to acquaint you, that very many 'Ladies, as well as myſelf, ſpend many hours 'more than we uſed at the glaſs, for want of the 'female library of which you promiſed us a cata-'logue. I hope, Sir, in the choice of authors for 'us, you will have a particular regard to books of 'devotion. What they are, and how many, muſt 'be your chief care; for upon the propriety of

'ſuch

'such writings depends a great deal. I have known 'those among us who think, if they every morning and evening ſpend an hour in their cloſet, and 'read over ſo many prayers in ſix or ſeven books 'of devotion, all equally nonſenſical, with a ſort 'of warmth, (that might as well be raiſed by a 'glaſs of wine, or a dram of citron), they may all 'the reſt of their time go on in whatever their 'particular paſſion leads them to. The beauteous '*Philautia*, who is (in your language) an *Idol*, is 'one of theſe votaries; ſhe has a very pretty fur-'niſhed cloſet, to which ſhe retires at her appoint-'ed hours: this is her dreſſing-room, as well as 'chapel; ſhe has conſtantly before her a large look-'ing-glaſs, and upon the table, according to a very 'witty author,

Together lie her prayer-book and paint,
At once t' improve the ſinner and the ſaint.

'It muſt be a good ſcene, if one could be pre-'ſent at it, to ſee this *Idol* by turns lift up her eyes 'to heaven, and ſteal glances at her own dear per-'ſon. It cannot but be a pleaſing conflict between 'vanity and humiliation. When you are upon this 'ſubject, chuſe books which elevate the mind a-'bove the world, and give a pleaſing indifference 'to little things in it. For want of ſuch inſtruc-'tions, I am apt to believe ſo many people take it 'in their heads to be ſullen, croſs and angry, un-'der pretence of being abſtracted from the affairs 'of this life, when at the ſame time they betray their 'fondneſs for them by doing their duty as a taſk, 'and pouting and reading good books for a week 'together. Much of this I take to proceed from 'the indiſcretion of the books themſelves, whoſe 'very titles of Weekly Preparations, and ſuch li-'mited godlineſs, lead people of ordinary capacities 'into great errors, and raiſe in them a mechani-'cal religion, entirely diſtinct from morality. I

'know

'know a Lady so given up to this sort of devotion, 'that though she employs six or eight hours of the 'twenty-four at cards; she never misses one con- 'stant hour of prayer, for which time another 'holds her cards, to which she returns with no 'little anxiousness until two or three in the morn- 'ing. All these acts are but empty shows, and, 'as it were, compliments made to virtue; the mind 'is all the while untouched with any true pleasure 'in the pursuit of it. From hence I presume it 'arises, that so many people call themselves virtu- 'ous, from no other pretence to it but an absence 'of ill. There is *Dulcianara*, the most insolent of 'all creatures to her friends and domestics, upon 'no other pretence in nature but that (as her silly 'phrase is) no one can say black is her eye. She 'has no secrets, forsooth, which should make her 'afraid to speak her mind, and therefore she is im- 'pertinently blunt to all her acquaintance, and un- 'seasonably imperious to all her family. Dear Sir, 'be pleased to put such books in our hands, as may 'make our virtue more inward, and convince some 'of us, that in a mind truly virtuous the scorn of vice 'is always accompanied with the pity of it. This 'and other things are impatiently expected from you 'by our whole sex; amongst the rest by,

'SIR, your humble servant,

'B. D.'

R

FRIDAY

No. 80. FRIDAY, JUNE 1.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
HOR. Ep. xi. l. 1. ver. 27.

Thoſe that beyond ſea go, will ſadly find,
They change their climate only, not their mind.
CREECH.

IN the year 1688, and on the ſame day of that year, were born in *Cheapſide*, *London*, two females of exquiſite feature and ſhape; the one we ſhall call *Brunetta*, the other *Phillis*. A cloſe intimacy between their parents made each of them the firſt acquaintance the other knew in the world: they played, dreſſed babies, acted viſitings, learned to dance and make courteſies, together. They were inſeparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of: which innocent happineſs continued until the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened that Mrs. *Phillis* had an head-dreſs on, which became her ſo very well, that inſtead of being beheld any more with pleaſure for their amity to each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with compariſon of their beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the eaſe of mind and pleaſing indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their words and actions were miſinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their ſpeech and behaviour was looked upon as an act of emulation to ſurpaſs the other. Theſe beginnings of diſinclination ſoon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldneſs, and by natural ſteps into an irreconcileable hatred.

Theſe two rivals for the reputation of beauty, were, in their ſtature, countenance, and mien, ſo very

very much alike, that if you were ſpeaking of them in their abſence, the words in which you deſcribed the one muſt give you an idea of the other. They were hardly diſtinguiſhable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the reſt of their ſex, was, that in detraction from each other neither could fall upon terms which did not hit herſelf as much as her adverſary. Their nights grew reſtleſs with meditation of new dreſſes to outvie each other, and in inventing new devices to recal admirers, who obſerved the charms of the one rather than thoſe of the other on the laſt meeting. Their colours failed at each other's appearance, fluſhed with pleaſure at the report of a diſadvantage, and their countenances withered upon inſtances of applauſe. The decencies to which women are obliged, made theſe virgins ſtifle their reſentment ſo far as not to break into open violences, while they equally ſuffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is uſual, engaged in the quarrel, and ſupported the ſeveral pretenſions of the daughters with all that ill-choſen ſort of expence which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taſte. The girls preceded their parents like queens of *May*, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every *Sunday* to church, and were expoſed to the examination of the audience for ſuperiority of beauty.

During this conſtant ſtruggle, it happened that *Phillis*, one day at public prayers, ſmote the heart of a gay *Weſt Indian*, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not diſtinguiſh between being fine and tawdry. This *American* in a ſummer iſland ſuit was too ſhining and too gay to be reſiſted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of *Brunetta*. Soon after, *Brunetta* had the mortification to ſee her rival diſpoſed of in a wealthy

a wealthy marriage, while ſhe was only addreſſed to in a manner that ſhewed ſhe was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. *Phillis* was carried to the habitation of her ſpouſe in *Barbadoes*: *Brunetta* had the ill-nature to inquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous ſlaves, fanned into ſlumbers by ſucceſſive bands of them, and carried from place to place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. *Brunetta* could not endure theſe repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the ſame iſland, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before ſhe died. She at laſt ſucceeded in her deſign, and was taken to wife by a Gentleman whoſe eſtate was contiguous to that of her enemy's huſband. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many occaſions on which theſe irreconcileable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in proceſs of time it happened, that a ſhip put into the iſland conſigned to a friend of *Phillis* who had directions to give her the refuſal of all goods for apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarmed of their arrival. He did ſo, and *Phillis* was dreſſed in a few days in a brocade more gorgeous and coſtly than had ever before appeared in that latitude. *Brunetta* languiſhed at the ſight, and could by no means come up to the bravery of her antagoniſt. She communicated her anguiſh of mind to a faithful friend, who by an intereſt in the wife of *Phillis*'s merchant, procured a remnant of the ſame ſilk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took pains to appear in all public places where ſhe was ſure to meet *Brunetta*; *Brunetta* was now prepared for the inſult, and came to a public ball in a plain black ſilk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the ſame brocade with which *Phillis* was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* ſwooned away, and

was

was immediately conveyed to her houſe. As ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf ſhe fled from her huſband's houſe, went on board a ſhip in the road, and is now landed in inconſolable deſpair at *Plymouth*.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the above melancholy narration, it may perhaps be a relief to the reader to peruſe the following expoſtulation:

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The juſt remonſtrance of affronted THAT.

'Though I deny not the petition of Meſſrs. *Who* and '*Which*, yet you ſhould not ſuffer them to be rude, 'and to call honeſt people names: for, that bears 'very hard on ſome of thoſe rules of decency, which 'you are juſtly famous for eſtabliſhing. They may 'find fault, and correct ſpeeches in the ſenate and 'at the bar: but let them try to get *themſelves* ſo '*often*, and with ſo much *eloquence*, repeated in a 'ſentence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

'My Lords, (ſays he) with humble ſubmiſſion, '*That* that I ſay is this; that, *That* that that Gentleman has advanced, is not *That*, that he ſhould 'have proved to your Lordſhips. Let thoſe two 'queſtionary petitioners try to do this with their '*Whos* and their *Whiches*.

'What great advantage was I of to Mr. *Dryden* 'in his *Indian Emperor*,

You force me ſtill to anſwer you in That,

'to furniſh out a rhyme to *Morat?* And what a 'poor figure would Mr. *Bayes* have made without 'his *Egad and all That?* How can a judicious man 'diſtinguiſh one thing from another, without ſaying, *This here*, or *That there?* And how can a 'ſober man without uſing the *Expletives* of oaths,

'(in

'(in which indeed the rakes and bullies have a 'great advantage over others), make a diſcourſe of 'any tolerable length, without *That is*; and if he 'be a very grave man indeed, without *That is to 'ſay?* And how inſtructive as well as entertaining 'are thoſe uſual expreſſions, in the mouths of great 'men, *ſuch things as That*, and *the like of That*.

'I am not againſt reforming the corruption of 'ſpeech you mention, and own there are proper 'ſeaſons for the introduction of other words beſides '*That*; but I ſcorn as much to ſupply the place of a '*Who* or a *Which* at every turn, as they are *unequal* 'always to fill mine; and I expect good language 'and civil treatment, and hope to receive it for the 'future: *That* that I ſhall only add is, that I am,

'Yours,

'THAT.'

THE

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